JACK VANCE PULPS EDITIONS 1945-1975

Jack VANCE

Works published in

PULPS magazines

1945-1975

With Covers, TOC, 1st page, illustrations, comments

A compilation by Jean Luc Esteban

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Heroes and Villains

Jack Vance's Early Editors

By David B. Williams

Standing between every writer and his readers is an editor. He or she has the ultimate power to accept or reject. If a manuscript is accepted, the editor then has the power to add, delete, alter, and rearrange the author's words, to good or ill effect.

Several editors played significant roles in the early decades of Jack Vance's writing career. The first was Sam Nierwin, editor of STARTLING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES, 1944-51.

Merwin was a minor SF and mystery writer before joining the staff of the pulp magazine chain that published SS and TWS. He once boasted that he had never read an SF magazine before becoming the editor of these two. At the time, SS and TWS were slanted toward a juvenile audience. Merwin steadily raised the standards of his magazines until they were second in the field only to John Campbell's ASTOUNDING..

Merwin was the hero who launched Vance's writing career by publishing "The World-Thinker" in the Summer 1945 issue of TWS. He featured Vance's name on the cover, unusual recognition for a first-time author.

This went some way toward compensating for an earlier blunder, because Merwin also had the distinction of being one of the editors who rejected the stories that later became *The Dying Earth.* In an autobiographical essay on his days as a pulp-magazine editor, Merwin recalled receiving

several "fascinating but, alas, unpublishable, pseudo-Cabell fantasies" from Jack Vance.

From 1945 to 1950, Vance published 15 stories, and Sam Merwin bought 12 of them, playing a primary role in establishing Vance's name in the SF field. In 1951, Samuel Mines succeeded Merwin. Vance was now a regular and popular contributor to SS and TWS, and Mines continued to buy most of Vance's output until the magazines folded in 1955 during the general collapse of the pulp magazine industry.

But Mines has to be credited with one act of villainy.

He would be the editor who cut the manuscript of *Big Planet* from 72,000 to 48,000 words to fit into one issue of STARTLING STORIES. (SS didn't run serials; its marketing slogan was "a complete novel in every issue.") These lost chapters of *Big Planet* are gone forever, because the original manuscript no longer exists (Vance's habit was to use the backs of old manuscripts to write first drafts of new stories).

While most of Vance's early stories appeared in SS and TWS, in 1947 he sold “I Build Your Dream Castle" to editor John Campbell at ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, the premier SF magazine of the era. Selling to this demanding market was a mark of distinction for a fledgling writer.

Campbell was an influential SF writer before assuming editorship of ASTOUNDING in 1937. Within two years, he inaugurated "the Golden Age of SF" in the pages of his magazine by discovering and developing many new writers, including Asimov, Heinlein, Sturgeon, and Van Vogt.

Vance submitted all his early stories to Campbell first; aside from the prestige of ASTOUNDING, it paid the highest word rate. But Vance never succeeded in joining Campbell's stable of regular contributors and managed to place only five other stories in ASTOUNDING: "The Potters of Firsk" in 1950,

"Telek" in 1952, "The Gift of Gab" in 1955, "The Miracle Workers" in 1958, and "Dodkin's Job" in 1959.

"The Narrow Land", published in FANTASTIC: STORIES in 1967, was written for Campbell as the first of a three-story sequence. "But Campbell didn't like it very much," Vance recalled. "In fact, he was rather unreasonable. Since it didn't sell in a good market, I never completed the sequence."

"John Campbell couldn't see me for sour owl spit," Vance said in a telephone interview with VIE volunteers *(Cosmopolis* 42, September 2003). "Although that's not quite true, as soon as I wrote a story for Campbell that involved telepathy, or something similar, he went for it . . . . Campbell was engrossed with things like telepathy, telekinetics, extra-sensory perception of all kinds. . . . I knew I could always sell him something, as long as I threw in something of that sort. Some of my worst stories —just hack writing, some of the worst I've ever written, I sold it to him; he loved it."

Eventually, Vance would define his literary independence in terms of editor Campbell: He got tired of writing to please Campbell and began writing to please himself. For that reason, if nothing else, Campbell can't be rated as a complete villain. And he did, after all, feature two of Vance's contributions as cover stories, one of which, "The Miracle Workers," earned Vance his first Hugo Award nom ination. (The other cover story was "The Gift of Gab.")

There's no question about Damon Knight's hero status. Knight was a short-story writer and occasional editor in the 1940s. He would later win a reputation as an influential critic and editor of original anthologies. His collection of early reviews, *In Search of Wonder,* won a Hugo Award in 1956.

In 1950, Knight was named editor of a new magazine, WORLDS BEYOND, and bought two Vance stories. The publisher, Hillman Periodicals, was also launching a paperback line, and Knight asked Vance whether he had anything for a book. Vance reworked the unsold fantasy manuscripts he had

written at sea during the war, included narrative links to tie them together, and *The Dying Earth* became Hillman No. 41. *The Dying Earth* made a tremendous impression in the field and raised Vance to the first rank of fantasy writers.

WORLDS BEYOND only lasted three issues, but the magazine and its editor made a brief but significant contribution to Vance's career. In addition to promoting *The Dying Earth* with an excerpt, "The Loom of Darkness," in the first issue, Knight bought "Brain of the Galaxy" and The Secret" and provided the idea for 'Abercrombie Station.""Brain of the Galaxy" (later titled "The New Prime") attracted attention with its structural novelty, intriguing readers with five wildly unconnected opening scenes that are, in fact, integral to the story.

"The Secret" entered Vancean legend when WORLDS BEYOND folded before the story could be printed and the manuscript was lost. Some years later Vance rewrote the story, but this second manuscript disappeared while his agent was circulating the story to potential markets. Vance was unable to find the carbon copies of either manuscript. He decided the story was jinxed and gave up on it, but in 1976 he was startled to learn that the story had appeared in an English SF magazine, IMPULSE, in 1966 without authorization. Where the manuscript had been, and how it got to England, are mysteries.

Knight also gave Vance the idea of an orbiting satellite as a weightless paradise for grossly obese people and commissioned a story for his magazine. Vance thought this idea was "inspired" and wrote "Abercrombie Station." When WORLDS BEYOND folded before he could submit the story to Knight, he sold it to THRILLING WONDER STORIES. After the story appeared in print, Knight complimented Vance on the concept and said, wistfully, that the same idea had occurred to him but he never got around to writing the story. Vance reminded Knight that he had suggested the original idea and gave Knight due credit when the story was reprinted in *The Best of Jack Vance (1976).*

Frederik Pohl began as a short-story writer, editor, and agent in the 1940s. As editor of the *Star Science fiction Stories* series of original paperback anthologies, 1953-59, Pohl bought Vance's "The Devil on Salvation Bluff" for *Star Sf No. 3,* 1955.

As editor of GALAXY from 1961-69, Pohl published some of Vance's best work: "The Dragon Masters" and "The Last Castle" (both award winners) and the first and third Demon Princes novels, *The Starling* and *The Palace of Low.*

The Killing Machine was scheduled for GALAXY'S companion magazine, IF, but a communication snafu among Vance's agent and the magazine and book publishers resulted in Berkley Books releasing the paperback edition before the magazine could print the first installment of the novel. This killed the serialization, but not before the cover had been painted. For an artist's conception of Interchange, see the January 1965 issue of IF.

Pohl can't be hailed as a total hero, however. As a magazine editor with strictly limited space, he cut the epigraphs that precede many chapters in the Demon Princes novels. These selections from Baron Bodissey, the adventures of Marmaduke, and many excerpts from the oratory and literature of the Oikumene are generally considered one of the principal charms of the Demon Princes books. The readers of GALAXY didn't know what they were missing.

Donald A. Wollheim has to be classed among the great editor heroes of Vance's career. In 1934, at age 19, Wollheim sold his first story to legendary genre founder Hugo Gernsback for WONDER STORIES. When he didn't received payment, he checked with other writers and discovered that they hadn't been paid either. Wollheim filed suit against Gernsback, winning a settlement for himself and his fellow writers.

Wollheim became an increasingly important editor in the 1940s. He edited the first notable SF anthology, *The Pocket Book of Science fiction,* in

1943 and the first anthology of original stories, *The girl with the Hungry* Eyes *and Other Stories,* in 1949.

Wollheim held the editorial chair at Ace Books 1952-71. Ace's publication of *Big Planet* in 1958 began a relationship that would give new life as paperback books to many of Vance's stories and novels from the pulp magazines. The same year, *Big Planet* was paired with *Slaves of the Klau* for Vance's first Ace Double. Then, after a pause of five years, a steady stream of Doubles followed with *The Dragon Masters* and *The five Gold Bands* and in 1963, *The Houses of lszm* and the *Son of the Tree in 1964, Monsters in Orbit* and *The World Between and Other Stories in* 1965, The *Brains of Earth* and *The Many Worlds of Magnus Ridolph* in 1966.

Some of these Ace Doubles enjoyed second editions a few years later. Ace singles followed book publication of *The Languages of Pao* and magazine publication of *The Eyes of the Overworld.* The four Tschai books were commissioned as an original paperback series.

When Wollheim left Ace Books and established his own paperback imprint, DAW Books, in 1972, he took Jack Vance with him. At DAW, Wolheim republished the first three Demon Princes titles and signed Vance to complete the series. DAW promoted Vance as a major SF author and systematically republished all the Vance titles for which rights were available.

To mark completion of the Demon Princes series with the publication of The *Book of Dreams* in January 1981, DAW celebrated Jack Vance Month and advertised its list of twenty Vance titles. Of all Vance's editors, Wolleim did more to promote and popularize Vance than any other. The majority of today's mature Vance aficionados discovered their favorite author thanks to an Ace or DAW paperback.

All of these editors played a part in establishing Jack Vance in the SF and fantasy fields and advancing his career. Each was both hero and villain to

varying degrees. They bought his work and thereby kept Jack Vance writing. They also changed his titles and befouled his texts with their own emendations. But perhaps we should pardon these editorial transgressions because, ultimately, these editors recognized Vance's talents and, by buying the kind of stories he wanted to write, they allowed this remarkable artist to develop his distinctive narrative voice and attract an audience of devoted readers.

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JACK VANCE
PULPS 1945-1975

JL Esteban

1945-06 The World Thinker-A-1945 ill. Earle Bergey

TO OUR READERS: Our new attractive and easy-to-read space-saving type enables us to conserve paper in full conformity with government regulations.

THRILLING WONDER STORIES

The Magazine of Prophetic Fiction

Vol. XXVII, No. 2
Summer, 1945

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By
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A man and a woman battle alone in farthest space to save the world from complete destruction as interplanetary invaders roam the skies on a mysterious galactic quest! 11

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ON THE COVER: Painting by Earle Bergey depicts a scene in Murray Leinster's complete novel, THINGS PASS BY.

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August, 1945, issue

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Read our Companion Science Fiction Magazine—STARTLING STORIES

1945-06 The World Thinker-B-1945 TOC

The World-Thinker

By JACK VANCE

Planetary secret agent Lanarck places himself in the power of Laoome, weird creator, and plunges into perilous dream worlds on the difficult quest for a lovely girl fugitive!

CHAPTER I

Into Strange Galaxies

THROUGH the open window came the myriad sounds of the city—the swish of passing air-traffic, the soft clank of the pedestrian belt on the ramp below, hoarse undertones from the lower levels. Cardale sat by the window, inattentive to both the noise and the ocean breeze which cooled his face. His eyes stared unseeingly over the ebony desk at the wall opposite. His fingers twitched a sheet of paper, bearing a photograph and a few lines of type.

For the twentieth time, he turned his gaze on it.

FUGITIVE!

"Kenna Parker—Age, 21; height 5 feet 5 inches; hair, black; eyes, blue; distinguishing characteristics—"

He shifted his eyes to the photograph, and looked for the twentieth time at the young face with its incongruously angry eyes. A placard over her head read 94E-627. Cardale returned to the printed words.

"Sentenced April 18, 2073 to three years at the Manning, Nevada, Federal Women's Camp, in the first six months of her incarceration, Kenna Parker accumulated 22 months of additional punitive confinement. Caution is urged in her apprehension."

Cardale mused upon the face in the photograph. It hardly seemed the face of an incorrigible criminal. A reckless glint in the blue eyes, a whimsical tilt to the eyebrows, a set to the lips—otherwise it was the face of a very pretty girl.

He pressed a button. The telescreen plumbed into sharp life.

"Lunar Observatory," Cardale said, without looking up. The view in the ground glass, shifting from the secretary's desk through a whirling many-colored by-play, coagulated to a dim interior view of the Moon Observatory—skeleton trusswork and wide virid panes. The white-bearded superintendent appeared.

"Good morning, commissioner," he said.

"'Morning, professor," Cardale replied. "What news?"

"We've lined her out, all right. A nuisance too. Half a dozen freighters were crossing the sector and blurred up her light trail."

"Well, that's fine. Just keep your sights on her. I'll send an operative out to take over immediately." Cardale clicked off the telescreen.

He ruminated a moment, then once more summoned the image of his secretary. "Major Detering at the Tellurian Corps of Investigation." The polychrome whirl of color rose and fell to reveal Detering's ruddy well-kept face.

"Hello, Cardale," said Detering. "What can I do for you?"

Cardale leaned back in his chair.

"Major, I'd like to borrow one of your men for a few weeks."

"I think we can arrange it," said Detering. He pulled a card index toward him and flicked through it. "Who would you like?"

"Anybody, so long as he's a human wildcat."

"I'll come myself, commissioner," said Detering.

"Fine, Major," Cardale answered. "Bring your space-gear. You're going out in a one-man space-boat."

DETERING winced. Cardale smiled. "I thought you'd change your mind."

"Tell me, Cardale," Detering asked, "do

1945-06 The World Thinker-C-1945

Naoji pointed the needle-beam at Kenna

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1945-06 The World Thinker-D-1945 illustration 2

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

THIS issue, ye Sarge has a couple of interesting hypotheses to kick around between authors Murray Leinster and Jack Vance. Leinster wants to know how we can prove our own existence was not caused by the passage of a fleet of superspeed space-monsters like those who threaten the

world's extinction in THINGS PASS BY. That one has even the Sarge stumped.

Vance finds himself baffled by the peculiarities of wartime censorship on Earth. This, of course, so stumped ye Sarge so long ago that he gave the problem up eons back. Such red tape was, in fact, one of the primal causes of his emigration to the spaceways.

But now to the authors, with Leinster taking the first bow;

A little while back I wrote THE ETERNAL NOW because I wanted to play with the idea of the reverse of Einstein's dictum that an object near the speed of light has enormously increased mass and an enormously slowed time rate. (The increase of mass has been experimentally verified, by the way, by measuring the mass of electrons accelerated to different speeds.)

But when I'd finished that story, there was a good deal of the idea that hadn't been touched. Suppose a space ship got up to a speed near the speed of light? It would, if near enough, have a mass not only equal to planets, but to suns. And suppose such a space ship approached a solar system?

What would be the result? It would be enormously dangerous—just as dangerous as an invading sun. But it would be invulnerable to any sort of weapon and immune to any sort of disaster. If its electrons weighed pounds and its molecules tons, no explosive could affect it, no weapon could scratch it.

Even a head-on smash into a planet or sun would hardly hurt the space-ship, whatever it did to the planet or sun. What could the inhabitants of such a solar system do?

I like to work out problems like that ,just as some people like to work out problems at chess. The result is THINGS PASS BY.

But there's a sidelight on the matter that no story has touched yet, as far as I know. Nobody has yet worked out an even faintly convincing explanation of how planets come to be, though it's known that at least some other suns have them.

But a space ship traveling close to the speed of light could pull planets out of a solitary sun if passed close to, and its velocity would ensure that the pulled-out matter would be left behind, too.

The track of Sherman's march to the sea, eighty years ago, may still be traced by the occurrence along that route, and only there, of a northern daisy whose seeds were included in the forage of Sherman's horses. Maybe some day someone will map the space routes of a couple of billion years before by marking down the suns with families of planets which were caused by the passage of space fleets traveling near the speed of light.

—Murray Leinster.

The World Thinker

JACK VANCE, 24-year-old author of THE WORLD-THINKER in this issue of THRILLING WONDER STORIES, writes between torpedoings. He is a Merchant Mariner for the duration, having been messing around in the Pacific since a year before Pearl Harbor. He has been torpedoed twice since then.

His interest in imaginative thinking and interplanetary travel dates back to his seventh birthday and has been carried on through the University of California, where he began to learn to write both in the classroom and for the university publications, DAILY CALIFORNIAN, PELICAN and FOLIO.

Where he got the streak of creative imagination that makes THE WORLD-THINKER an outstanding story remains a mystery. At least, the author shows no desire to reveal the inner workings of his mind. However, he does admit the following about himself:

I am a somewhat taciturn merchant seaman, aged twenty-four. I admit only to birth in San Francisco, attendance at the University of California, interest in hot jazz, Oriental languages, abstract physical science, feminine psychology.

My chief trouble in writing at sea during this war is the FBI man who is stationed aboard my ship as some similar investigator is on every vessel of the Merchant Marine.

For some reason, he seems to be especially suspicious of me, and held up THE WORLD-THINKER for some weeks, turning the copy into the censors, who got it well rumpled and spotted with lipstick, but finally released it as harmless. However, since you purchased it, all is forgiven.

—Jack Vance.

Jack is now busy on a new story for TWS, and seems to be launched on one of the most brilliant new careers in science fiction history. Watch for him again!

"The Hollow World," a Complete John Carstairs Novel by Frank Belknap Long, in the Summer

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1946-07 Planet of the black Dust-A-1946-07 cover earle Bergey startling stories

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 14, No. 1 CONTENTS Summer, 1946

An Amazing Fantastic Novel

THE DARK WORLD

By HENRY KUTTNER

Edward Bond enters a twin universe of black sorcery, where his evil replica, Ganelon, fights for a kingdom of slaves, infinite power, and two alluring women—Arles and Medea!..... 9

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Companion magazines: Thrilling Wonder Stories, Popular Western, Thrilling Mystery Novel, Thrilling Western, Thrilling Love, Thrilling Detective, Rodeo Romances, The Phantom Detective, Sky Fighters, Popular Detective, Thrilling Ranch Stories, Thrilling Sports, Popular Sports Magazine, Range Riders Western, Texas Rangers, Everyday Astrology, G-Men Detective, Detective Novel Magazine, Black Book Detective, Popular Love, Masked Rider Western, Rio Kid Western, Exciting Western, West, and Exciting Love.

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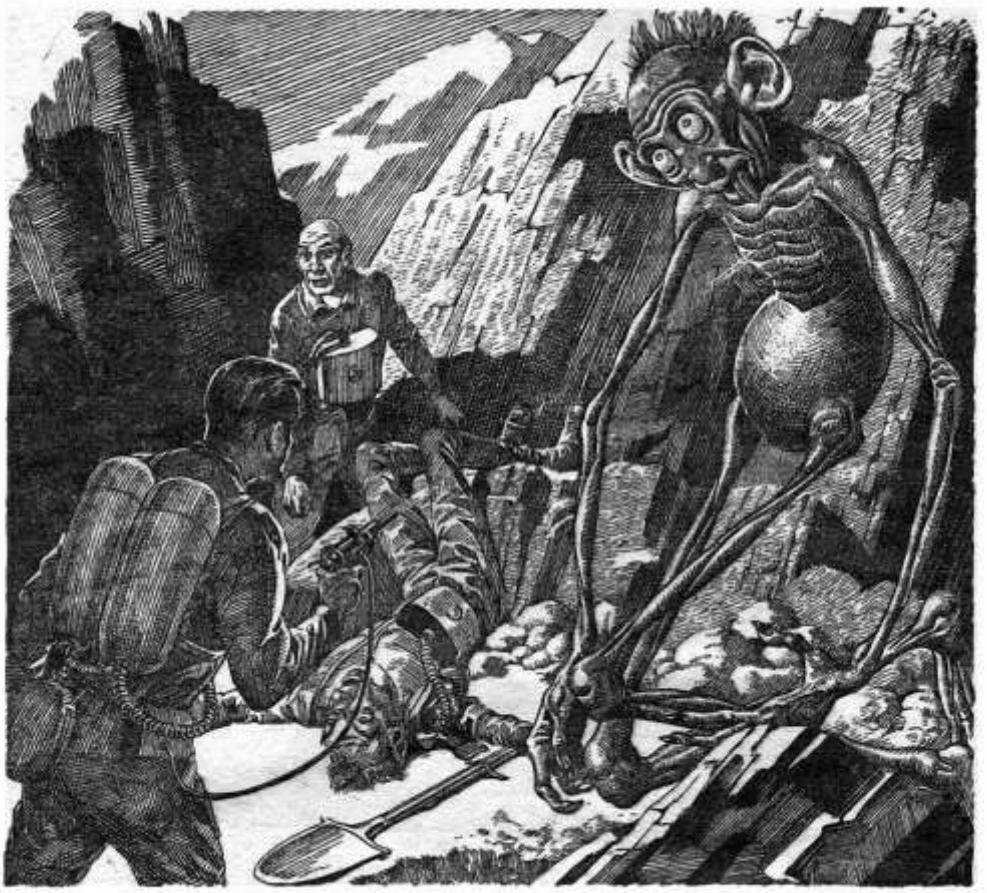

The tall black body crumbled as the needle-beam spoke

PLANET OF THE BLACK DUST

By JACK VANCE

The pirates held all the cards but one—the soul of a man who was determined not to let them win!

ABOUT the middle of the dog watch Captain Creed came up on the bridge of the space-freighter *Perseus*. He walked to the forward port and stood gazing at the blood-red star which lay ahead and slightly to the left.

It was a nameless little sun in the tail of the Serpens group, isolated from the usual space routes. The Earth-Rasalague route ran far to one side, the Delta Aquila ran far to the other and the Delta Aquila-Sabik inter-sector service was yet a half light-year further out.

Captain Creed stood watching the small red star, deep in thought—a large man, with a paunch, a bland white face, a careful coal-black beard. His heavy black eyes, underhung with dark circles, were without expression or life. He wore a neat black suit, his boots shone with a high polish, his hands were white and immaculately kept.

Captain Creed was more than mere master of the *Perseus*. In partnership with his brother he owned the European-Arcturus Line—a syndicate impressive to the ear.

The home office, however, was one dingy

1946-07 Planet of the black DustC-1946-07 ill. Lawrence Sterne Stevens (or Bergey) Startling stories

1946-12 Phalid's Fate-A-1946 ill. Earle BergeyThrilling Wonder Stories

THRILLING WONDER STORIES

Vol. XXIX, No. 2 A THRILLING PUBLICATION December, 1946

A Complete Fantastic Novel

I AM EDEN

By HENRY KUTTNER

In a fabulous Brazilian Valley, Jim Ferguson and Dr. Cairns battle against walking rocks and cannibal plants in their strange quest of a mysterious and fascinating girl goddess!..... 11

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Cover Painting by Earle Bergey—Illustrating "The End"

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Read Our Companion Science Fiction Magazine—STARTLING STORIES

PHALID'S FATE

By JACK VANCE

His brain encased in the body of a giant insect on an alien planet, Ryan Wratch struggles against big odds to defeat the enemies menacing the lives of all Earthmen!

CHAPTER I

Weird Experiment

AFTER two months of unconsciousness, Ryan Wratch opened his eyes. Or more accurately, he folded into tight pleats two hundred tiny shutters of dirty purplish-brown tissue and therupon looked out on a new world.

For twenty seconds Wratch stared at delirium made tangible, madness beyond all expression. He heard a staccato shrillness—this somehow he felt he should recognize. Then his brain relaxed, let go. Wratch once more lost consciousness.

* * * * *

Dr. Plogetz, who was short and stocky, with a smooth pink face and white hair, straightened up from the thing on the table, put down his lensed platoscope.

He turned to the man in the gray-green uniform who wore just above his elbow the three golden sunbursts of a Sector Commander. The Commander was thin, brown and tough, with a rather harsh and humorless expression.

"Organically, everything is in excellent shape," said the doctor. "The nerve junctures are healed, the blood adapters function beautifully—"

He broke off as the black alien shape on the padded table—a thing with a large insect-seeming head, a long black carapace over its back like a cloak, oddly jointed legs—stirred one of its arm-members—these, rubbery tentacles with mottled gray undersides, haphazard grayish finger flaps.

Dr. Plogetz picked up his platoscope, inspected the organs inside the chitin-plated torso.

"Reflex," he murmured. "As I was saying, there's no doubt it's a healthy creature organically. Psychologically—" he pursed his lips "—naturally it's too early to warrant any guesses."

Sector Commander Sandion nodded his head.

"When will it, or he, I should say, regain consciousness?"

Dr. Plogetz pressed a stud in his wrist band. A voice sounded from the tiny speaker.

"Yes, doctor?"

"Bring in a sonfrane hood—let's see—about a number twenty-six." "Then he said to Sandion: "I'll give him a stimulant—revive him at once. But first—"

A nurse entered—a dark-haired, blue eyed, very beautiful nurse—bringing a hood.

"Now, Miss Elder," said Dr. Plogetz, "adjust it completely around the optic slit. Take care not to bind those little gill-flaps at the side of the head."

PLOGETZ took a deep breath before continuing with his explanation.

"I want to minimize the shock on the brain," explained the doctor. "The visual images no doubt will be confusing, to say the least. The Phalid's color spectrum, remember, is twice as long, the field of vision three or four times as wide as that of the average human being. It has two hundred eyes, and the impressions of two hundred separate optic units must be coordinated and merged. A human brain accommodates to two images, but it's questionable whether

1946-12 Phalid's Fate-D-1946 ill. Hanchioni Thrilling Wonder Stories

Oddly enough, Jack Vance, who is newer to professional writing than Mr. Kuttner, is equally pre-occupied with the anthropomorphic concept of humanity. Perhaps this is indicative of a trend—we wouldn't know. But Mr. Vance, whose career to date is one of infinite promise when he can get at a typewriter between ocean voyages, has attacked the problem of the utterly alien from a very different slant.

Says he:

RE *Phalid's Fate*, and the story behind, I go metaphysical, and ask the question, what is the nature of love? Procreative instinct, more or less sublimated, or, at the other extreme, perfect congruence of a pair of psyches? No doubt all gradations show up at the marriage license bureau.

Phalid's Fate however concerns itself with idealistic love in its limiting case—where one protagonist wears a non-terrestrial body, and where, consequently, the reproductive-drive basis is completely nullified.

Both lovers necessarily are equipped with human brains, by very definition of the word. "Love," like "evil", "patriotism", "religion" and "fashion", is strictly an anthropomorphic concept—or perhaps better to say, a mind-cast of the warm-blooded vertebrates most highly developed in man.

Thus forms of life reproducing other than bisexually living under a non-earthly environment, could no more fathom human "love" than men can understand the urge which drives a Phalid into the Forest of Life and oblivion.

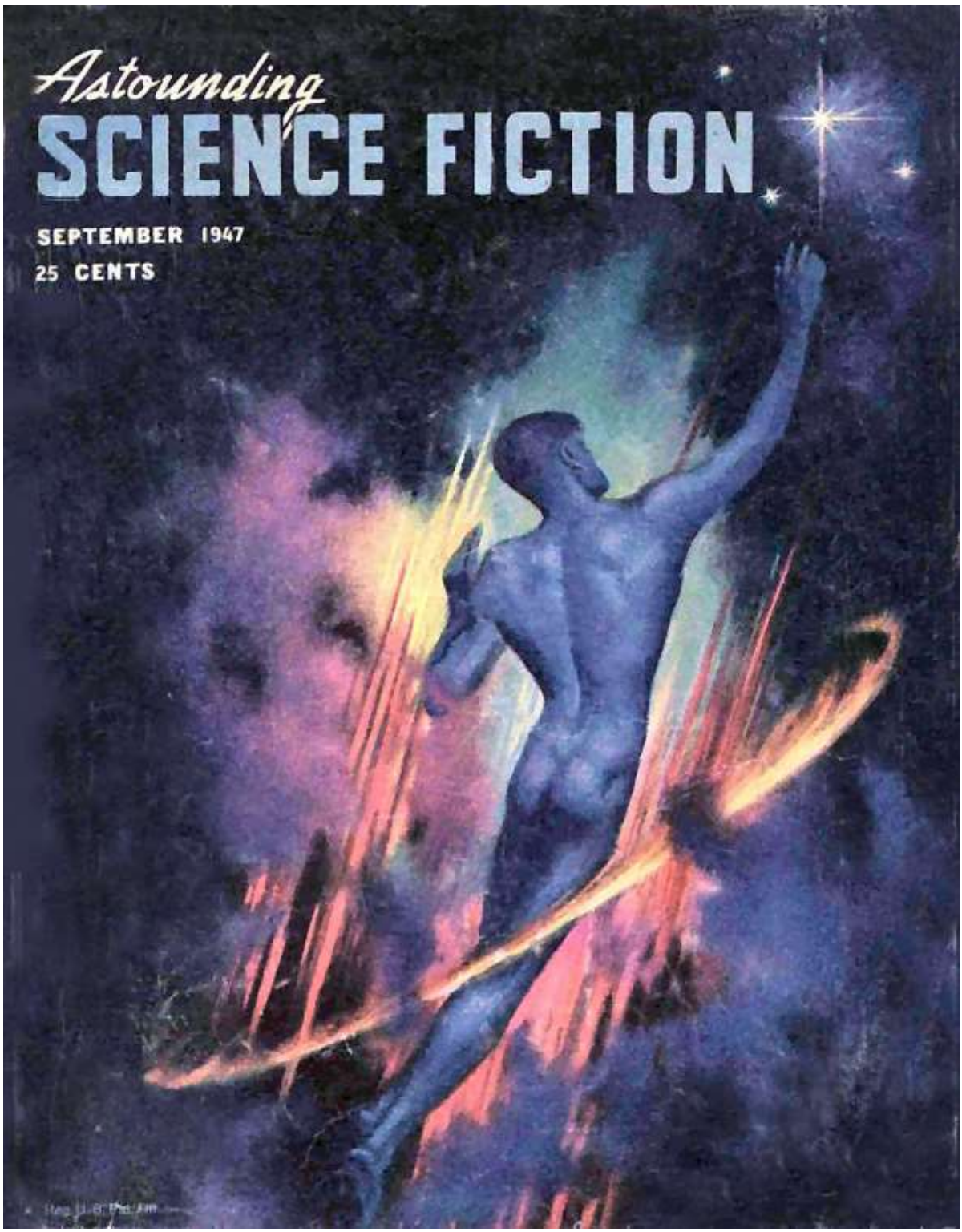
Effectively describing these other-world emotions is of course near-impossible—say impossible—for the reason that man evolved his abstract language to describe Man. His abstract terms are very complex, very highly specialized, with peculiar human connotations.

Referring to other-world life even in generalities like "necessity", "intent" or "excitement" it's about like trying to use a miscroscope as a carpet-swceper. It seems to me that the best a completely honest, completely consistent author can do is to hint at the empathies flickering deep dark down in his imagination, hoping to prod his readers into like conjecture. If he is awkward or too vague the story suffers. So we compromise. Or that's what I call it anyway.

Clearly it's somewhat easier to describe the reaction of a man's brain to impressions of alien sense-organs—since the reactions are felt by a human intelligence, and consequently can theoretically, at least, be expressed in terms intelligible to other men.

The assumption that non-terrestrials would see, hear, feel, desire, to the same effect that men do is of course superficial, as is the idea that seeing, etc., is a necessary common denominator of all life-forms. On this basis I tentatively endowed the Phalids with a few alien modes of perception—but describing their impact on Ryan Wratch's brain became so diffuse and tedious that I gave it up as a bad job. Whether or not to good effect I'm still wondering.

1946-12 Phalid's Fate-F-1946 Thrilling Wonder Stories P110 112



1947-09 I'll Build your Dream Castle-A-1947 ill. Alejandro Astounding SF I will. build your dream castle

Astounding SCIENCE FICTION

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

COVER BY ALEJANDRO

Illustrations by Cartier, Napoli, Rogers and Timmins

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NEXT ISSUE ON SALE SEPTEMBER 16, 1947

AST—1M

1947-09 I'll Build your Dream Castle-B-1947 TOC Astounding SF I will. build your dream castle

I'LL BUILD YOUR DREAM CASTLE

***If nobody** will give you a job—you can always invent a new line of work. Dream engineering, for instance.*

Illustrated by Timmins

•BY JACK VANCE

When Farrero first met Douane Angker, of Marlais & Angker, Class III Structors, something in his brain twisted, averted itself; and, looking down at the curl on Angker's tough mouth, he knew the feeling went double. Angker, short and solid, had concentrated in him a heavy unctuous vitality, the same way a cigar stump holds the strongest juices.

Farrero did not, on this occasion, meet Leon Marlais, the other half of the firm, nor did he during the entire length of his job. He would not have recognized him face to face on the pedestrip—because Marlais had an odd mania for privacy, secluded himself behind a coded door-press, an unlisted telescreen. When he used his private copter stage, a polarizing field jarred the view to dazzle and shimmer.

Angker held to no such aloofness. The panel to his office stood always

1947-09 I'll Build your Dream Castle-C-1947 ill. Timmins Astounding SF I will. build your dream castle

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STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 17, No. 3 A THRILLING PUBLICATION July, 1948

A Complete Novel

The Valley of Creation

By EDMOND HAMILTON

In the darkness, there came to Eric Nelson a summons and a warning—a summons to a land where beast and human walked alike, a warning of war and massacre strange and terrible! 9

A Complete Novelet

REALITIES UNLIMITED ..... Emmett MacDowell 70
The second expedition to Mars learns the fate of its predecessors, and all but falls into the same deadly traps set by an alien form of life!

Five Short Stories

WHEN SHADOWS FALL ..... L. Ron Hubbard 83
Dying earth had neither wealth nor power nor food for fuel

WHEN THE EARTH LIVED ..... Henry Kuttner 92
A Hall of Fame classic reprinted by popular demand

HARD LUCK DIGGINGS ..... Jack Vance 102
Fantastic war looms in the mines of a far-distant planet

QUIS CUSTODIET? ..... Margaret St. Clair 109
The spy Kynnastor plans to steal a secret from a world made barren

PERFECT SERVANT ..... Walt Sheldon 115
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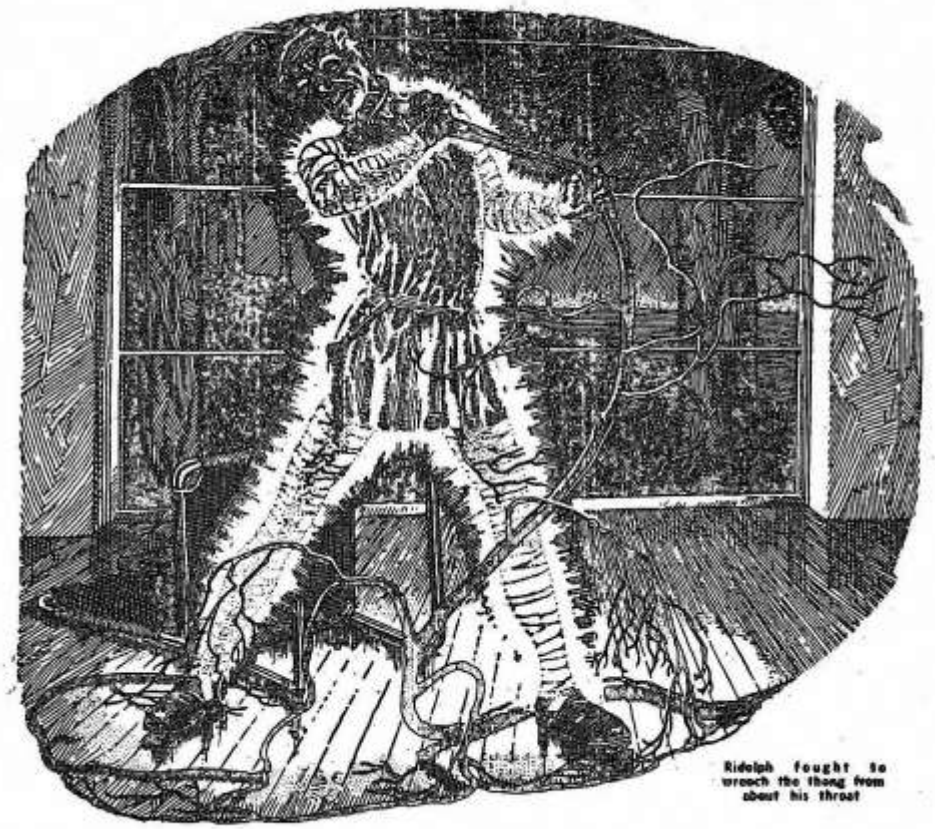

Ridolph fought to wrench the thong from about his throat

Hard Luck Diggings

In solving a problem, I form and consider every conceivable premise. If each of these results in an impossible set of implications, except one, whose consequence is merely improbable: then that lone hypothesis, no matter how unprecedented, is necessarily the correct solution of the problem—*Magnus Ridolph.*

By JACK VANCE

SUPERINTENDENT James Rogge's office occupied the top of a low knoll at Diggings A, and his office, through a semi-circular window, overlooked both diggings, A and B, all the way down to the beach and the strange-colored ocean beyond.

Rogge sat within, chair turned to the window, drumming his fingers in quick irregular tempo. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and strode across the room. He was tall and thin, and his black eyes sparkled in a face parched and bony, while his chin dished out below his mouth like a shovel-blade.

He punched a button at the telescreen, waited, leaning slightly forward, his finger

Fantastic war looms in the mines of a far-distant planet!

1948-09 Sanatoris Short-cut-A-1948-09 cover earle bergey startling stories Sanatoris shortcut

Starting Next Issue: THIRTY-TWO ADDITIONAL PAGES!

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 18, No. 1 A THRILLING PUBLICATION September, 1948

A Complete Novel

What Mad Universe

By FREDRIC BROWN

When the first moon rocket fell back to earth with a flash, Keith Winton found himself catapulted into a world that couldn't be—a fabulous globe where men in jalopies were space masters! 11

A Hall of Fame Novelet

TETRAHEDRA OF SPACE ..... P. Schuyler Miller 82
Only a quartet of Earthmen stood between the Mercurian invaders and planetary conquest! A classic reprinted by popular demand

Short Stories

RAT RACE ..... Dorothy and John de Courcy 72
The Rat-men's empire spread ever outward until it engulfed the world

SHENADUN ..... John D. MacDonald 102
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Mathematics is Magnus Ridolph's weapon against a pirate of space

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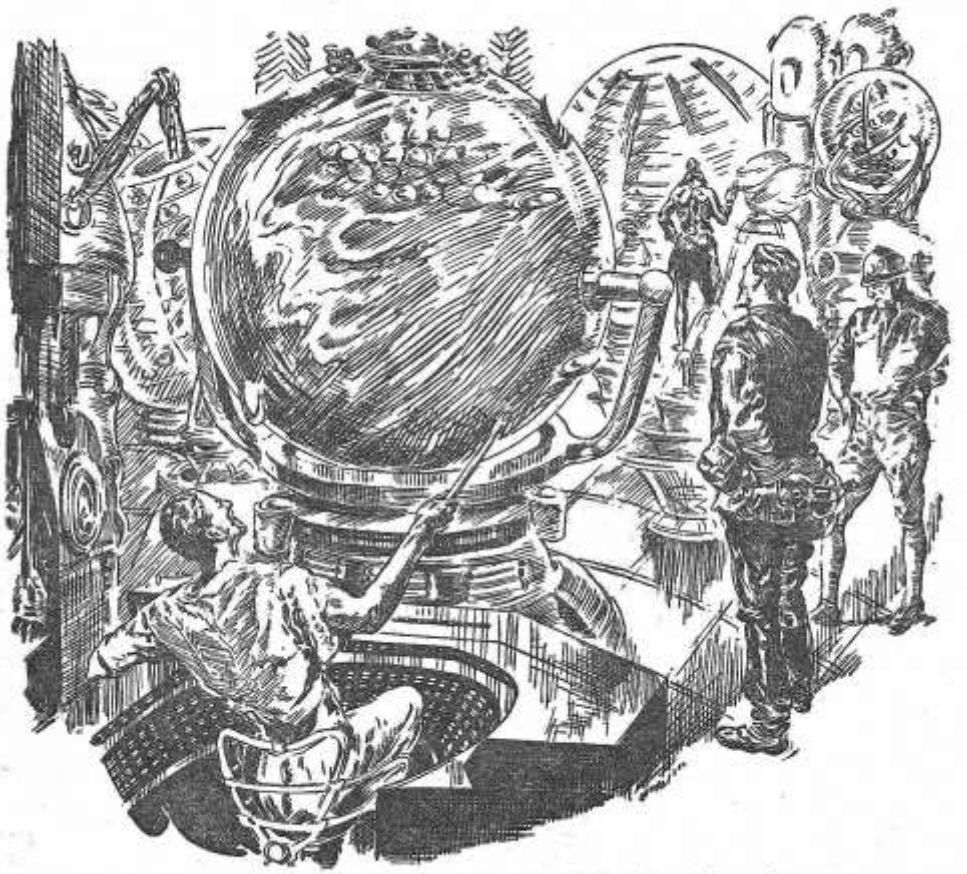

As the balls settled in their places, the operator called out the winning numbers

SANATORIS SHORT-CUT

By JACK VANCE

Mathematics is the weapon of Magnus Ridolph when he combats a pirate of space!

Gambling, in the ultimate study, stems from the passive, the submissive, the irresponsible in human nature; the gambler is one of an inferior lickspittle breed who turns himself belly-upward to the capricious deeds of Luck. Examine now the man of strength and action: he is never led by destiny. He drives on a decided course, manipulates the variables, and instead of submitting to the ordained shape of his life, creates a pattern to his own design.

—Magnus Ridolph.

MAGNUS RIDOLPH often found himself in want for money, for his expenditures were large and he had no regular income. With neither natural diligence nor any liking for routine, he was forced to cope with each ebb of his credit balance as it occurred, a fact which suited

1948-11 The Unspeakable McInch-A-1948-11 Startlin Stories

THIRTY-TWO ADDITIONAL PAGES IN THIS ISSUE!

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 18, No. 2 A THRILLING PUBLICATION November, 1948

A Complete Novel

Against the Fall of Night

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

From the Lotosland prison of a dying world an atavistic youth strikes out for the stars and the glory that all mankind has long forsaken! 11

A Hall of Fame Novelet

THE ISOTOPE MEN ..... Festus Pragnell 110
Through a miraculous experiment, a young man traces his origins back to a pre-terran world! A classic reprinted by popular demand

Six Short Stories

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"Someday we may know the answer. . . ."
HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL ..... Frank Belknap Long 74
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The Unspeakable McInch

By JACK VANCE

Magnus Ridolph runs up against old-fashioned earth-style graft when he becomes a troubleshooter in Sclerotto City!

"MYSTERY" is a word with no objective opposite, merely describing the limitations of a mind. In fact a mind may be classified by the order of the phenomena it considers mysterious. . . . The mystery is resolved, the solution made known. "Of course, it is obvious!" comes the chorus. A word about the obvious: it is always obvious. . . . The common mind transposes the sequence, letting the mystery generate the solution. This is logic in reverse; actually the mystery relates to the solution as the foam relates to the beer. . . .

—*Magnus Ridolph.*

THE Uni-Culture Mission had said simply, "His name's McInch, he's a murderer. That's all we know."

Magnus Ridolph would have refused the

1949-01 The Sub-standard Sardines-A-1949-01 cover Earle Bergey Startling Stories

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 18, No. 3 A THRILLING PUBLICATION January, 1949

A Complete Novel

THE TIME AXIS

By HENRY KUTTNER

Rich man, scientist, soldier, scribe, these are summoned to a far-distant future that they may save a galaxy from the threat of creeping doom! 13

Two Complete Novelets

THE SUB-STANDARD SARDINES.....Jack Vance 98
Magnus Ridolph becomes involved in the most fantastic business partnership in all the history of galactic development!

MARTIAN GESTURE.....Alexander M. Phillips 112
What were those strange flashes of light that destroyed cities of Shentol? A Hall of Fame classic reprinted by popular demand

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FLAW.....John D. MacDonald 83
"I never thought much about the frontier of the stars until. . . ."

THE STORY OF ROD CANTRELL.....Murray Leinster 88
Scientist Jugg plans to enslave the world with his force-field torpedo

THE FISSION MAN.....R. W. Stockheker 135
Perhaps they still know him as Dr. John Norman—or just as Project X

FORBIDDEN VOYAGE.....Rene LaFayette 142
George Carlyle knew the way to the Moon—but authorities blocked him

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The Sub-Standard SARDINES

A Magnus Ridolph Novelet

By JACK VANCE

98

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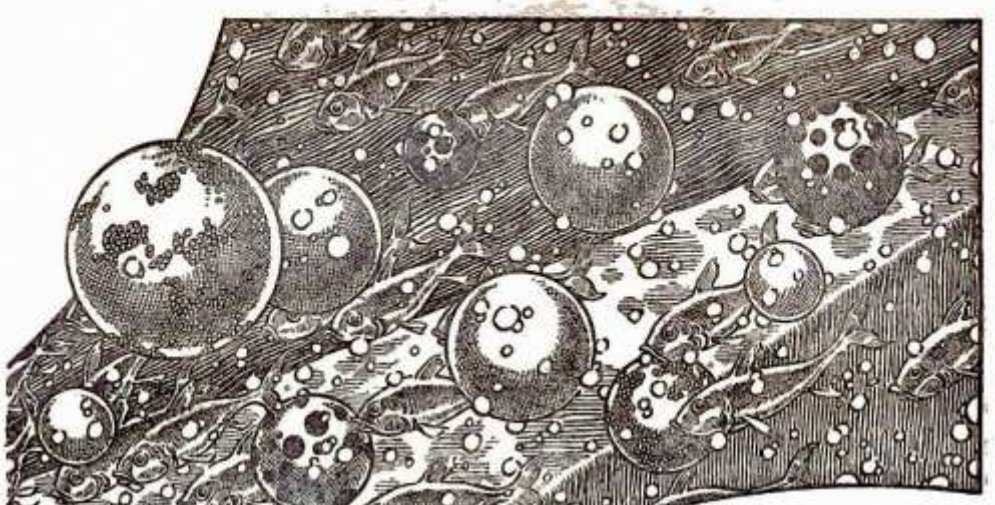

The saga of the most fantastic business partnership in all the history of galactic development!

Banish Evil from the world? Nonsense! Encourage it, foster it, sponsor it. The world owes Evil a debt beyond imagination. Think! Without greed ambition falters. Without vanity art becomes idle musing. Without cruelty benevolence lapses to passivity. Superstition has shamed man into self-reliance and, without stupidity, where would be the savor of superior understanding?

—MAGNUS RIDOLPH

MAGNUS RIDOLPH lay on a deck-chair, a green and orange umbrella bearing the brunt of the African sunlight. The table beside him supported a smouldering cigar, Shemmlers *News Discussions* turned face downward, a glass containing ice and a squeezed half-lime. In short, a picture of relaxation, idyllic peace . . . The transgraf clanged from within.

After a restless interval Magnus Ridolph arose, entered the apartment, took the message from the rack. It read:

Dear Magnus,

My chef's report on tomorrow's dinner—broiled grouse with truffles and compote of Marchisand cherries, Queen Persis salad, Sirius Fifth artichokes. A subsidiary report of my own—wines from three planets, including an incredible Fragence claret, a final course of canned sardines.

If you are free, I'd like your verdict on the menu—especially the sardines, which are unusual.

Joel Karamor.

Magnus Ridolph returned to the deck-chair, re-read the invitation, folded it, laid it on the table beside him. He rubbed his short white beard, then, leaning back in his deck-chair, half-closed his eyes, apparently intent on a small sailboat, white as the walls of Marrakech, plying the dark blue face of

1949-03 The Howling Bounders-A-1949-03

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 19, No. 1 A THRILLING PUBLICATION March, 1949

A Complete Novel

THE BLACK GALAXY

By MURRAY LEINSTER

Barred from space, Rod Cantrell suddenly gets an unlooked-for opportunity to fight the marauders who threaten the existence of all cosmic life! 13

Two Complete Novelets

THE SOUND OF BUGLES.....Robert Moore Williams 74
"By the sweat of your brow shall ye earn your daily bread—" is still true on the hard-working Earth—but what of the fiery planet of Mars?

THE LOOT OF TIME.....Clifford D. Simak 88
Marooned in the past, a party of travelers send an SOS ringing far into the future! A Hall of Fame classic reprinted by popular demand

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History calls Jonathan Bates the Father of Exploration, but—

THE HOWLING BOUNDERS.....Jack Vance 115
Magnus Ridolph found the ticholama plantation an amazing bargain

MARIONETTES, INC.....Ray Bradbury 125
Braling and Smith sought vacations from their wives, and almost succeeded

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Fated to miss the moon, a rocket-ship's doomed to be lost in space

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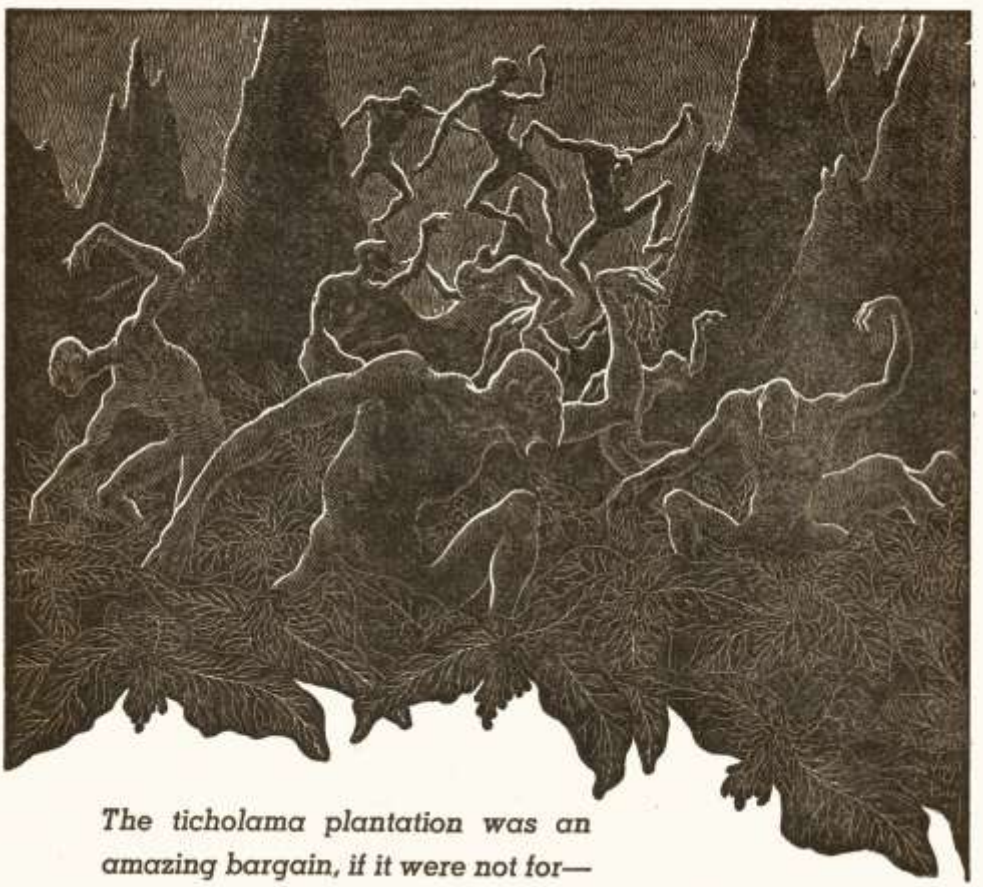

The ticholama plantation was an amazing bargain, if it were not for—

THE HOWLING BOUNDERS

My brain, otherwise a sound instrument, has a serious defect—a hypertrophied lobe of curiosity.
—Magnus Ridolph.

THE afternoon breeze off Irremedial Ocean ruffling his beard, yellow Naos-light burnishing the side of his face, Magnus Ridolph gazed glumly across his newly-acquired plantation. So far, so good; in fact, too good to be true.

He shook his head, frowned. All Blantham's representations had been corroborated by the evidence of his own eyes: three thousand acres of prime ticholama, ready for harvest; a small cottage, native-style, but furnished adequately; the ocean at his doorstep, the mountains in his back-yard. Why had the price been so low?

"Is it possible," mused Magnus Ridolph, "that Blantham is the philanthropist his acts suggest? Or does the ointment conceal a fly?" And Magnus Ridolph pulled at his beard with petulant fingers.

A Magnus Ridolph Story by JACK VANCE

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1949-11 The King of Thieves-A-1949-11 Startling Stories

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 20, No. 2 A THRILLING PUBLICATION November, 1949

A Complete Novel

THE OTHER WORLD
By MURRAY LEINSTER
When Nancy Holt suddenly vanishes in quicksilver, Dick Blair storms the gate of a strange universe whose grasping emissaries lurk among us—unseen! 11

A Hall of Fame Novelet

THE ULTIMATE CATALYST.....John Taine 84
Fugitive dictator Kadir meets a weird fate when Doctor Beetle avenges jungle tyranny in this science fiction classic reprinted by popular demand

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A prodigy of science takes an astonishing trip in time

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Magnus Ridolph's in his element on Maritaba, where larceny reigns supreme

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A meteor settles an argument for Marcus Aurelius McGhee and Henry Smith

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The root of every type of despotism is—fear!

LIMITING FACTOR.....Clifford D. Simak 123
The strange, ghostlike city seemed like an abandoned dream

THE EMPEROR OF THE UNIVERSE.....Rene LaFayette 132
A half-crazed spaceman makes the cosmos fit for expanding humanity

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1949-11 The King of Thieves-C-1949-11 ill. Virgil finlay

The King of Thieves

By JACK VANCE

Ridolph's in his element on Moritaba, where petty pilfery is the hallmark of citizenry and larceny reigns supreme!

In all the many-colored worlds of the universe no single ethical code shows a universal force. The good citizen on Almanatz would be executed on Judith IV. Commonplace conduct of Medellin excites the wildest revulsion on Earth and on Moritaba a deft thief commands the highest respect. I am convinced that virtue is but a reflection of good intent.

—Magnus Ridolph

"THERE'S much wealth to be found here on Moritaba," said the purser wistfully. "There's wonderful leathers, there's rare hardwoods—and have you seen the coral? It's purple-red and it glows with the fires of the damned! But"— he jerked his head toward the port—"it's too tough. Nobody cares for anything but telex—and that's what they never find. Old Kanditter, the King of Thieves, is too smart for 'em."

Magnus Ridolph was reading about Moritaba in *Guide to the Planets:*

The climate is damp and unhealthy, the terrain is best described as the Amazon Basin superimposed on the Lunar Alps . . .

He glanced down a list of native diseases, turned the page.

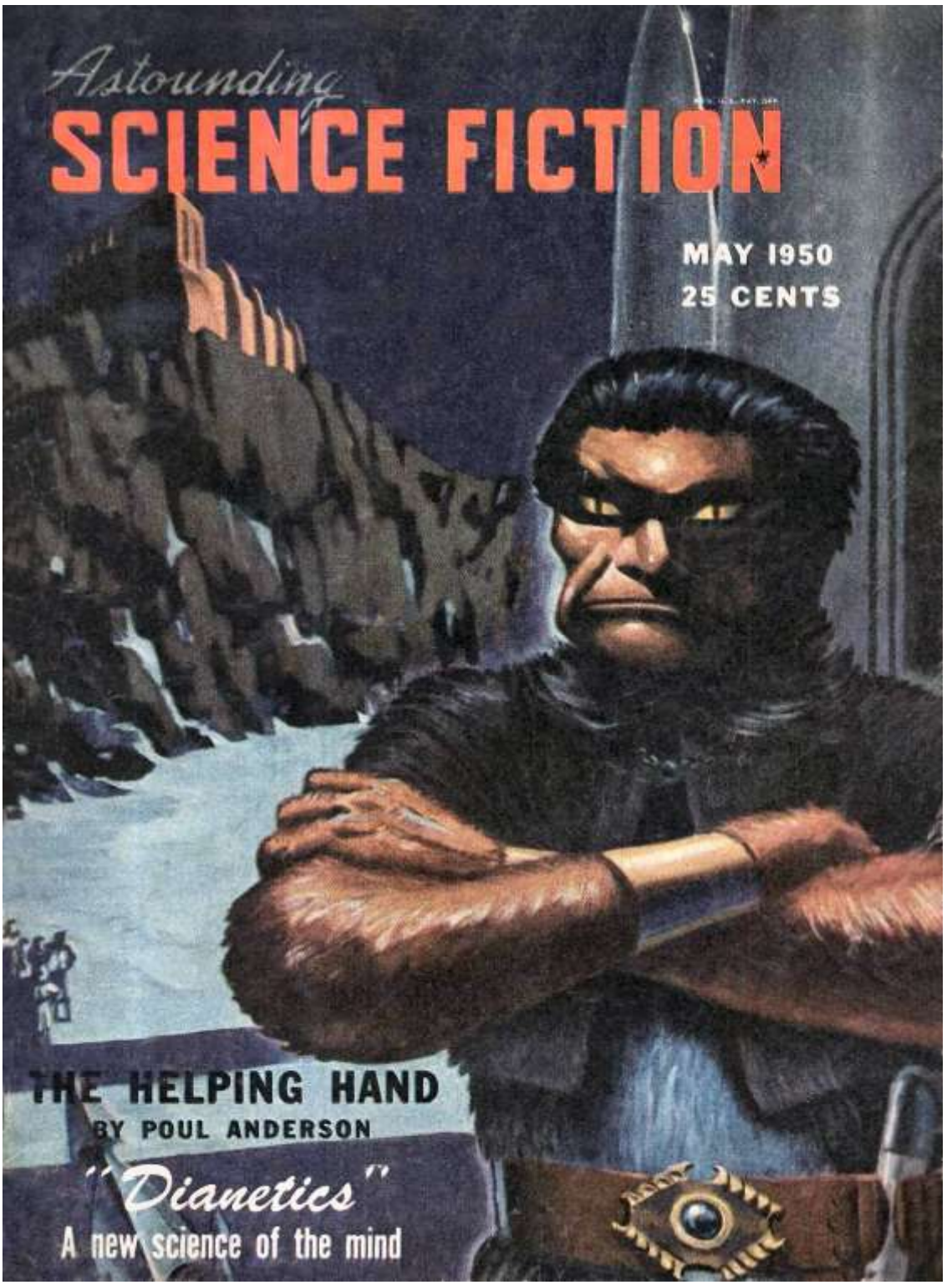
In the early days Moritaba served as a base and haven for Louie Joe, the freebooter. When at last the police ships closed in Louie Joe and his surviving followers fled into the jungles and there mingled with the natives, producing a hybrid race, the Men-men—this despite the protests of orthodox biologists that such a union is impossible.

In the course of years the Men-men have become a powerful tribe occupying the section of Moritaba known as Arcady Major, the rumored site of a large lode of telex crystals . . .

Magnus Ridolph yawned, tucked the book in his pocket. He rose to his feet, sauntered to the port, looked out across Moritaba.

Gollabolla, chief city of the planet,

1949-11 The King of Thieves-D-1949-11 ill. Virgil finlay King of thieves



1950-05 The Potters of Fisk-A-1950-05 ill. Brush Astounding SF

Astounding
SCIENCE FICTION
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

Assistant Editor
C. TARRANT

COVER BY BRUSH

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NEXT ISSUE ON SALE MAY 19, 1950

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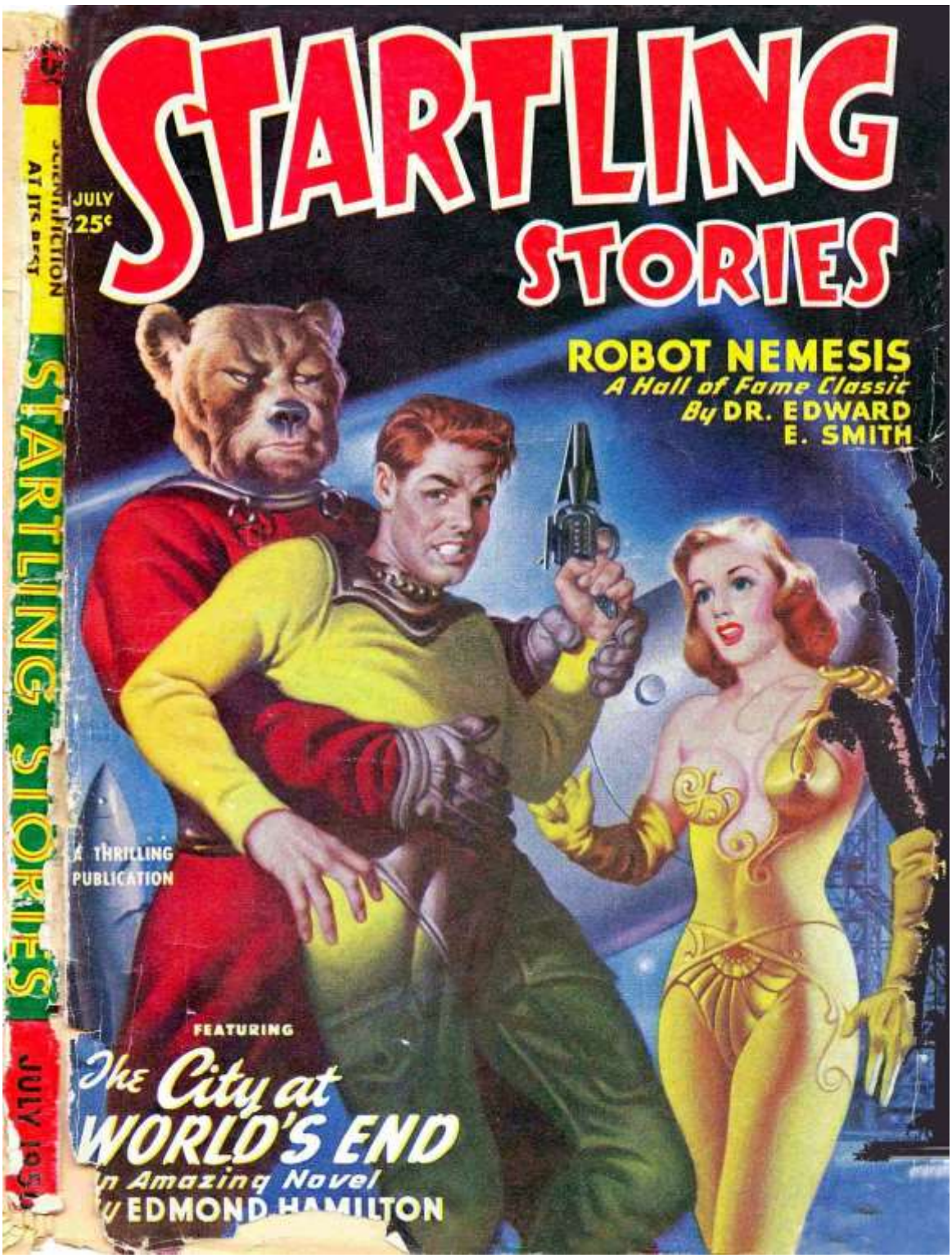
THE POTTERS OF FIRSK

BY JACK VANCE

Uranium is an interesting material indeed. And Uranium-235 can be used to settle a cultural dispute permanently—if it is used sensibly. This time it was.

1950-05 The Potters of Fisk-C-1950-05 ill. Cartier Astounding-Science-Fiction-p-88-The-Potters-of-Firsk

1950-05 The Potters of Fisk-D-1950-05 ill. Cartier Astounding-Science-Fiction-p-97-The-Potters-of-Firsk-1



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STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 21, No. 3 A THRILLING PUBLICATION July, 1950

A Complete Novel

THE CITY AT WORLD'S END
By EDMOND HAMILTON
At first the people of Middletown thought that the superbomb was only a dud—but actually it hurled all their town forward a million years! 11

Two Complete Novelets

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These flame beings from beyond the stars only wanted to play, but their presence brought fear and panic to a peaceful community!

ROBOT NEMESIS ..... **Dr. Edward E. Smith** 120
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"A ship has come from another world—with nine men. . . ."

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Space offers many strange and unknown factors to the pioneer, but—

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The sea beetles were the worst

The Spa of the Stars

JOE BLAINE sat, limp as a pillow, in his swivel chair, chewing morbidly at a dead cigar. The desk supported his feet. He stroked his pink jowl with a hand that was all flesh and no bone. His mood was one of gloom.

Many extremes had enlivened Joe Blaine's life: triumphs, failures, vicissitudes of many sorts. But never such an abysmal piece of cheese as the Spa of the Stars.

Outside, the white sun Eta Pisces shone with a tingling radiance on a landscape sparkling white, blue and green. ("Enjoy the zestful light of the Cluster's healthiest sun in surroundings of inexpressible beauty"—excerpt from the Spa's brochure.)

A lazy sea folded surf along a beach of pure sand behind which a wall of jungle rose four hundred feet, steep as a cliff. ("Vacation at the edge of unexplored jungle mysteries," read the brochure, and the illustration showed a

1950-07 The Spa of the Stars-C-1950 ill. Finlay Startling Stories

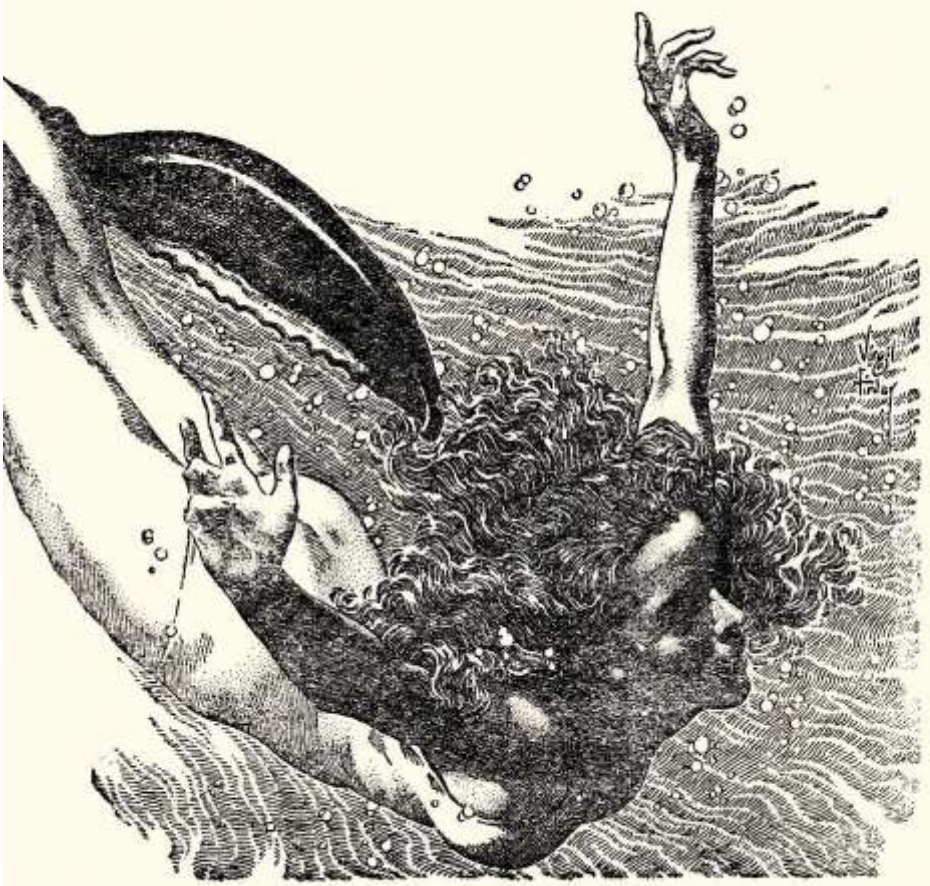
A Magnus Ridolph story by JACK VANCE

Trouble-shooter Magnus tackles the woes of a smart hotel resort which is losing guests to dragons, sea beetles, gorillas and flying snakes!

lovely nude woman with apple-green skin standing under a tree blazing with red and black flowers.)

A big hotel, miles of beach, a hundred orange and green cabanas, an open-air dance pavilion, a theater, tennis courts, sail boats, an arcade of expensive shops, a race-track with grandstand and stables—this was the Spa of the Stars just as Joe Blaine had conceived it. Nothing was lacking but the nude green woman. If Joe Blaine had known where to get one, she'd have been there too.

There was another discrepancy. Joe had envisioned the lobby full of stylish women, the beach covered with bronze flesh. In his mind's-eye he had seen the grandstand black with sportsmen, all anxious to dispute the wisdom of the odds he had set. Each of the seven bars —as he had pictured them—were lined three deep, with the bartenders sweat-



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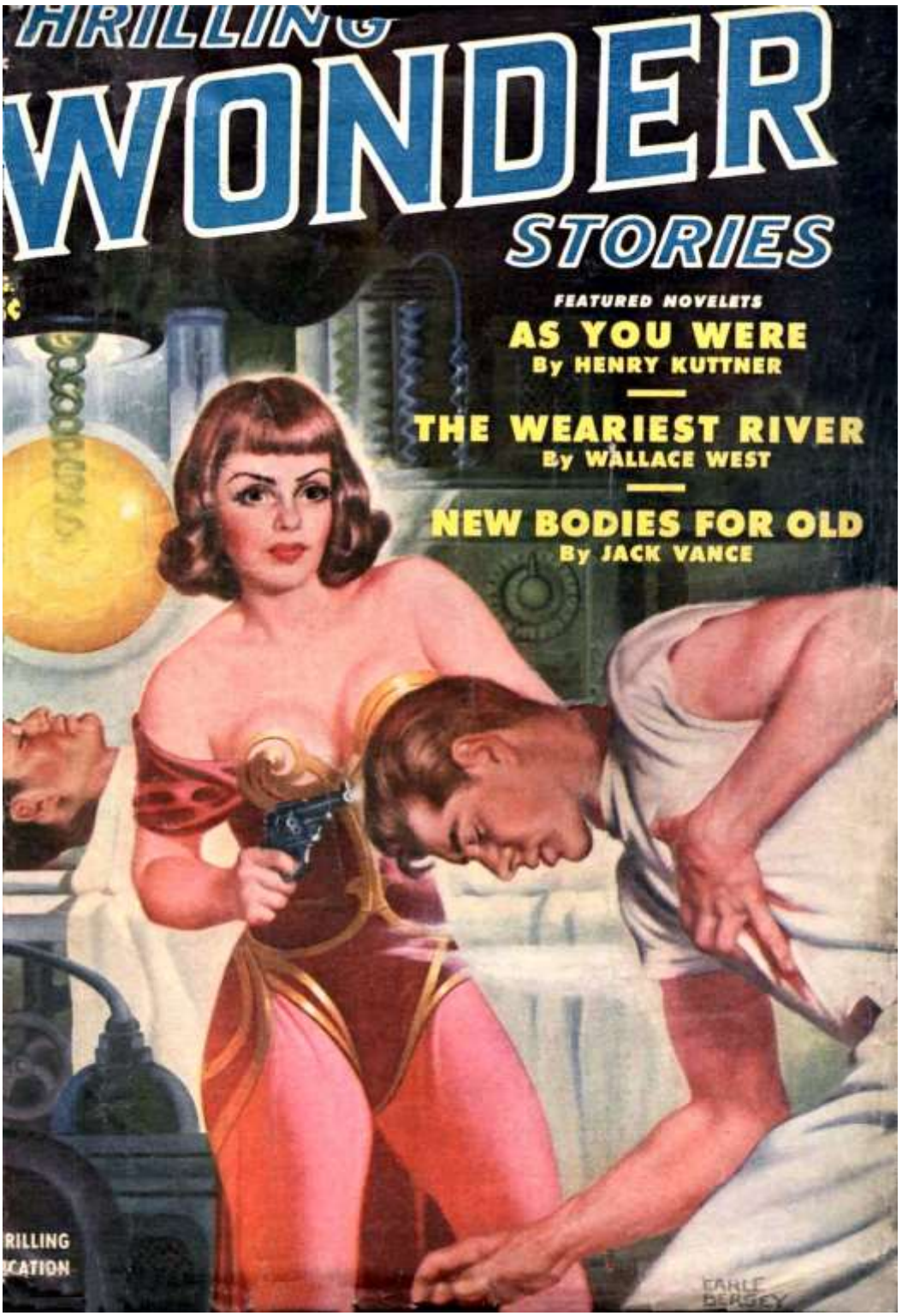

1950-08 New Bodies for Old-A-1950-08 ill. Earle Bergey Thrilling Wonder Stories

THRILLING WONDER STORIES

VOL. XXXVI, No. 3 A THRILLING PUBLICATION August 1950

Featured Complete Novelet

AS YOU WERE

By HENRY KUTTNER

On a pendulum of space and time, Peter Owen swings back to yesterday as he frantically attempts to find a "tomorrow" worth living! 9

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NEW BODIES FOR OLD ..... Jack Vance 46
Strange and baffling are the ways of the Chateau d'If, where human forms and personalities are made the stuff of barter!

THE WEARIEST RIVER ..... Wallace West 104
Professor Elisha Gordon turns time backward for his four prize pupils when the world totters on the brink of destruction and ruin!

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BATTLING BOLTO ..... L. Ron Hubbard 84
When a man apes a robot, he's asking for some electronic grief

SPACEMATE ..... Walt Sheldon 93
All regulations were violated when Jim Beckwith fell for Nurse Myra

A WALK IN THE DARK ..... Arthur C. Clarke 134
Fear and misfortune stalk the strange byways of a lonely planet

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THE ROUND-THE-WORLD BOMBER ..... Willy Ley 99
The Nazis didn't bomb New York—but they had their blueprints ready!

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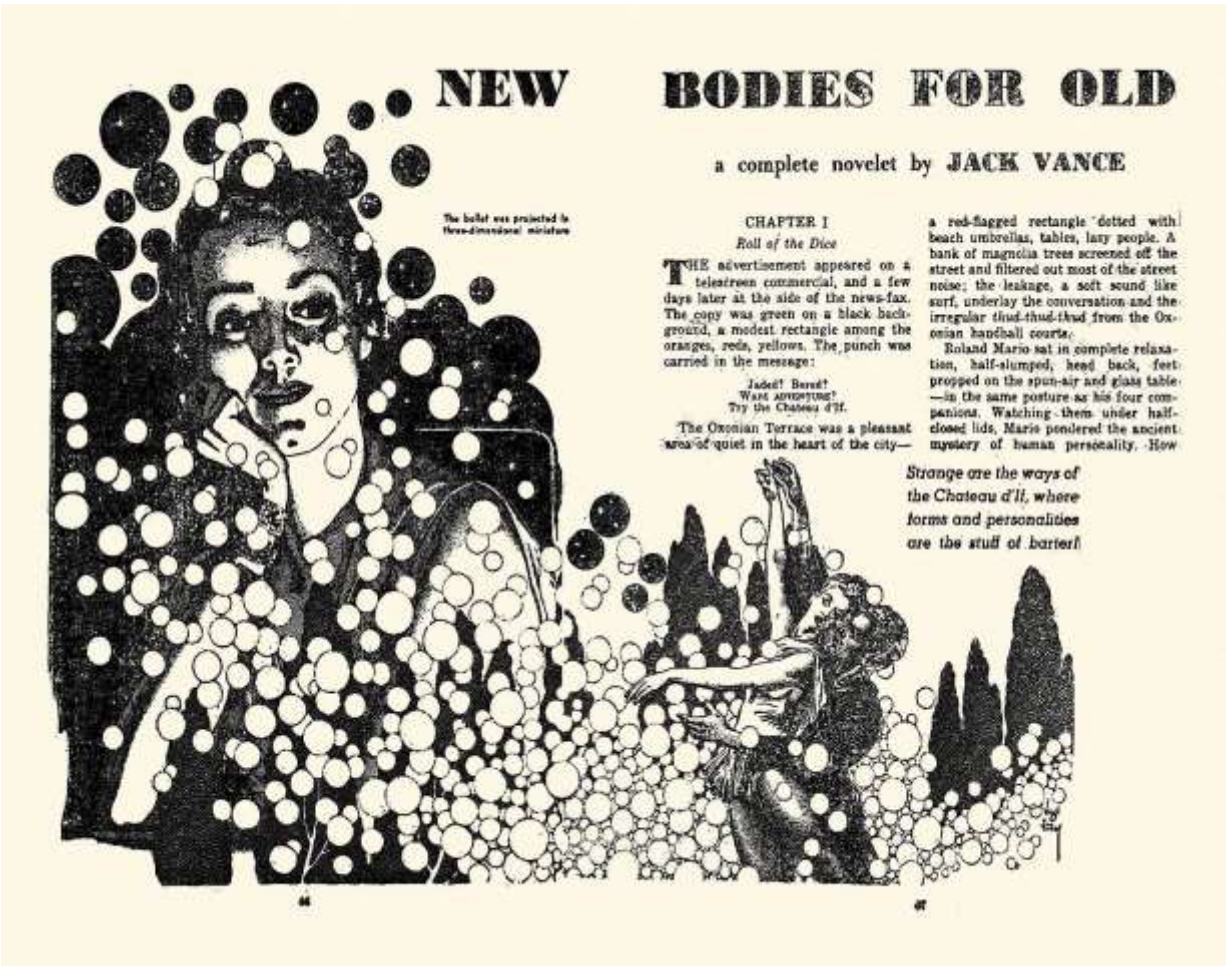

NEW BODIES FOR OLD

a complete novelet by **JACK VANCE**

The bullet was projected in three-dimensional miniature

CHAPTER I

Roll of the Dice

THE advertisement appeared on a telescreen commercial, and a few days later at the side of the news-fax. The copy was green on a black background, a modest rectangle among the oranges, reds, yellows. The punch was carried in the message:

Jaded? Bored?
Want adventure?
Try the Chateau d'If.

The Oxonian Terrace was a pleasant area of quiet in the heart of the city—a red-flagged rectangle dotted with beach umbrellas, tables, lazy people. A bank of magnolia trees screened off the street and filtered out most of the street noise; the leakage, a soft sound like surf, underlay the conversation and the irregular thud-thud-thud from the Oxonian handball courts.

Roland Mario sat in complete relaxation, half-slumped, head back, feet propped on the spun-air and glass table—in the same posture as his four companions. Watching them under half-closed lids, Mario pondered the ancient mystery of human personality. How

Strange are the ways of the Chateau d'If, where forms and personalities are the stuff of barter!

1950-08 New Bodies for Old-C-1950-08 ill. Virgil Finlay Thrilling Wonder Stories

After a moment Breaugh said, "It's true though. Drunkenness and death. The unpredictables. The only two places left to go—unless you can afford twenty million dollars for a planetary rocket. And even then there's only dead rock after you get there."

Ditmar said, "You overlooked a third possibility."

"What's that?"

"The Chateau d'If."

All sat quiet; then all five shifted in their chairs, settling back or straightening themselves.

"Just what is the Chateau d'If?" asked Mario.

"*Where* is it?" asked Zaer. "The advertisement said 'Try the Chateau d'If,' but it said nothing about how or where."

Janniver grunted. "Probably a new nightclub."

Mario shook his head doubtfully. "The advertisement gave a different impression."

"It's not a night club," said Ditmar. All eyes swung to him. "No, I don't know what it is. I know *where* it is, but only because there's been rumors a couple months now."

"What kind of rumors?"

"Oh—nothing definite. Just hints. To the effect that *if* you want adventure, *if* you've got money to pay for it, *if* you're willing to take a chance, *if* you have no responsibilities you can't abandon—"

"If—if—if," said Breaugh with a grin. "The Chateau d'If."

Ditmar nodded. "That's it exactly."

"Is it dangerous?" asked Zaer. "If all they do is string a tight-wire across a snake-pit, turn a tiger loose at you, and you can either walk tight-rope or fight tiger, I'd rather sit here and drink high-balls and figure how to beat Janniver in the tournament."

Ditmar shrugged. "I don't know."

Breaugh frowned: "It could be a dope-den, a new kind of bordello."

"There's no such thing," said Zaer. "It's a haunted house with real ghosts."

"If we're going to include fantasy," said Ditmar, "a time machine."

A blonde girl, young and sweet, sat on the edge of a pool, in a cloud of silver bubbles

1950-08 New Bodies for Old-D-1950-08 ill. Virgil Finlay Thrilling Wonder

1950-09 Cosmic Hotfoot-A-1950-09 ill. Earle Bergey Startling Stories

STARTLING STORIES

ol. 22, No. 1 A THRILLING PUBLICATION September, 1950

A Complete Novel

THE CYBERNETIC BRAINS

By RAYMOND F. JONES

Their honeymoon interrupted by apparent death, John and Martha Wilkins are condemned to serve a world in which they can never actually exist! 11

Two Complete Novelets

HE HARPERS OF TITAN.....Edmond Hamilton 96
Again Simon Wright of the Futuremen lives in a human body—and in this guise contends with the most hideous peril he has ever faced!

HE ENERGY EATERS.....Arthur K. Barnes and Henry Kuttner 124
Tony Quade makes a vain effort to sign Gerry Carlyle for Hollywood on the Moon in this outstanding Hall of Fame Classic reprinted by popular demand

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Space adventurer Magnus Ridolph tackles the riddle of Jexjeka

OWN THE RIVER.....Mack Reynolds 113
Earth finds itself a barbarian pawn in the game of galactic empire

XIT LINE.....Matt Lee 119
Only the 'lorum could stem the destructive fury of the mangards

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"So far my theories range from gaping crevasses through ghosts to murder"

WALKING on Caffron Beach in the planet Azul's watery blue-green twilight Magnus Ridolph was confronted by a scowling man of formidable appearance—very tall, very broad, with thundercloud eyebrows, a mouth and jaw like an ore-crusher.

"Are you Magnus Ridolph?" The tone was direct with overtones of bellicosity.

Magnus Ridolph wondered which of his creditors had been so importunate as to pursue him out here on the quiet blue sand beside Veridical Sea. Unfortunate—impossible to avoid him now.

Magnus Ridolph said frankly, "I am he."

The carbuncle eyes of the scowling man bored into Magnus Ridolph's pale blue ones. "I understand you're a detective."

Magnus Ridolph pursed his lips thoughtfully, touched his neat white beard. "Why, I suppose that term might be used. Generally I refer to myself as—"

The scowling man looked off across

The Threat of Manual Labor Forces a Space

82

COSMIC HOTFOOT

a Magnus Ridolph Story

by

JACK VANCE

the ink-black water. "I don't care what you call yourself. John Southern recommended you."

"Ah, yes," Magnus Ridolph nodded. "I remember him. The statues in the King of Maherleon's harem."

The big man's scowl deepened. "You're not what I expected."

"Intelligence, facility, resourcefulness are not like neckties, to be displayed as ornaments," Magnus Ridolph pointed out.

"Maybe you can angle and argue but can you produce when the going's tough? That's what I want to know."

Confident that the man, no matter how unpleasant, was no bill collector Magnus Ridolph said affably, "That depends upon the circumstances."

The big man's expression became slightly contemptuous.

Magnus Ridolph said easily, "The circumstances include a feeling of sympathy with my client. So far you have aroused no such sensation."

The big man grinned. "I arouse what

Adventurer to Solve the Riddle of Jexjeka!

1950-09 Cosmic Hotfoot-D-1950-09 ill. Startling Stories

1950-09 Ultimate quest-D-1950-09 ill.- Van Dongen Super Science Stories John Holbrook

25¢

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES

READ IT TODAY—LIVE IT TOMORROW!

VOL. 7 SEPTEMBER, 1950 NO. 2

THREE NOVELS OF FUTURE WORLDS

THE STAR BEAST.....*Poul Anderson* 10
The ancient enemy serving Harol was a fraud—the real destroyer came striding down from the stars—the forgotten beast in man, bred out of earth for a thousand years!

THE MIND MASTERS.....*Neil R. Jones* 70
The deathless metal men of Zor battle to a strange finish—a foe as indestructible as themselves!

BEYOND SPACE AND TIME.....*Joel Townsley Rogers* 102
Beyond the galaxy itself lay Helver's course—one man alone against the stars!

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HALF-LIFE.....*Alfred Coppel* 30
He was not quite human, the thing-in-a-bottle that guarded the planetoid—yet he knew he could die as well as any man!

ULTIMATE QUEST.....*John Holbrook* 40
They blasted off on a one-way journey that might make them a blazing star—or man's symbol of hope!

THE FIRST.....*Kris Neville* 53
The world gave Sam man's most priceless heritage—Eden . . . alone!

THE UNDYING ONES.....*Fredric Brown* 60
Donross stalked a mighty prey—the thing that men call death!

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All roads were open to Camp—save man's immortal right to be—himself!

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1950-09 Ultimate quest-E-1950-09 ill. Super Science Stories John Holbrook table

By
JOHN HOLBROOK

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1950-09 Ultimate quest-F-1950 ill. Super Science Stories John Holbrook

ULTIMATE QUEST

From the threshold of forever they blasted off on Man's ultimate quest—a strange one-way journey that might make them a blazing star, lost forever to their own galaxy—or Man's symbol of hope for eternal conquest!

CHIRAM came into the room, walked with short, firm steps to the desk, sat down. Only then did he appear to notice the two dozen men and women seated on neat rows of folding chairs.

"I can give you about twenty minutes," said Chiram. "Exactly what do you want?"

"How about a short statement?" suggested Ed Jeff of All-Planet News-Fax. "Then perhaps you'd answer a few questions."

Chiram leaned back, a stocky middle-aged man with an air of decision. He had a leonine ruff of hair the color and texture of steel wool, eyes sharp and monitory, a heavy well-shaped mouth. His clothes were gray and dark blue—conservative but informal, as if Chiram dressed by habit, uninfluenced by either vanity or ostentation.

"My associates and I," he said, "financed by Jay Banners, have embarked on a program of research which will ultimately lead to an attempted circumnavigation of the universe." He stopped; the reporters waited. Chiram said drily, "That is the statement."

Voices collided and tumbled getting to Chiram's ears. He held up his hand. "One at a time . . . You, sir—what was your question?"

"You said circumnavigation of the universe? Not merely the galaxy?"

Chiram nodded. "The universe."

"How do you know it's round?"

"We don't," said Chiram, smiling grimly. "There is no first-hand evidence, very little mathematical indication, one way or another. It's an assumption on which we're staking our lives."

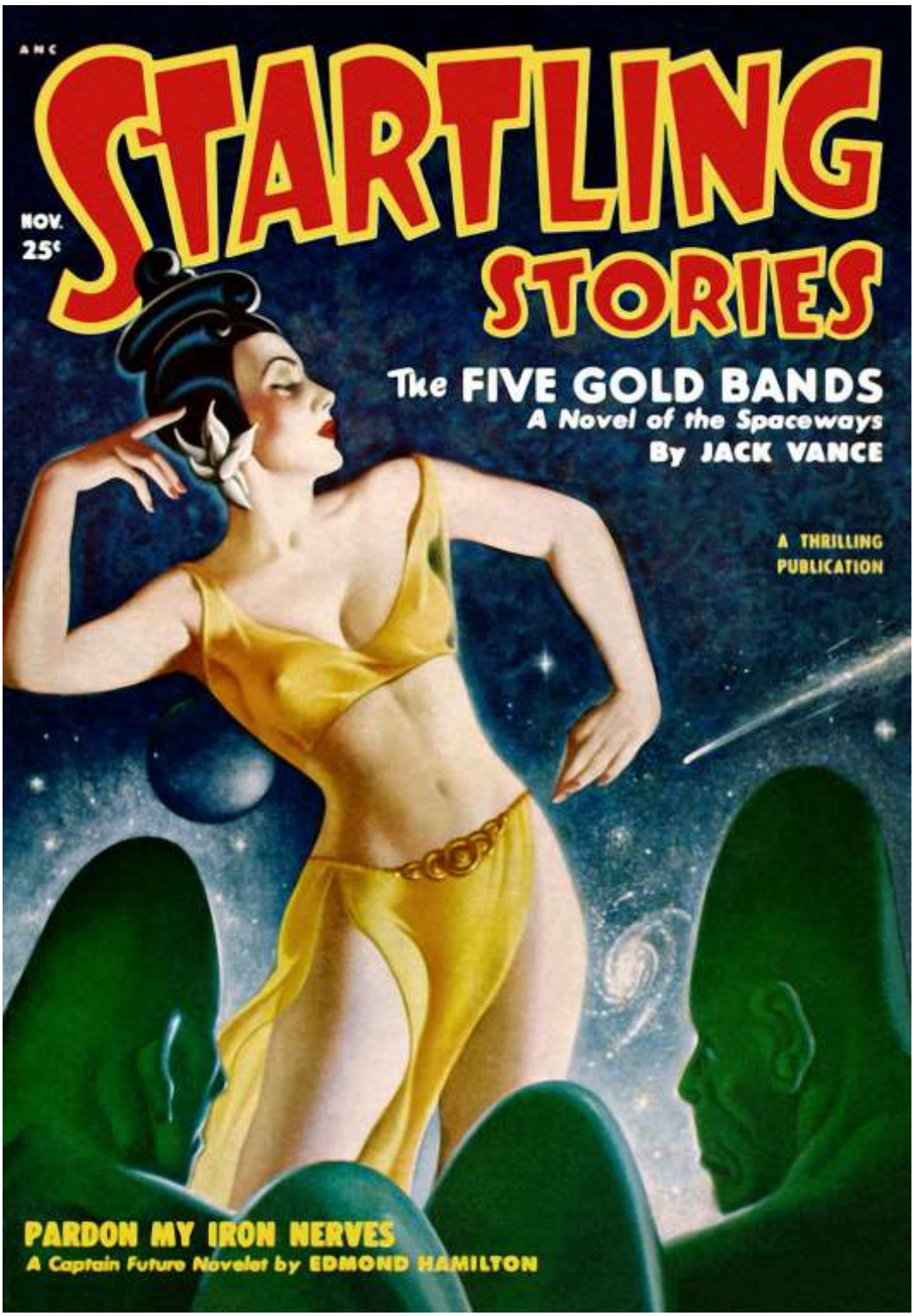
The reporters made respectful sounds. Chiram relaxed a trifle. "Estimates of the circumference run in the neighborhood of ten to a hundred billion light years. We plan to set out from Earth, assume a course—almost any course. After a sufficient period of flying, at a sufficiently high speed, we hope to return from the opposite direction."

"What're the chances of hitting Earth on the way back?"

Chiram compressed his lips; the question had been put in what he considered a light tone.

"In theory," he replied stiffly, "if we steer a sufficiently exact course, we will return automatically. Our research program is concentrating on the mechanics

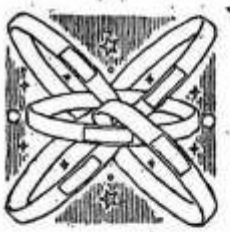
1950-09 Ultimate quest-G-1950 ill. Super Science Stories John Holbrook



1950-11 The Five Gold Bands-A-1950-11 art. Earle Bergey Startling stories

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 22, No. 2 A THRILLING PUBLICATION November, 1950



A Complete Novel

THE FIVE GOLD BANDS
By JACK VANCE

Paddy Blackthorn and the girl from the Earth Agency risk death on five alien worlds in the most fantastic of all galactic treasure hunts! 11

Two Complete Novelets

PARDON MY IRON NERVES.....Edmond Hamilton 78
If you think Grag is an insensitive robot, just read his own account of getting psychoanalyzed and repairing to Pluto's Fourth Moon!

TOUGH OLD MAN.....L. Ron Hubbard 116
Young Moffatt had to serve under the most formidable constable in interplanetary service—and on the ruggedest frontier of the universe!

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Getting both the automaton and the girl was Ranard's problem

ROAD BLOCK.....Robert Moore Williams 106
An equation gave Burton the power to create—and to destroy

TALL TALE.....Mack Reynolds 130
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The FIVE GOLD BANDS

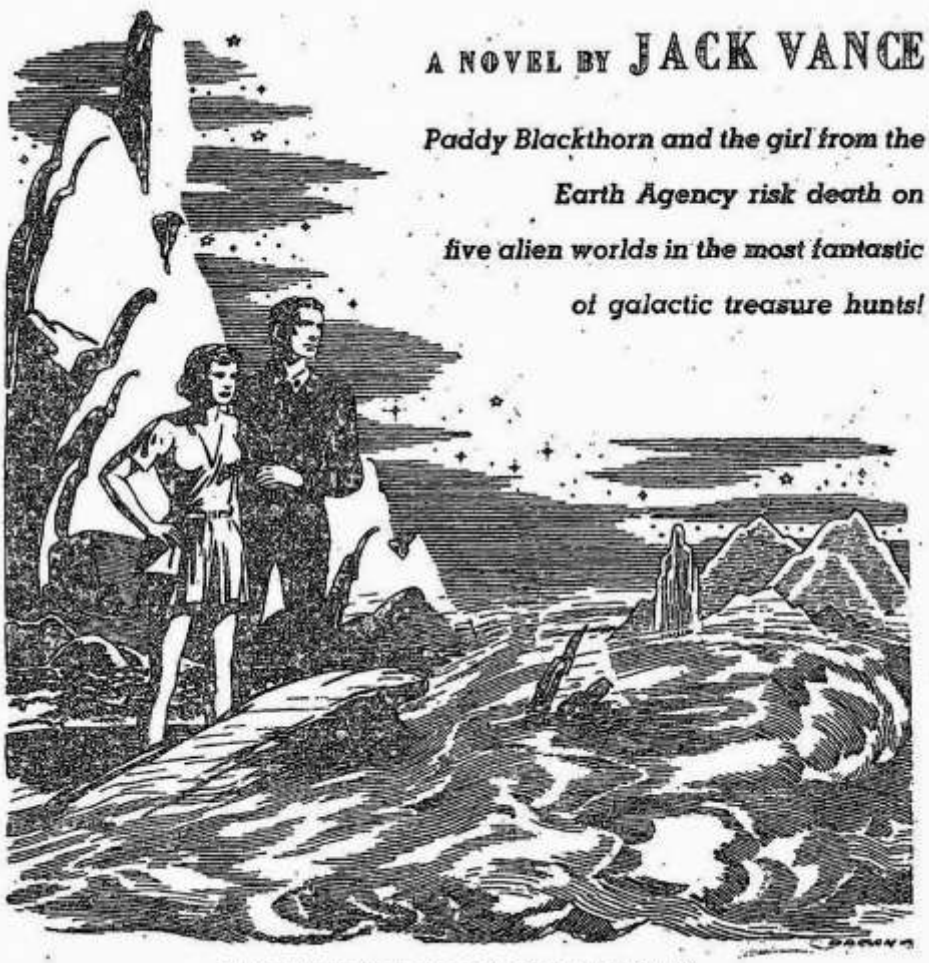
CHAPTER I

Tunnel to Nowhere

THE tunnel ran through layers of red and gray sandstone cemented with silica—tough digging even with the patent grab-compactor. Twice Paddy Blackthorn had broken into old wells, once into a forgotten graveyard. Archaeologists would have chewed their fingernails to see Paddy crunching aside the ancient bones with his machine. Three

A NOVEL BY JACK VANCE

Paddy Blackthorn and the girl from the Earth Agency risk death on five alien worlds in the most fantastic of galactic treasure hunts!



Fay and Paddy stood looking at the fog below (Chap. V)

1950-11 The Five Gold Bands-C1950-11

hundred yards of tunnel and the last six feet were the worst—two yards of feather-delicate explosive, layers of steel, copper, durible, concrete, films of guard circuits.

Edging between the pockets of explosive, melting out the steel, leaching the concrete with acid, tenderly shorting across the alarm circuits, Paddy finally pierced the last layer of durible and pushed up the composition flooring.

He hauled himself up into the most

FAY BURSILL

secret spot of the known universe, played his flash around the room.

Drab concrete walls, dark floor—then the light glinted on ranks of metal tubes. "Doesn't that make a pretty sight, now," Paddy murmured raptly.

He moved—the light picked out a cubical frame supporting complexities of glass and wire, placket and durible, metal and manicloid.

"There it *is!*" said Paddy, his eyes lambent with triumph. "Now if only I could pull it back out the tunnel, then wouldn't I lord it over the high and mighty! . . . But no, that's a sweet dream; I'll content myself with mere riches. First to see if it'll curl out the blue flame. . . ."

Shaul dialect, "What is your crime?"

"There's no crime, my Lord," replied Paddy in the same tongue. "I am innocent. I was but seeking my ship in the darkness and I fell into an old well and then—"

The jailer said, fumbling the words, "He was trying to steal space-drives, Lord Councillor."

"Mandatory death." The Shaul raked Paddy with eyes like tiny lights. "When is the execution?"

PADDY BLACKTHORN

"Tomorrow, Lord, by hanging."

"The trial was over-hasty, Lord," exclaimed Paddy. "The famous Langtry justice has been scamped."

The councillor shrugged. "Can you speak each of the tongues of the Line?"

"They're like my own breath, Lord! I know them like I know the face of my old mother!"

The Shaul Councillor sat back in his seat. "You speak Shaul well enough."

The Koton Councillor spoke in the throaty Koton speech. "Do you understand me?"

Paddy replied, "Indeed I believe I'm the only Earther alive that appreciates the beauty of your lovely tongue."

The Alpheratz Eagle asked the same

question in his own lip-clacking talk. Paddy responded fluently.

The Badau and the Loristanese each spoke and Paddy replied to each.

There was a moment of silence during which Paddy looked right and left, hoping to seize a gun from a guard and kill all in the room. The guards wore no guns.

The Shaul asked, "How is it you are master of so many tongues?"

Paddy said, "My Lord, it's a habit with me. I've been journeying space since I was a lad and no sooner am I hearing strange speech than I'm wondering what's going on. And may I ask why it is you're questioning me? Are you grooming me for a pardon perhaps?"

"By no means," replied the Shaul. "Your offense is beyond pardon, it cuts at the base of the Langtry power. The punishment must be severe, to deter future offenders."

"Ah, but your Lordships," Paddy remonstrated, "it's you Langtrys who are the offenders. If you allowed your poor cousins on Earth more than our miserable ten drives, then a stolen drive would not bring a million marks and there'd be no temptation for us poor unfortunates."

"I do not set the quotas, Earther. That is in the hands of the Sons. Besides there are always scoundrels to steal ships and unmounted drives." He fixed Paddy with a significant glance.

The Koton Councillor said abruptly, "The man is mad."

"Mad?" The Shaul studied Paddy. "I doubt it. He is voluble—irreverent—unprincipled. But he appears sane."

An Earther woman was performing an exotic dance (Chap. VIII)

"Unlikely." The Koton swung his thin gray-white arm across the table handed the Shaul a sheet of paper.

"This is his psychograph."

The Shaul studied it and the skin of his cowl rippled slowly.

"It is indeed odd . . . unprecedented . . . even allowing for the normal confusion of the Earther mind. . . ." He glanced at Paddy. "Are you mad?"

PADDY shrugged. "I take it I'd hang in any event."

The Shaul smiled grimly. "He is sane." He looked around at his fellows. "If there is no further objection then . . ." None of the Councillors spoke. The Shaul turned to the jailer.

"Handcuff him well, blindfold him—have him out on the platform in twenty minutes."

"Where's the priest?" yelled Paddy. "Get me the Holy Father from Saint Alban's. Are you for hauling me up without the sacrament?"

The Shaul gestured. "Take him."

Muttering wild curses Paddy was handcuffed, blindfolded, crow-legged out into the sharp night air. The wind, smelling of lichen, dry oil-grass, smoke, cut at his face. They led him up a ramp into a warm interior that felt solid, metallic. Paddy knew by the smell, compounded of oil, ozone, acryl varnish, and by the vague throb and vibration of much machinery, that he was aboard a large ship of space.

They led him to the cargo hold, removed the handcuffs, the blindfold. He looked wildly toward the door but the way was blocked by a pair of Kudthu

1950-12 The Loom of Darkness-A-1950-12 cover Paul Calle Worlds beyond

WORLDS BEYOND

DECEMBER, 1950

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DAMON KNIGHT, Editor

WORLDS BEYOND is published monthly by Hillman Periodicals, Inc., at 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editorial office, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Application for entry as second-class matter is pending at the post office at Chicago, Ill. Price, 25c a copy; subscriptions $3.00 a year in the United States and Canada. Copyright 1950 by Hillman Periodicals, Inc. The publishers assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, which should be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. All characters in stories are fictional, and any resemblance to a real person is coincidental. Printed in the United States of America.

1950-12 The Loom of Darkness-B-1950-12 TOC worlds of beyond

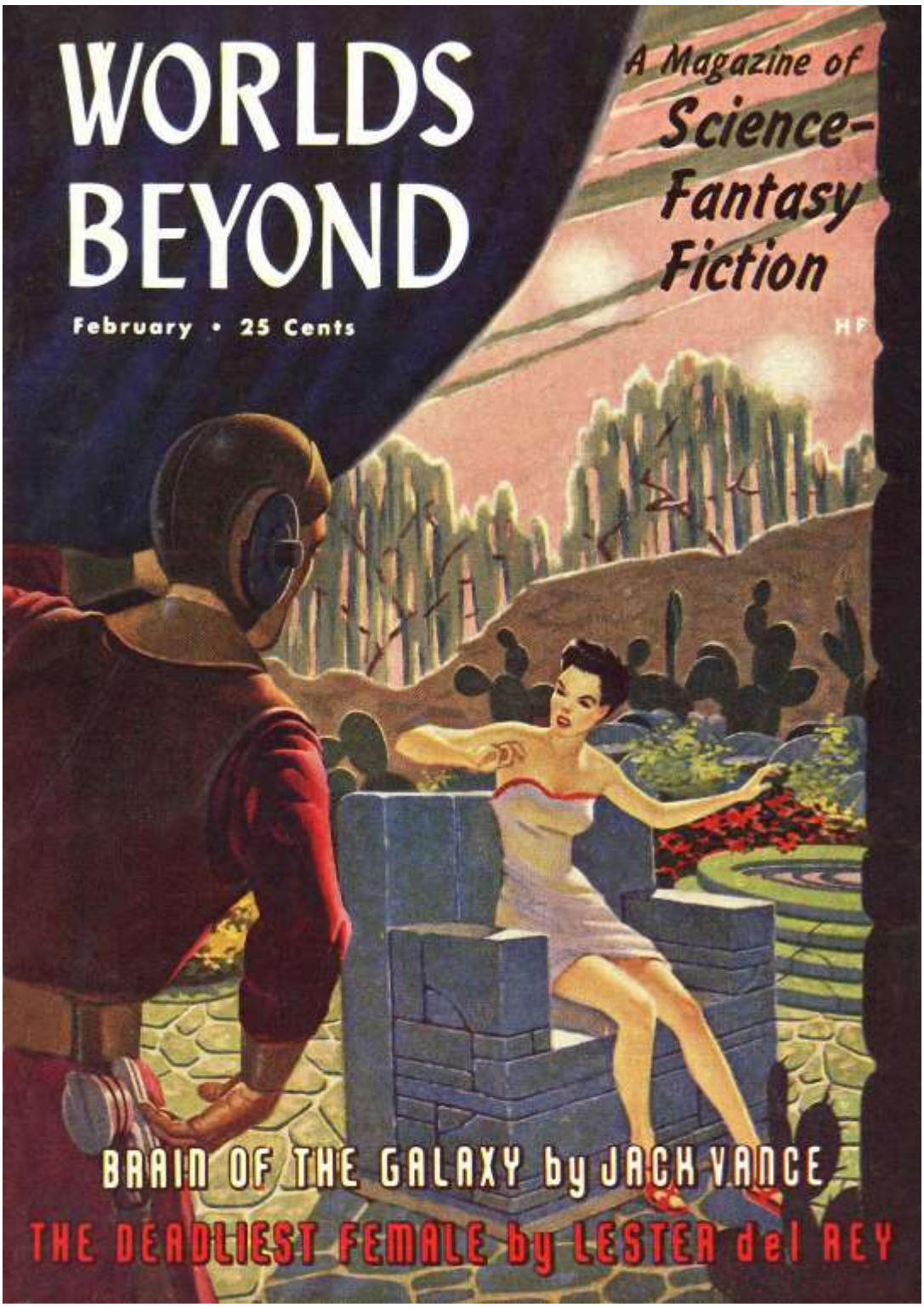
by Jack Vance

THE LOOM OF DARKNESS

An old, an ageless tale: the story of a golden woman and a golden tapestry, and of the slender threads of darkness that bound them eternally together. . . .

THROUGH the dim forest came Liane the Wayfarer, passing along the shadowed glades with a prancing light-footed gait. He whistled, he caroled, he was plainly in high spirits. Around his finger he twirled a bit of wrought bronze—a circlet graved with angular crabbed characters, now stained black.

By excellent chance he had found it, banded around the root of an ancient yew. Hacking it free, he had seen the characters on the inner surface—rude forceful symbols, doubtless the cast of a powerful antique rune . . . Best take it to a magician and have it tested for sorcery.



1951-02 Brain of the Galaxy-A-1951-02 cover HR Vandongen Worlds Beyond

Contributors . . .

Jack Vance's reply to our request for personal information had not arrived by press time. Our loss is perceptible but not permanent; Vance has another story tentatively scheduled for our March issue.

Lester del Rey, like Sir Francis Bacon, has taken all knowledge for his province, and will cheerfully argue with anyone on any subject, quoting an overpowering number of authorities. He has been a sign painter, a counterman, an office manager and an itinerant evangelist, among other things. He has written a book on atomic energy which is to be published shortly.

H. B. Hickey writes, "I was thrown into the water and learned to swim. This is the true story of how I became a writer, back in 1945. Until then I had been in turn an infant, a child, a schoolboy, an amateur cowpoke, a semipro card player, a salesman and a husband. Rather than argue with my wife—who is too small for me to beat—I agreed to give up selling.

"Had I owned an automobile at the time I might have become a taxi driver. But as luck had it my sole mechanical possession was a typewriter. I wrote two detective shorts and sent them out. When they sold quickly I nailed up a shingle with my pseudonym on it and was in business. Since then I've written and sold a considerable amount of fiction of divers kinds, including a Western novel which has seen five editions.

"Now, at 34, I find myself in California, possessed of a large house, a wife (the same still), a small boy, a small dog and an automobile. Should literary disaster strike, I'm now equipped to be a taxi driver.

"I'm of average height, weight and appearance, undistinguishable from any other writer using the pseudonym of H. B. Hickey."

Poul Anderson is another writer whose self-description failed to arrive in time for this issue. Here again nothing is permanently lost—we have on hand a sequel to his *The Acolytes*.

Continued on inside back cover

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FEBRUARY, 1951

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1951-02 Brain of the Galaxy-B-1951-02 Worlds Beyond 1

by Jack Vance

Brain of the Galaxy

It was the most brutal examination system ever devised — a system in which one wrong answer meant insanity, and another might mean death!

THERE was music, carnival lights, the slide of feet on waxed oak, perfume, muffled talk and laughter.

Arthur Caversham of 22nd-century Boston felt air along his skin, and discovered himself to be stark naked.

It was at Janice Paget's coming out party: three hundred guests in formal evening wear surrounded him.

For a moment he felt no emotion beyond vague bewilderment. His presence seemed the outcome of logical events, but his memory was fogged and he could find no definite anchor of certainty.

He stood a little apart from the rest of the stag line, facing the red and gold calliope where the orchestra sat. The buffet, the punch-bowl, the champagne wagons, tended by clowns, were to his right; to the left, through the open flap of the circus tent, lay the garden, now

1951-02 Overlords of Maxus-A-1951-02 cover Earle bergey Thrilling Wonder Stories

THRILLING WONDER STORIES

VOL. XXXVII, No. 3 A THRILLING PUBLICATION February, 1951

Featured Short Novel

OVERLORDS OF MAXUS

By JACK VANCE

Seeking a slaver, Gardius of Exar uncovers a galactic god and encounters danger, love and death during his campaign for justice! 9

Another Complete Short Novel

I, THE UN-MORTAL.....Emmett McDowell 92
Jon Barclay, Twentieth Century man brought back from the dead, invades the mystery planet Iannin to uncover a deadly menace!

A Complete Novelet

BROTHER WORLDS.....Raymond Z. Gallun 74
The story of "Skip" Hanlon, the space bum who made good!

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MAN OF DISTINCTION.....Fredric Brown 57
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FINAL HAVEN.....Matt Lee 63
Which shall be chosen on our planet's self-inflicted Judgment Day?
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To a brand new home, gadgets ashine, should you invite the boss to dine?
RESTRICTED CLIENTELE.....Kendell Foster Crossen 133
Michael Lance had a Utopia for sale—for those who could afford it

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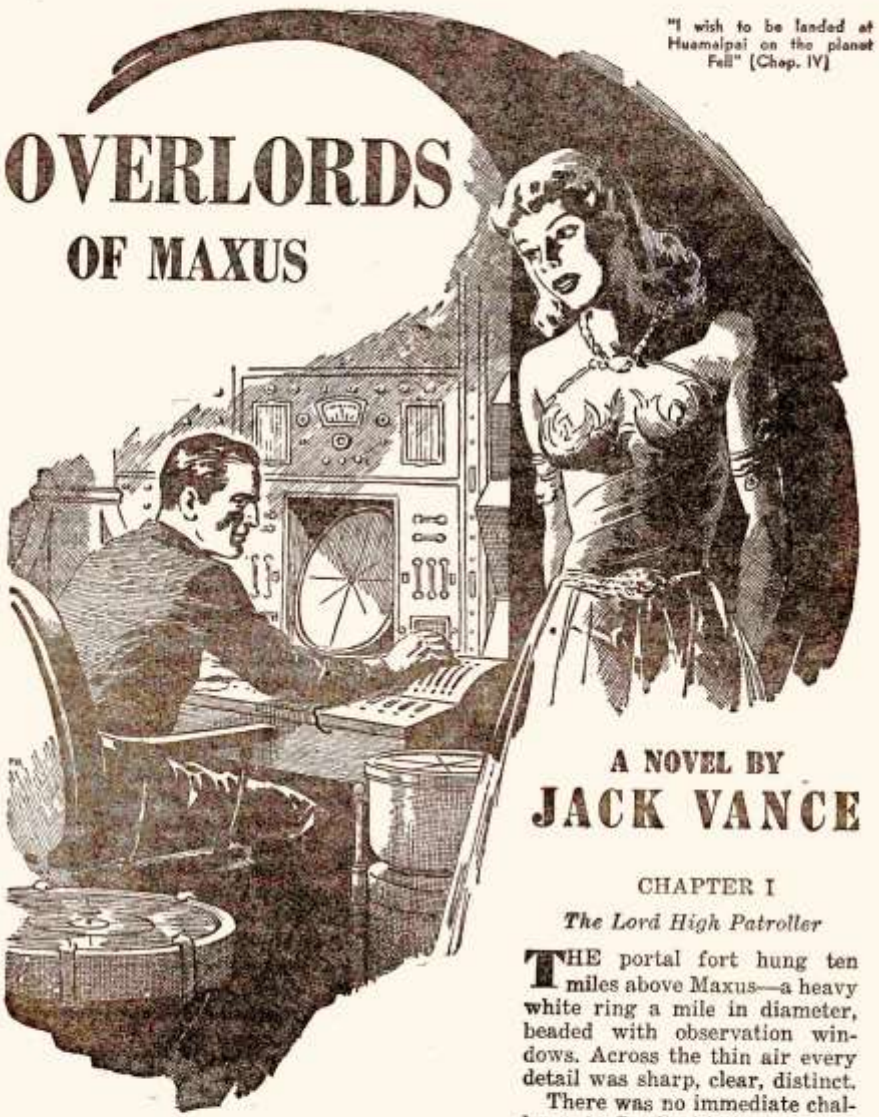


OVERLORDS OF MAXUS

A NOVEL BY
JACK VANCE

CHAPTER I

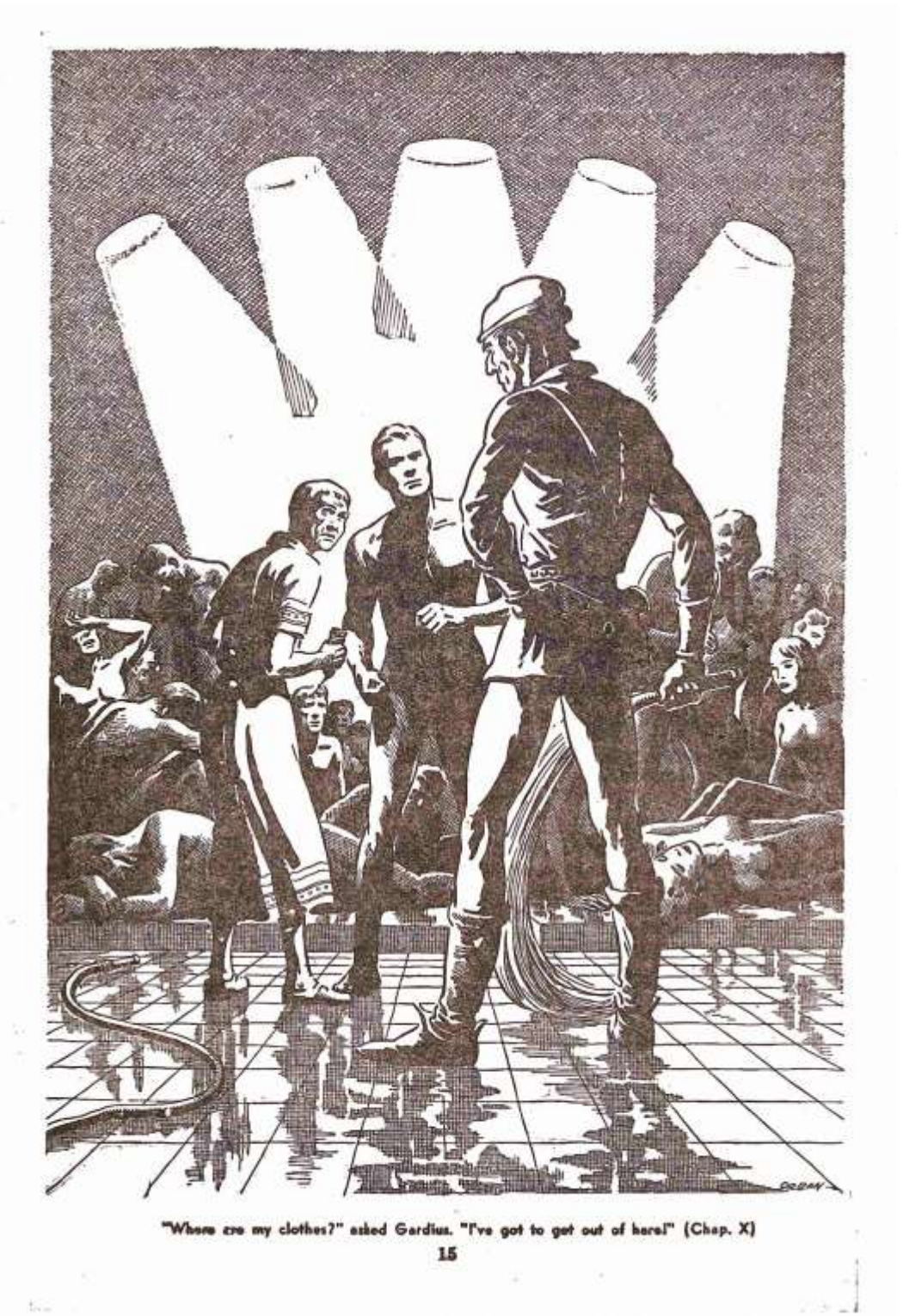
The Lord High Patroller

THE portal fort hung ten miles above Maxus—a heavy white ring a mile in diameter, beaded with observation windows. Across the thin air every detail was sharp, clear, distinct.

There was no immediate challenge to Gardius' boat. He wait-

Seeking a slaver, Gardius of Exar uncovers a galactic god and comes face to face with danger, love and death while fighting for justice!

1951-02 Overlords of Maxus-C-1951-02 ill. Orban Thrilling Wonder Stories



"Where are my clothes?" asked Gardius. "I've got to get out of here!" (Chap. X)

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1951-02 Overlords of Maxus-D-1951-02 ill. OrbanThrilling Wonder Stories

1951-02 Overlords of Maxus-E-1951-02 ill. Orban Thrilling Wonder Stories

A Note about this Story

NOT long ago a controversy raged in the letter columns of this magazine concerning the prevalence of sword, snickersnee and rapier in stories of a future whose scientific achievement made the current gropings of our nuclear physicists and biochemists look like the work of primary-grade schoolchildren. It was, said the complainers, an anachronism and therefore improbable.

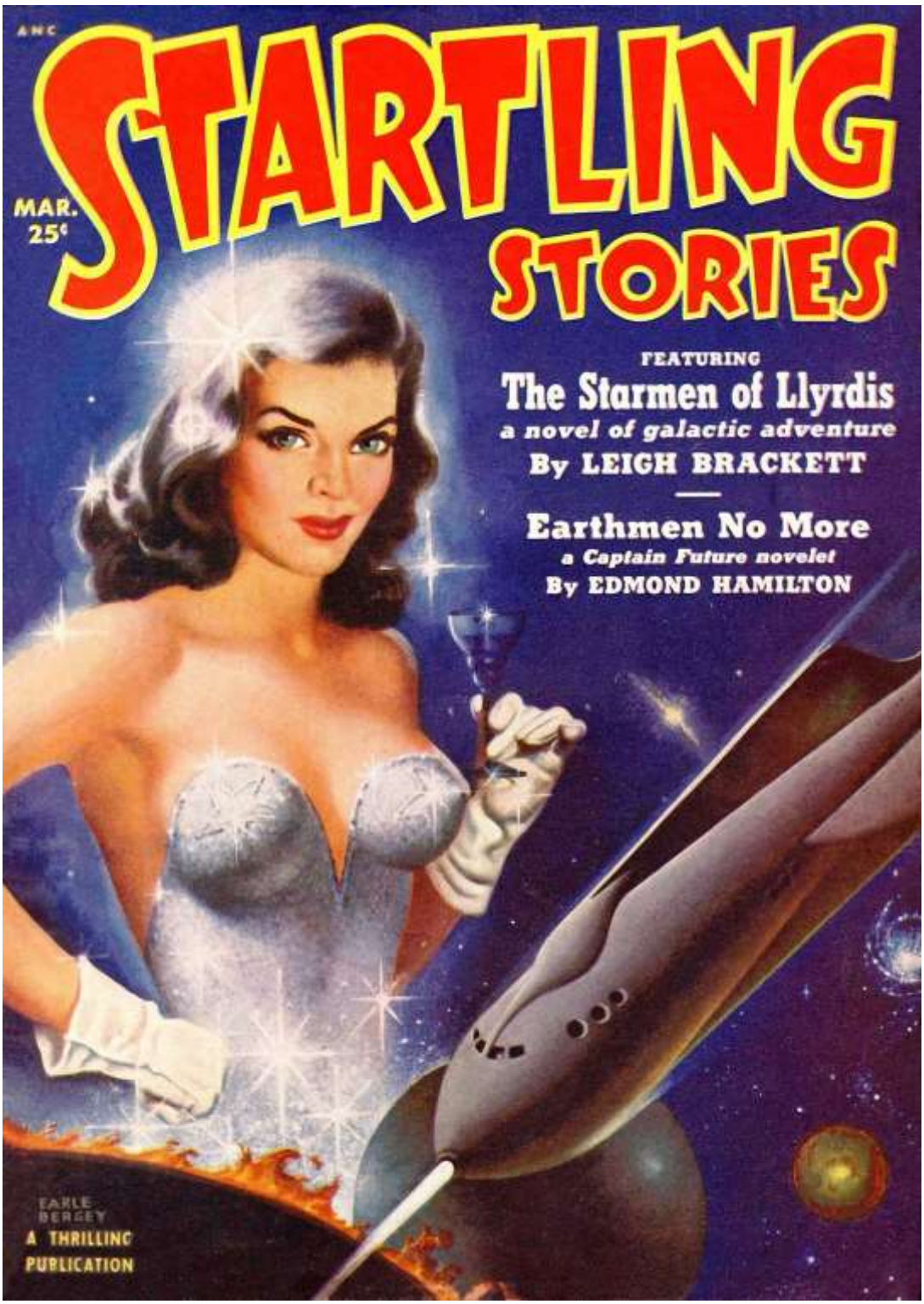
For some reason this struck us as faulty, not to say funny, reasoning. Certainly, in a single world which finds headhunters, cannibals and voodooism existing side by side with geriatrics, vegetarians and relativity, it is neither difficult nor illogical to accept anachronism.

Moreover, if our species expands throughout the planets of the galaxy it seems to us an acceptable premise that such differences, such anachronisms, should widen and develop still greater variety. They are among the basic causes of human differences, of conflict—therefore among the basic elements of human stories, past, present and future.

Mr. Vance's story is full of them—nay, it is based upon them. Let those who find autocracy and slave civilizations and crusades difficult to credit in an interstellar era consider briefly the dictatorships, the labor camps and the fantastic cults that afflict our civilization today. Certainly if the latter exist, the former must be included in the future probable.

—THE EDITOR

1951-02 Overlords of Maxus-F-1951-02 Thrilling Wonder Stories Overlords of Maxus editor note



1951-03 Men of the ten Books-A-1951-03 aet. Earle Bergey Starling Stories

STARTLING STORIES

Vol. 23, No. 1 A THRILLING PUBLICATION March, 1951

A Complete Novel

THE STARMEN OF LLYRDIS
BY LEIGH BRACKETT

Michael Trehearne sensed his difference from other men, but didn't know he was a changeling of the only race able to conquer the stars! 9

Two Complete Novelets

EARTHMEN NO MORE ..... **Edmond Hamilton** 76
When Curt Newton and the Futuremen revived John Carey from his deep freeze, he wanted to go home—but where in space was home?

THE TWO SHADOWS ..... **William F. Temple** 106
A poet, a pragmatist and a girl—they were all that was left of humanity after Earth became a second Sun!

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Science discovers the secret of mutual repulsion

MEN OF THE TEN BOOKS ..... **Jack Vance** 122
The folk on the strange planet spoke the language of Earth

SHORT ORDER ..... **Sam Merwin, Jr.** 135
Enoch Jones had been everywhere—but was always in the same spot

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STARTLING STORIES. Published every other month by Better Publications, Inc., N. L. Pines, President, at 10 Worthington St., Springfield 3, Mass. Editorial and executive offices, 10 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 13, 1949, at the post office at Springfield, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by Better Publications, Inc. Subscription (12 issues), $3.00; single copies, $.25; foreign and Canadian postage extra. In communicating with this magazine please include postal zone number, if any. Manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

MEN of the TEN BOOKS

By JACK VANCE

The folk on the strange planet spoke the language of Earth!

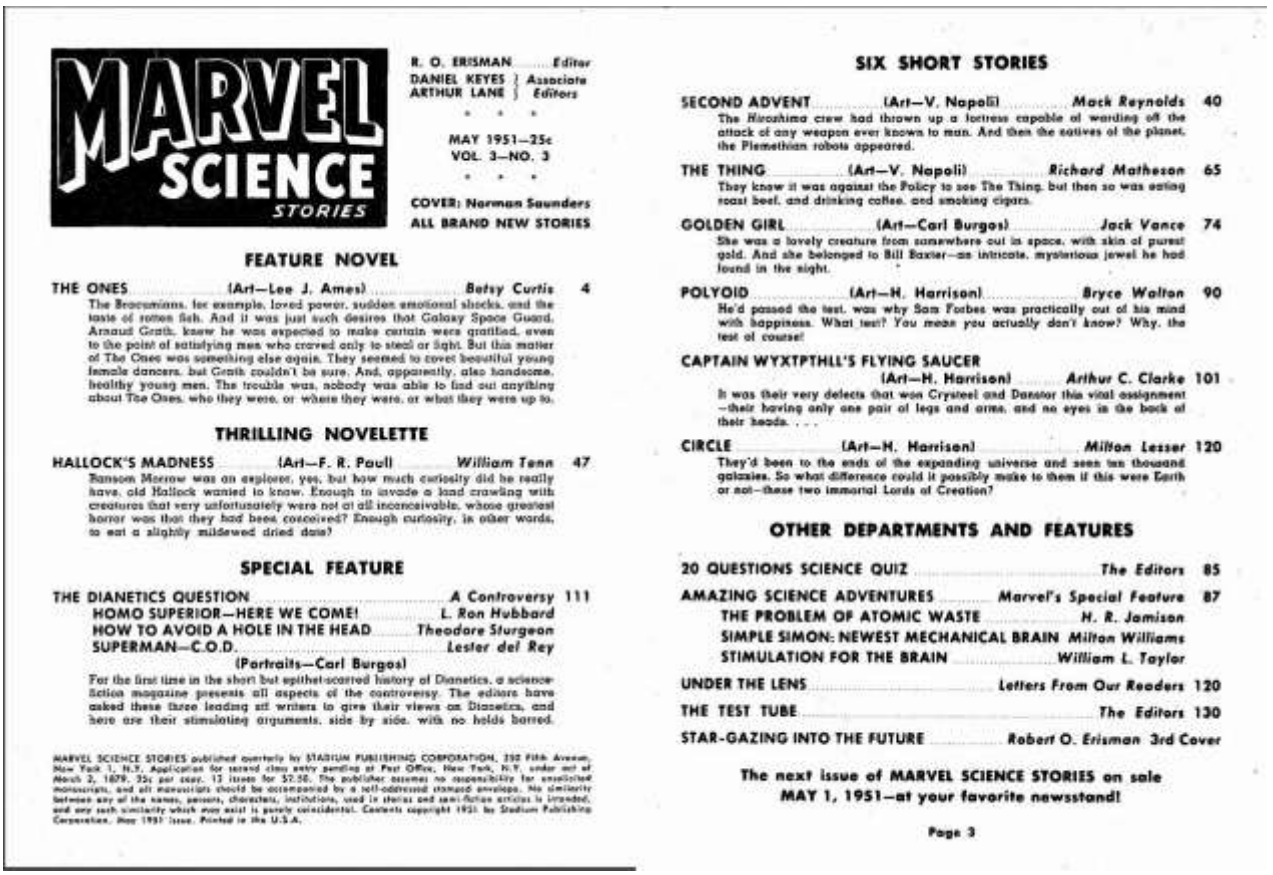
THEY were as alone as it is possible for living man to be in the black gulf between the stars. Far astern shone the suns of the home worlds—ahead the outer stars and galaxies in a fainter ghostly glimmer.

The cabin was quiet. Betty Welstead sat watching her husband at the assay table, her emotions tuned to his. When the centrifuge scale indicated heavy metal and Welstead leaned forward she leaned forward too in unconscious sym-

EVER since THE WORLD THINKER appeared in Summer, 1945, TWS, we have been asked, "Who is Jack Vance?" His identity has been faultily surmised to be everything from a house by-line to another pseudonym for the redoubtable Henry Kuttner. Actually he is a young (thirty-ish) alumnus of University of California and World War Two Merchant Marine, where he was torpedoed twice. By his own account he first thought about star travel on his seventh birthday and has not stopped yet. Hallmarks of a Vance story are a crisp polychromatic imagination, swift, well-integrated action and a solid bed of human idealism, often nurtured ingeniously into flowerings of cynicism. His stories and the people and other creatures in them have a way of springing vividly to life—for proof, just read this story!

1951-03 Men of the ten Books-C-1951-03 ill. Peter Poulton Startling Stories

1951-05 Golden Girl-A-1951-05 ill. Norman Saunders Marvel Science stories Golden Girl



MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES

R. O. ERISMAN ..... Editor
DANIEL KEYES } Associate
ARTHUR LANE } Editors

MAY 1951—25c
VOL. 3—NO. 3

COVER: Norman Saunders
ALL BRAND NEW STORIES

FEATURE NOVEL

THE ONES (Art—Lee J. Ames) ..... Betsy Curtis 4

The Braconians, for example, loved power, sudden emotional shocks, and the taste of rotten fish. And it was just such desires that Galaxy Space Guard, Arnaud Grath, knew he was expected to make certain were gratified, even to the point of satisfying men who craved only to steal or fight. But this matter of The Ones was something else again. They seemed to covet beautiful young female dancers, but Grath couldn't be sure. And, apparently, also handsome, healthy young men. The trouble was, nobody was able to find out anything about The Ones, who they were, or where they were, or what they were up to.

THRILLING NOVELETTE

HALLOCK'S MADNESS (Art—F. R. Paul) ..... William Tenn 47

Ranson Morrow was an explorer, yes, but how much curiosity did he really have, old Hallock wanted to know. Enough to invade a land crawling with creatures that very unfortunately were not at all inconceivable, whose greatest horror was that they had been conceived? Enough curiosity, in other words, to eat a slightly mildewed dried date?

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HOW TO AVOID A HOLE IN THE HEAD ..... Theodore Sturgeon
SUPERMAN—C.O.D. ..... Lester del Rey
(Portraits—Carl Burgos)

For the first time in the short but epithet-scarred history of Dianetics, a science-fiction magazine presents all aspects of the controversy. The editors have asked these three leading sci-fi writers to give their views on Dianetics, and here are their stimulating arguments, side by side, with no holds barred.

MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES published quarterly by STADIUM PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 232 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y. Application for second class entry pending at Post Office, New York, N.Y., under act of March 3, 1879. 35c per copy. 12 issues for $2.50. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. No similarity between any of the names, persons, characters, institutions, used in stories and semi-fiction articles is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Contents copyright 1951 by Stadium Publishing Corporation. May 1951 issue. Printed in the U.S.A.

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SECOND ADVENT (Art—V. Napoli) ..... Mack Reynolds 40

The Hiroshima crew had thrown up a fortress capable of warding off the attack of any weapon ever known to man. And then the natives of the planet, the Plemethian robots appeared.

THE THING (Art—V. Napoli) ..... Richard Matheson 65

They knew it was against the Policy to see The Thing, but then so was eating roast beef, and drinking coffee, and smoking cigars.

GOLDEN GIRL (Art—Carl Burgos) ..... Jack Vance 74

She was a lovely creature from somewhere out in space, with skin of purest gold. And she belonged to Bill Baxter—an intricate, mysterious jewel he had found in the night.

POLYOID (Art—H. Harrison) ..... Bryce Walton 90

He'd passed the test, was why Sam Forbes was practically out of his mind with happiness. What test? You mean you actually don't know? Why, the test of course!

CAPTAIN WYXTPTHLL'S FLYING SAUCER (Art—H. Harrison) ..... Arthur C. Clarke 101

It was their very defects that won Crysteel and Dansior this vital assignment—their having only one pair of legs and arms, and no eyes in the back of their heads. . . .

CIRCLE (Art—H. Harrison) ..... Milton Lesser 120

They'd been to the ends of the expanding universe and seen ten thousand galaxies. So what difference could it possibly make to them if this were Earth or not—these two immortal Lords of Creation?

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STAR-GAZING INTO THE FUTURE ..... Robert O. Erisman 3rd Cover

The next issue of MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES on sale MAY 1, 1951—at your favorite newsstand!

1951-05 Golden Girl-B-1951-05 TOC Marvel Science stories

GOLDEN GIRL BY JACK VANCE

Young and fantastically beautiful, she was, an excitingly lovely creature from somewhere out in space, with skin of purest gold. And she belonged to Bill Baxter—an intimate, intricate, mysterious jewel that he had found in the night . . .

THE *Des Moines Post* scooped the world on the greatest story of history, and Bill Baxter became a hero.

An hour after the edition hit the streets, every road leading to Kelly's Hill was choked by caravans of the curious—the amateur public and the professionals: reporters, photographers, and correspondents to the news-services, domestic and foreign.

The FBI and Army Intelligence had arrived first. Road-blocks turned back a thousand cars, cordons through the fields intercepted walkers, fighter planes chased off the airplanes which wafted toward Kelly's Hill like moths to a light.

The survivor of the crash lay through the night at Dr. Blackney's small hospital where Bill Baxter had taken her. She awakened early in the morning, lay staring at Dr. Blackney, clenching the sheets with golden fingers.

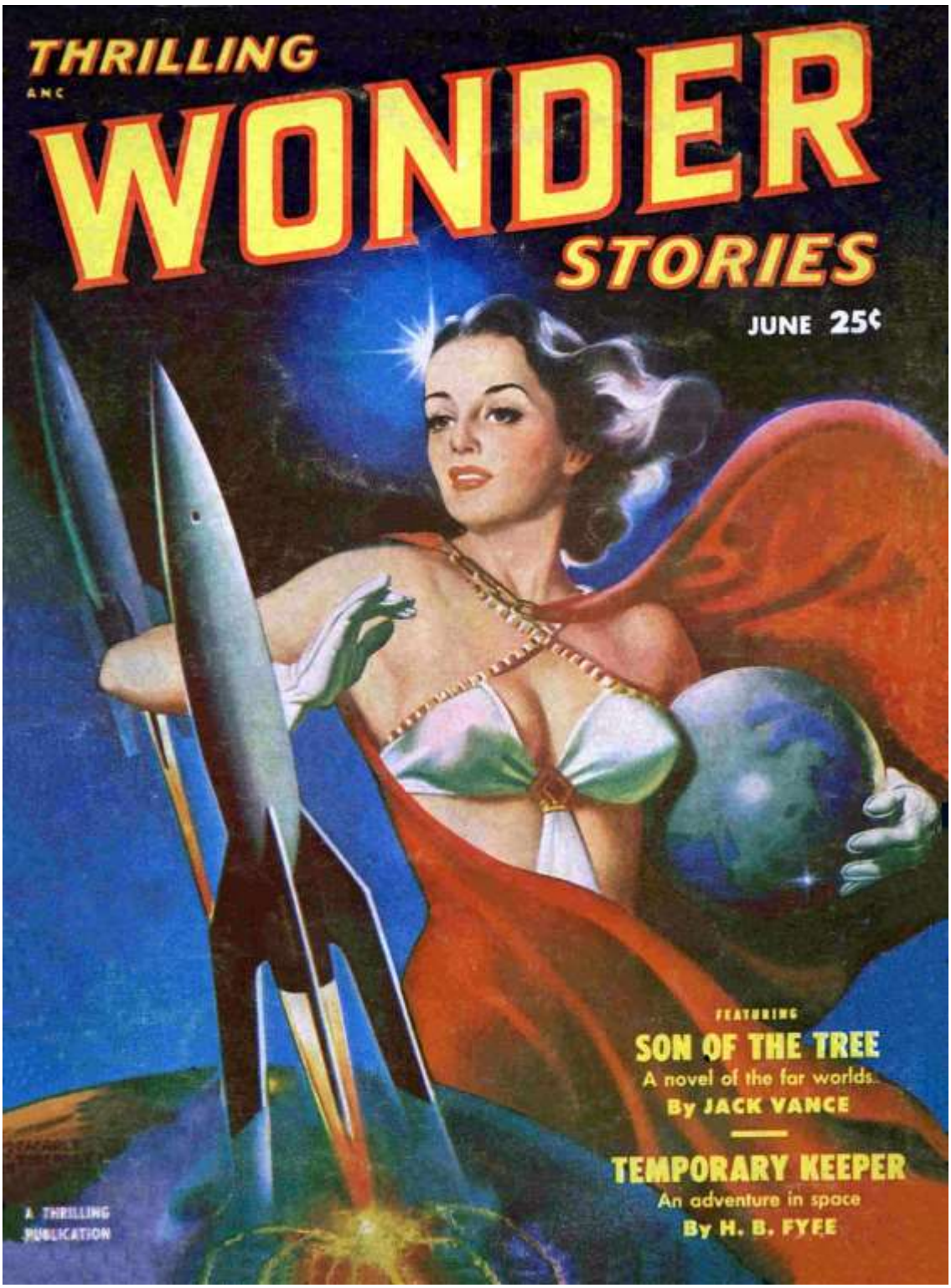
They hoped for a glimpse of the out-world woman . . .

A pair of federal agents stood by the door to her room; two hundred others guarded the hospital and turned back the crowds of those who came to stare and marvel and murmur among themselves.

An Army doctor and a spare aseptic individual reputedly connected with the Secret Service checked Blackney's diagnosis of a cracked collarbone and attendant shock, approved his treatment. The woman submitted with an air of helpless distaste.

The secrecy stimulated rather than deterred the

1951-05 Golden Girl-C-1951-05 art Carl Burgos Marvel Science stories



1951-06 Son of the Tree-A-1951-06 ill. Earle Bergey Thrilling Wonder Stories son of the tree

THRILLING WONDER STORIES

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Visit the planets of Kyril and Ballenkarch on the trail of an intrepid adventurer who sought Destiny on a far-distant star!

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Spinner Perkins thought that impersonating a psychiatrist was a cinch—until he found out that there was a lunatic aboard!

I PSI ..... **Carter Sprague** 108
Extra-sensory perception can be a big help to its owner—but Dale Burroughs was amazed at the way it upset his private life

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There's only a razor's edge dividing treason from—heroism!

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Follow the weird cosmic courtship of Professor Calvin Clinch

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Everest held fewer terrors than the mysterious tower of Quais

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SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW ..... **A Department** 143

SAM MERWIN, JR., *Editor*

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1951-06 Son of the Tree-B-1951-06 TOC Thrilling Wonder Stories

SON of the TREE

A BRIGHT penetrating chime struck into two hundred minds, broke two hundred bubbles of trance.

Joe Smith awoke without drowsiness. He was constricted, shrouded like a cocoon. He tensed, he struggled, then the spasm of alarm died. He relaxed,

A Novel by JACK VANCE

Visit the planets of Kyril and Ballenkarch on the trail of an adventurer who sought Destiny on a far-distant star!

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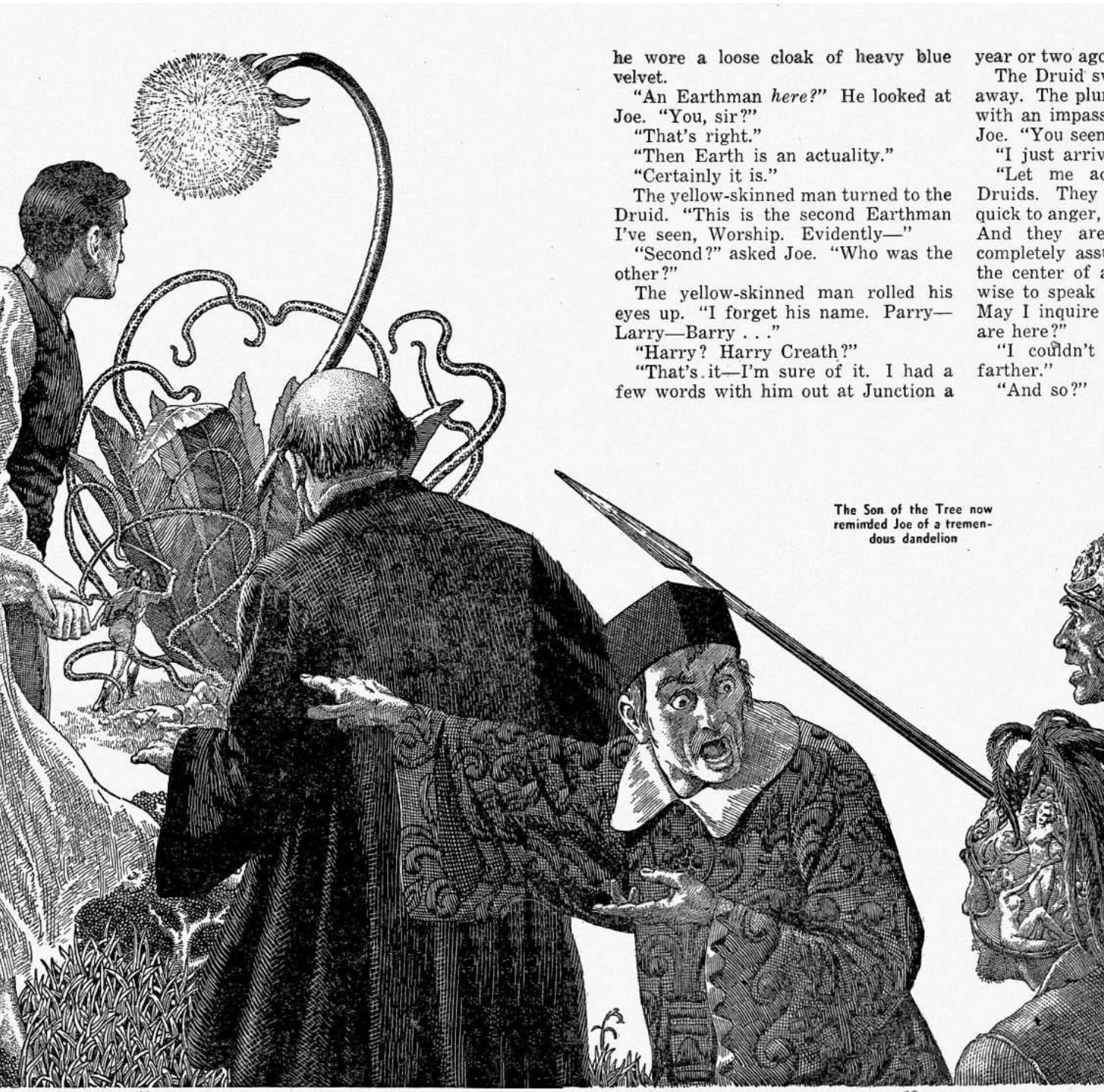
1951-06 Son of the Tree-C-1951-06 ill. V Finlay Thrilling Wonder Stories

ELFANE

—who travels space with Joe Smith on a mission of perilous interplanetary intrigue!

1951-06 Son of the Tree-D-1951-06 ill. V Finlay Thrilling Wonder Stories



he wore a loose cloak of heavy blue velvet.

"An Earthman *here?*" He looked at Joe. "You, sir?"

"That's right."

"Then Earth is an actuality."

"Certainly it is."

The yellow-skinned man turned to the Druid. "This is the second Earthman I've seen, Worship. Evidently—"

"Second?" asked Joe. "Who was the other?"

The yellow-skinned man rolled his eyes up. "I forget his name. Parry—Larry—Barry . . ."

"Harry? Harry Creath?"

"That's it—I'm sure of it. I had a few words with him out at Junction a

year or two ago

The Druid sw

away. The plu

with an impass

Joe. "You seen

"I just arriv

"Let me ac

Druids. They

quick to anger,

And they are

completely ass

the center of a

wise to speak

May I inquire

are here?"

"I couldn't

farther."

"And so?"

The Son of the Tree now reminded Joe of a tremendous dandelion

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on of the Tree-E-1951-06 ill. V Finlay Thrilling Wond

Author Sans Alias

WE WOULD like to use this space to cut the throat of a stubborn rumor that has, for almost a year now, been rife in uninformed science fiction circles—namely that Jack Vance is merely another pseudonym for Henry Kuttner.

Mr. Kuttner, long a TWS standby, has worked under many names for many magazines. A few of his noms de plume include Lewis Padgett, Keith Hammond, Lawrence O'Donnell, Hudson Hastings, Will Garth, Woodrow Wilson Smith, Kelvin Kent and, more recently, C. H. Liddell. But Jack Vance is not among them.

We have been reading Mr. Vance's work since he first began turning out fascinating but, alas, unpurchaseable pseudo-Cabell fantasies almost a decade ago. We had a hand in the purchase of what we believe to be his first published story, THE WORLD THINKER, which appeared in the Summer, 1945, edition of this magazine. We have long been in correspondence not only with him but, while he was in the Merchant Marine during the last war, with his mother. We have run his picture in one of our now-defunct Meet-the-Author departments. We feel thoroughly qualified to state that he is ***not*** Henry Kuttner—although we by no means hold this erroneous report to be a cause either for double murder or double suicide on the part of the authors involved.

In fact we think them both grand. And now, with this out of the way, you might try reading the accompanying story. We found it held quite a kick.

—THE EDITOR.

1951-06 Son of the Tree-F-1951-06 Thrilling Wonder Stories editor Sam Merwin Jr

1951-07 The Temple of han-A-1951-07 ill. Allen Anderson Planet stories

PLANET STORIES

VOL. 5, NO. 1 • A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE • JULY, 1951

▶ *Gripping Novel of Strange Adventure*

THE VIRGIN OF VALKARION . . . . . *Poul Anderson* 84

Tonight, so spake the Temple Prophecy, a sword-scarred Outlander would come riding, a Queen would play the tavern bawd, and the Thirty-ninth Dynasty should fall with the Mating of the Moons!

▶ *Two Exciting Space Novelets*

SLAVE-SHIP TO ANDRIGO . . . . . *Ross Rocklynne* 4

The King: Hawk Stevens, skipper of the slave-ship **Selwyn.** The Pawn: John-boy Single, who had stolen Hawk's woman. The covered Bishop: Corpin the Pious, shrewdly planning mutiny. With a rum-belly space-rat crew, they blasted off to strip far Andrigo of its gentle people . . .

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You are struggling through the weird, mist-shrouded jungles of Venus . . . ahead of you, too far, lie the warmly glowing lights of City Four . . . behind you, too close, silently stalks the most terrible Death in the System!

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MONSTER . . . . . *William Morrison* 27

Colonizing Mars was hell, because of one thing—large, hungry critters. They flew, crawled, snarled, howled, burrowed up under the floors, chewed at doors and windows. And then, to make things worse, came the Monster . . .

THE TIMELESS ONES . . . . . *Frank Belknap Long* 49

It was a peaceful world, a green world, where bright blossoms swayed beneath two golden suns. Why did the visitors from Earth sit in their rocketship—terrified?

TEMPLE OF HAN . . . . . *Jack Vance* 56

To steal the shimmering Eye of Han—that was no trick for the wily Terran. To hand back the great green jewel, to give his body to priestly torture—that was asking much of a space-rogue.

MERCY FLIGHT . . . . . *Mack Reynolds* 66

It was a lesson you learned in the Space-Forces, and you learned it good: Out in the lonely void, when you get in a jam, you're on your own . . . it's you against everything and everybody. Anything goes . . .

BLACKOUT IN CYGNI . . . . . *James Blish* 73

As madness stalked the sub-space liner **Telemachus,** First Mate Dirk Phillips knew that the impossible was happening—piracy along the Long Arc!

On Sale May—June

T. T. SCOTT, *President* JEROME BIXBY, *Editor* MALCOLM REISS, *General Manager*

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1951-07 The Temple of han-B-1951-07 TOC Planet stories

temple of Han

A Short Story by JACK VANCE

To steal the shimmering Eye of Han—that was no trick for the wily Terran. To hand back the great green jewel, to give his body to priestly torture—that was asking much of a space-rogue.

IN THE NIP-AND-TUCK BUSINESS of keeping himself alive, Briar Kelly had not yet been able to shed his disguise. The adventure had turned out rather more ruggedly than it had started. He had not bargained for so much hell.

Up to the moment he had entered the queer dark temple at North City, the disguise had served him well. He had been one with the Hans; no one had looked at him twice. Then, once inside the temple, he was alone and disguise was unnecessary.

It was an oddly impressive place. A Gothic web of trusses supported the ceiling; alcoves along the walls were crammed with bric-a-brac. Red and green lamps cast an illumination which was stifled and absorbed by black drapes.

Walking slowly down the central nave, every nerve tingling, Kelly had approached the tall black mirror at the far end, watching his looming reflection with hypnotic fascination. There were limpid depths beyond, and Kelly would have looked more closely had he not seen the jewel.

It was a ball of cool green fire resting on a black velvet cushion. With marvelling fingers Kelly had lifted it, turned it over and over—and then tumult had broken loose. The red and green lights flickered; an alarm horn brayed like a crazy bull. Vengeful priests appeared in the alcoves as if by magic, and the disguise had become a liability. The tubular black cloak constricted his legs as he ran—back along the aisle, down the shabby steps, through the foul back alleys to his air-boat. Now as he crouched low over the controls, sweat beaded up under the white greasepaint, and his skin itched and crawled.

Ten feet below, the salt-crusted mudflats fleeted astern. Dirty yellow rushes whipped the hull. Pressing an elbow to his hip Kelly felt the hard shape of the jewel. The sensation aroused mixed feelings, apprehension predominating. He dropped the boat even closer to the ground. "Five minutes of this, I'll be out of radar range," thought Kelly. "Back at Bucktown, I'm just one among fifty thousand. They can't very well locate me, unless Herli talks, or Mapes . . ."

He hazarded a glance at the rear-vision plate. North City could still be seen, an exaggerated Mont St. Michel jutting up from the dreary salt-marsh. Misty exhalations blurred the detail; it faded into the sky, finally dropped below the horizon. Kelly eased up the nose of the boat, rose tangentially from the surface, aiming into Magra Taratempos, the hot white sun.

The atmosphere thinned, the sky deepened to black, stars came out. There was old Sol, a yellow star hanging between Sadal Suud and Sadal Melik in Aquarius —only thirty light years to home—

Kelly heard a faint swishing sound. The light changed, white to red. He blinked, looked around in bewilderment.

Magra Taratempos had disappeared. Low to the left a giant red sun hulked above the horizon; below, the salt marshes swam in a new claret light.

One of the towering shadows shrunk, condensed, swirled to a man-like shape . . .

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The MASQUERADE ON DICANTROPUS

Privacy, like diamonds, is where you find it—
and in this universe the two don't go together!

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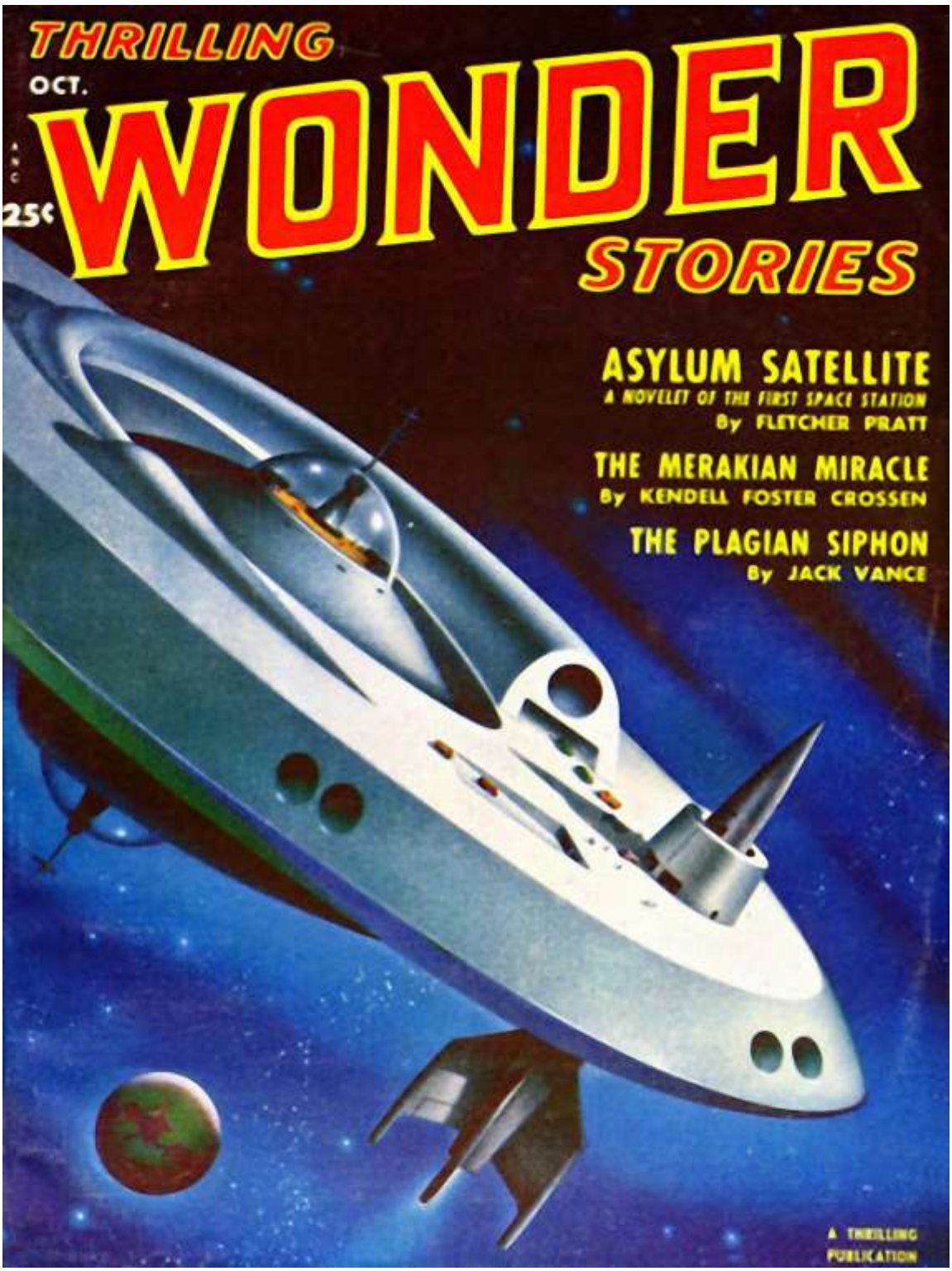
Startling Stories



1951-10 Plagian Siphon-A-1951-10 ill. Alex Schomburg Thrilling-wonder-stories

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SAM MERWIN, JR., *Editor*

THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Published every other month by STANDARD MAGAZINES, INC., 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Copyright, 1951, by Standard Magazines, Inc. Subscription (12 issues), $3.00; single copies, 25c. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. Re-entered as second-class matter October 8, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. In corresponding with this publication, please include your postal zone number, if any. October, 1951. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

The PLAGIAN SIPHON

a novelet by JACK VANCE

I

THE bartender was the biggest man at the Hub. He had a red slab-sided face, chest and belly like a barrel of meat and bone. He bounced his drunks by butting them to the door with this same belly, dancing close, thrusting forward like an uncouth and elephantine coach-dancer. Reliable information compared the blow to the kick of a mule. Marvin Allixter, nervously lean and on his way to forty, wanted to call him a blackguard, a double-dealing pinch-penny, but cautiously restrained his tongue.

The bartender twisted the bubble back and forth, inspecting the enclosed little creature from all sides. It glowed and glinted like a prism—sun yellow, emerald, melting mauve, bright pink—the purest of colors. "Twenty franks," he said without enthusiasm.

"Twenty franks!" Allixter dramatically beat both fists against the bar. "Now you're joking."

"No joke," rumbled the bartender.

Allixter leaned forward earnestly, thinking to appeal to the man's reason. "Now, Buck, look here. The bubble is pure rock crystal, maybe a million years old. And mind you the Kickerjees dig a year and think themselves lucky to find one or two, and then only in a great chunk of quartz. They grind and polish and twist and turn and one slip—*smash!*—the bubble breaks, the mite oozes out and dies."

The bartender turned away to pour straight shots for a pair of grinning warehousemen. "Too fragile. If I bought it and one of these drunks busted it I'd be out of twenty franks."

"Twenty franks?" Allixter asked in astonishment. "That's no figure to mention in the same breath with this little jewel. Why, I'd sell my ear for twenty franks first."

"Suits me." Buck the bartender jocularly flourished a knife.

Scotty Allixter, repair man extraordinary for the matter transferers, uncovers an interstellar hijacking racket that almost costs him his life

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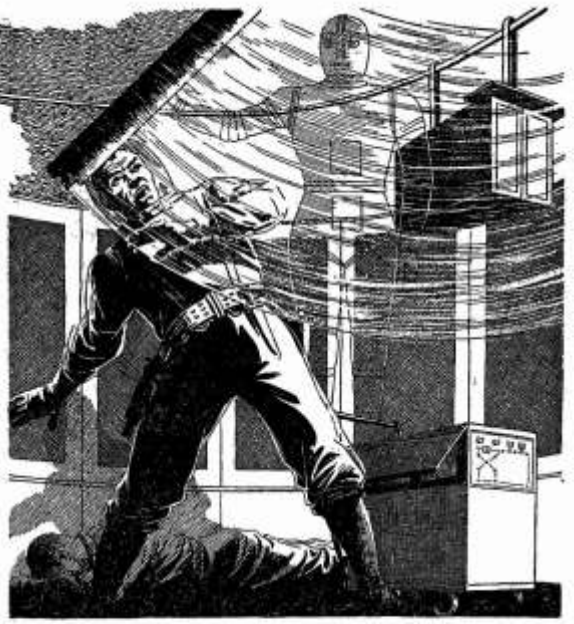

The damaged but still dangerous booby-trap missed Allixter's head by inches

Allixter now thought to arouse the man's cupidity. "This very item cost me five hundred franks at the source."

The bartender laughed in his face. "You guys on the tube gang all sing the same song. You pick up a trinket somewhere off in the stations, you smuggle it back through the tube, you spin a fancy yarn about how much it cost you and hustle the item to the first sucker who listens to you." He drew himself a small glass of water, drank it with a wink to the warehousemen.

"Sure, I got stuck once. I bought a little varmint from Hank Evans, said it could dance, said it knew all the native

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1951-10 Plagian Siphon-C-1951-10 Thrilling Wonder Stories

ıicked up the idea that you're a bunch f aristocrats, responsible only to God. This is a mistake. You were due on tandby three hours ago. For two hours he Chief's been chewing my rear end or a mechanic. I find you in Buck's bar. want to be good to you guys but you've ot to follow through."

Allixter listened without concentraion, nodding at the right places. Where ext to peddle the bubble? Maybe wait ill he got a week's leave, take it down o Edmonton or Chicago. Or better yet, tash it away till he had accumulated a ew other items and then make Paris or

AND MAINTENANCE DIRECTOR. ENTER.

He pushed the button. The door slotted and he entered the outer office. The secretary glanced up. Allixter said, "The Chief's expecting me."

"That's no secret." Then she said into the mesh, "Scotty Allixter's here." She listened to her ear-plug, nodded at Allixter, keyed back the lock on the inner door. He slid it aside, stepped into the office. The air, as always, had a harsh medicinal odor which irritated Allixter's nose.

The Chief was a small man, built to an

Ro, Ro, Ro Your Bot

WE ARE on record as being no lover of what has come to be the usual robot tale. The usual robot of stfiction is a cross between Lassie and the time-dishonored dancehall girl of the old West—faithful, misunderstood, much put-upon, but with a heart of purest gold.

However, don't get us wrong—we love robots—as our publishing this remarkable story should help prove. We just don't like stock-model or *usual* robots. We like robots that have a difference—an evil sense of humor, perhaps, or an honest desire to do everybody dirt, something a trifle exotic.

If ever a more exotic robot than the one Scotty Allixter encounters on the strange planet was conceived in science fiction history, lead us to it or vice versa. This robot has everything, including one of the most utterly perverse personalities we have encountered to date. And, best of all, it is an *alien* robot, the first we have encountered in too long a time.

—THE EDITOR.

lexico City, where the big money was. chmitz paused for breath.

"Anything on the docket, Sam?" Alxter asked.

The response startled him. Sam's chin uivered in rage. "Blast it! What do ou think I've been talking about the ıst five minutes?"

Allixter desperately sent his mind ack, recalling a phrase here, a sentence ıere. He rubbed his thin cheek and jaw, nd said, "I didn't quite catch all of it, am. Maybe if you'd go over it again. . . ıst what's the complaint?"

AM flung up his arms in disgust. "Go see the Chief. He'll give you the picıre. I'm done."

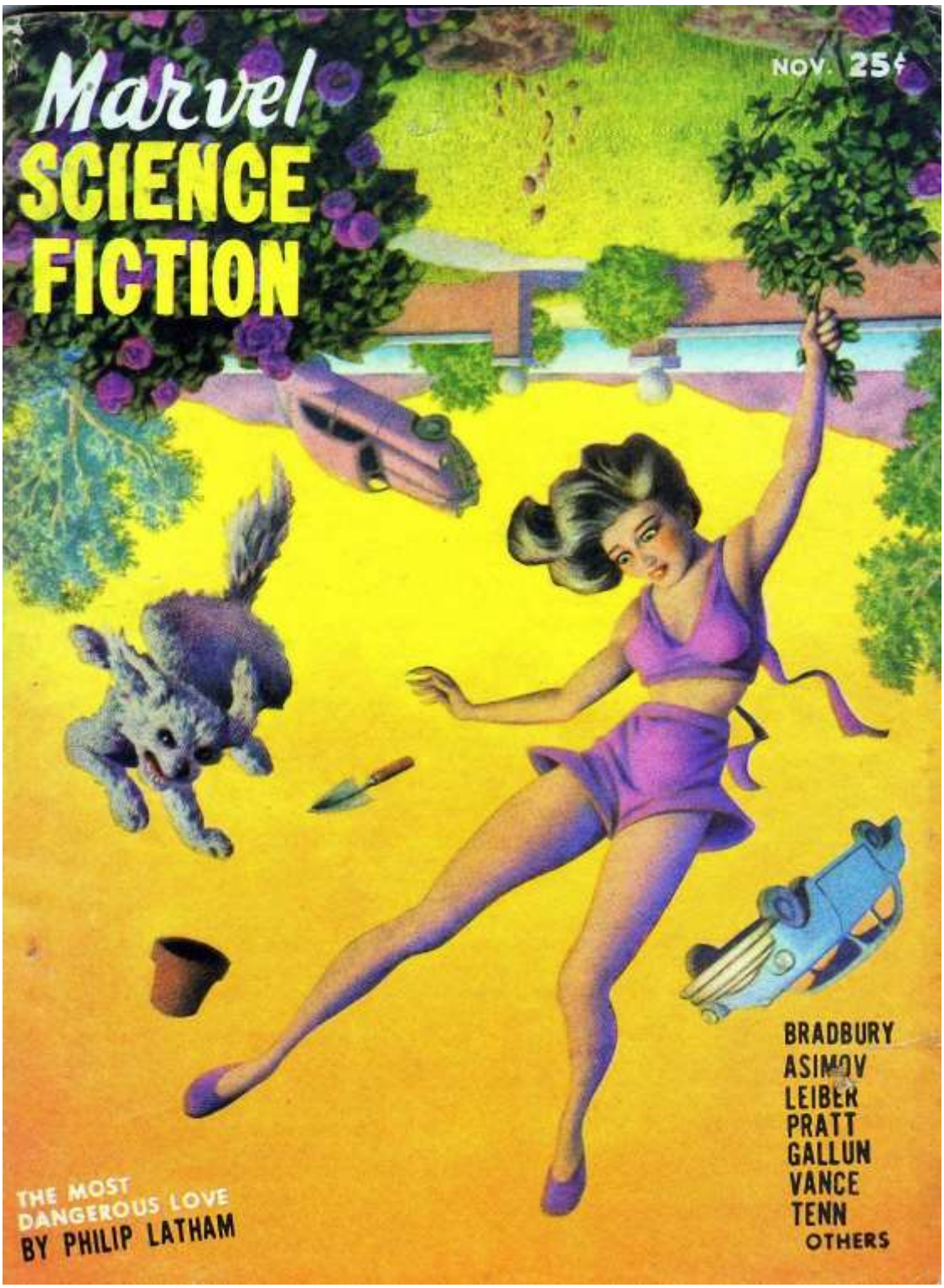
Allixter crossed the deck, turned down hall, stopped at a tall green door with ronze letters which read: SERVICE

angular design. His skin was wrinkled and yellow, parched like an old lemon. His eyes were small black balls, snapping with some kind of inner electricity. A few wisps of kinky hair rose from his head, some white, some black, without apparent design. The skin of his neck was corrugated like an alligator's and the right side was marred all the way to his knobby chin by a heavy welt of scar tissue. Allixter had never seen the Chief laugh, had never heard him speak other than in a dry monotonous twang.

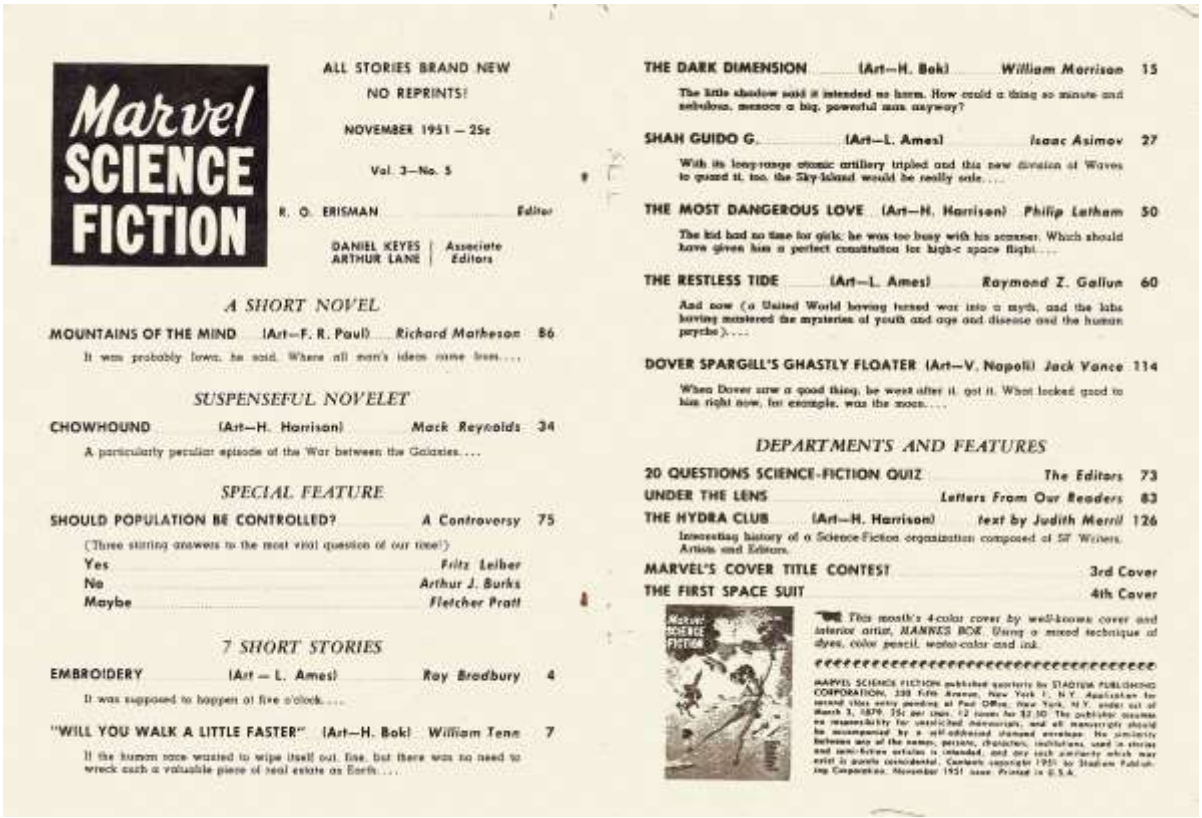
The Chief said without preliminaries, "Schmitz probably gave you the picture on this job."

Allixter took a seat. "To be frank, Chief, I didn't quite get it."

The Chief spoke as if he were explaining table manners to an idiot—softly, with careful enunciations. "You've been



1951-11 Dover Spargill-A-1951-11 ill. Hannes Bok Marvel



Marvel SCIENCE FICTION

ALL STORIES BRAND NEW
NO REPRINTS!

NOVEMBER 1951 — 25c

Vol. 3—No. 5

R. O. ERISMAN — Editor

DANIEL KEYES | Associate
ARTHUR LANE | Editors

A SHORT NOVEL

MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND (Art—F. R. Paul) *Richard Matheson* 86

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SUSPENSEFUL NOVELET

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No — *Arthur J. Burks*
Maybe — *Fletcher Pratt*

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It was supposed to happen at five o'clock....

"WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER" (Art—H. Bok) *William Tenn* 7

If the human race wanted to wipe itself out, fine, but there was no need to wreck such a valuable piece of real estate as Earth....

THE DARK DIMENSION (Art—H. Bok) *William Morrison* 15

The little shadow said it intended no harm. How could a thing so minute and nebulous, menace a big, powerful man anyway?

SHAH GUIDO G. (Art—L. Ames) *Isaac Asimov* 27

With its long-range atomic artillery tripled and this new division of Waves to guard it, too, the Sky-Island would be really safe....

THE MOST DANGEROUS LOVE (Art—H. Harrison) *Philip Latham* 50

The kid had no time for girls; he was too busy with his scanner. Which should have given him a perfect constitution for high-c space flight....

THE RESTLESS TIDE (Art—L. Ames) *Raymond Z. Gallun* 60

And now (a United World having turned war into a myth, and the labs having mastered the mysteries of youth and age and disease and the human psyche)....

DOVER SPARGILL'S GHASTLY FLOATER (Art—V. Napoli) *Jack Vance* 114

When Dover saw a good thing, he went after it, got it. What looked good to him right now, for example, was the moon....

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Interesting history of a Science-Fiction organization composed of SF Writers, Artists and Editors.

MARVEL'S COVER TITLE CONTEST 3rd Cover

THE FIRST SPACE SUIT 4th Cover

This month's 4-color cover by well-known cover and interior artist, HANNES BOK. Using a mixed technique of dyes, color pencil, water-color and ink.

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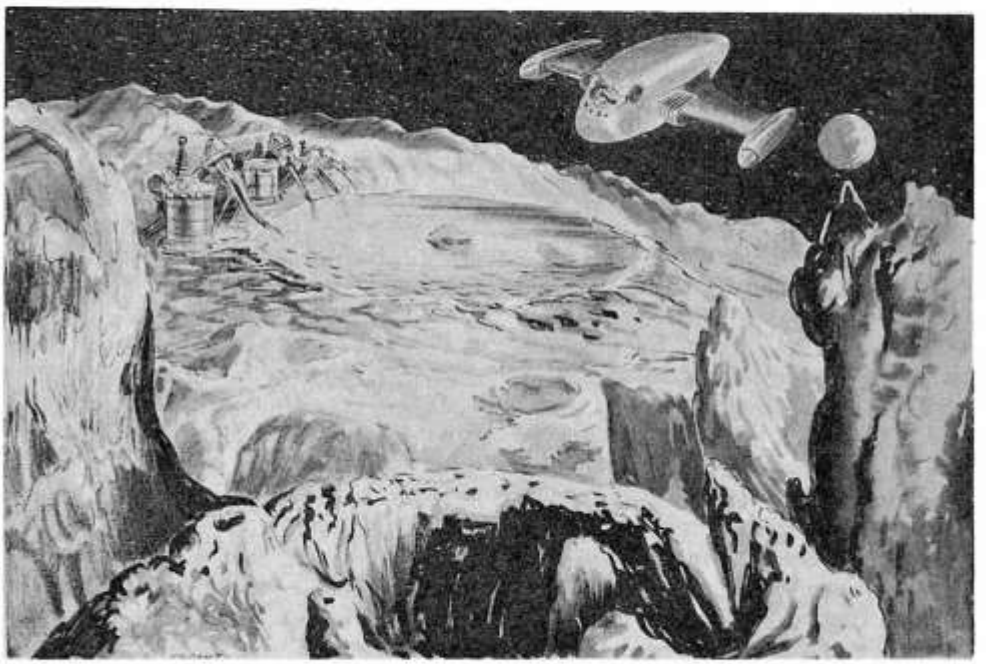
1951-11 Dover Spargill-B-1951-11 Marvel Science Stories

DOVER SPARGILL'S GHASTLY FLOATER *by JACK VANCE*



When Dover saw a good thing, he went after it, got it. What looked good to him right now, for example, was the moon. . . .

DOVER SPARGILL, age twenty-one, paced the hearth, slapping his jodhpurs with a riding crop. Hunched in a wingback chair to the side, Attorney James Offbold turned up his eyes as if seeking divine support.

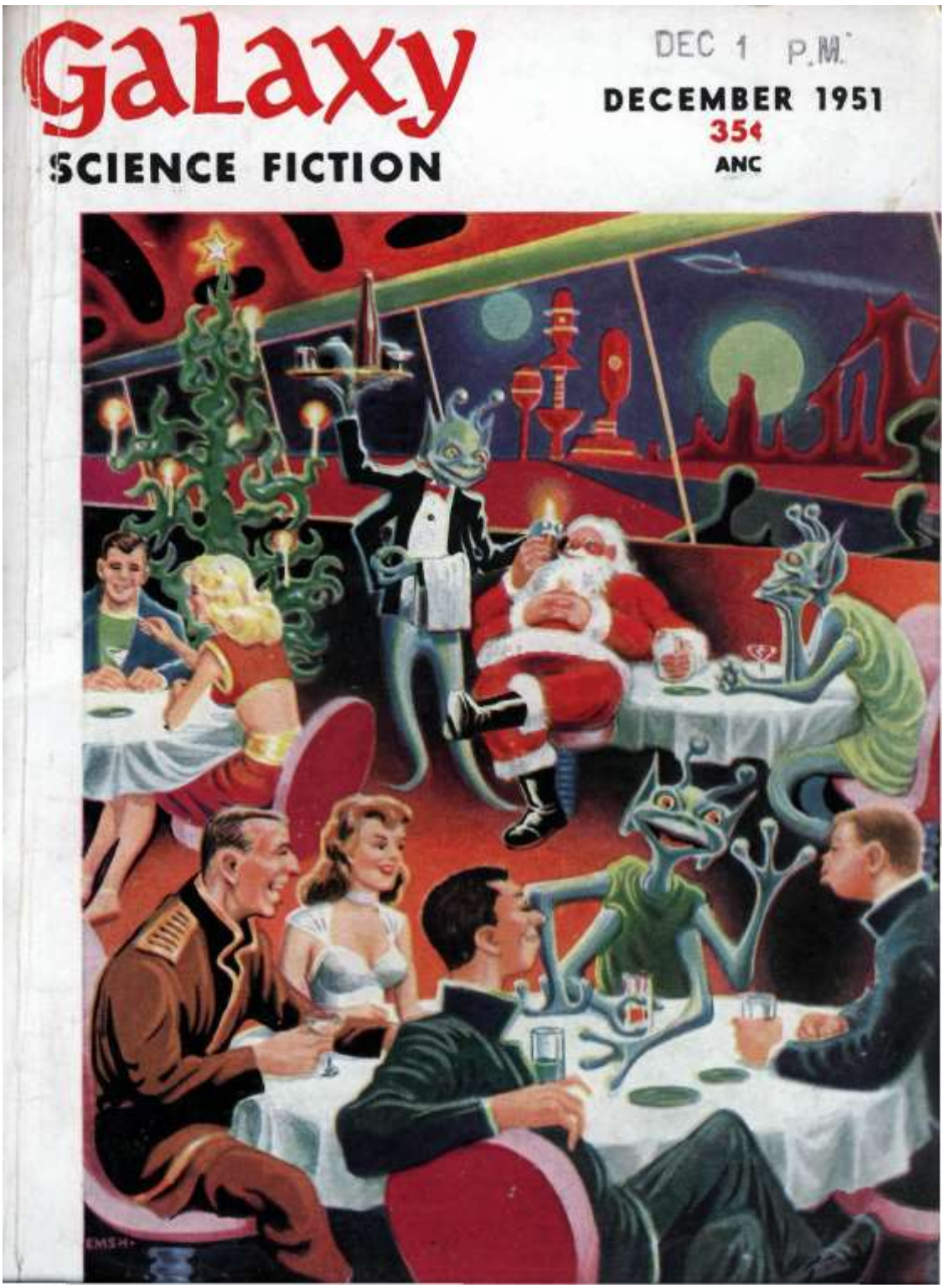
Dover paused in midstride; Attorney Offbold's expression at once became attentive: this insufferable young ass represented thirty thousand dollars a year in fees. Otherwise, Mr. Offbold would have sweat in Gehenna before crossing the street at Dover Spargill's bidding.

"That's the whole affair, then?" inquired Dover with a smart slap at his boots.

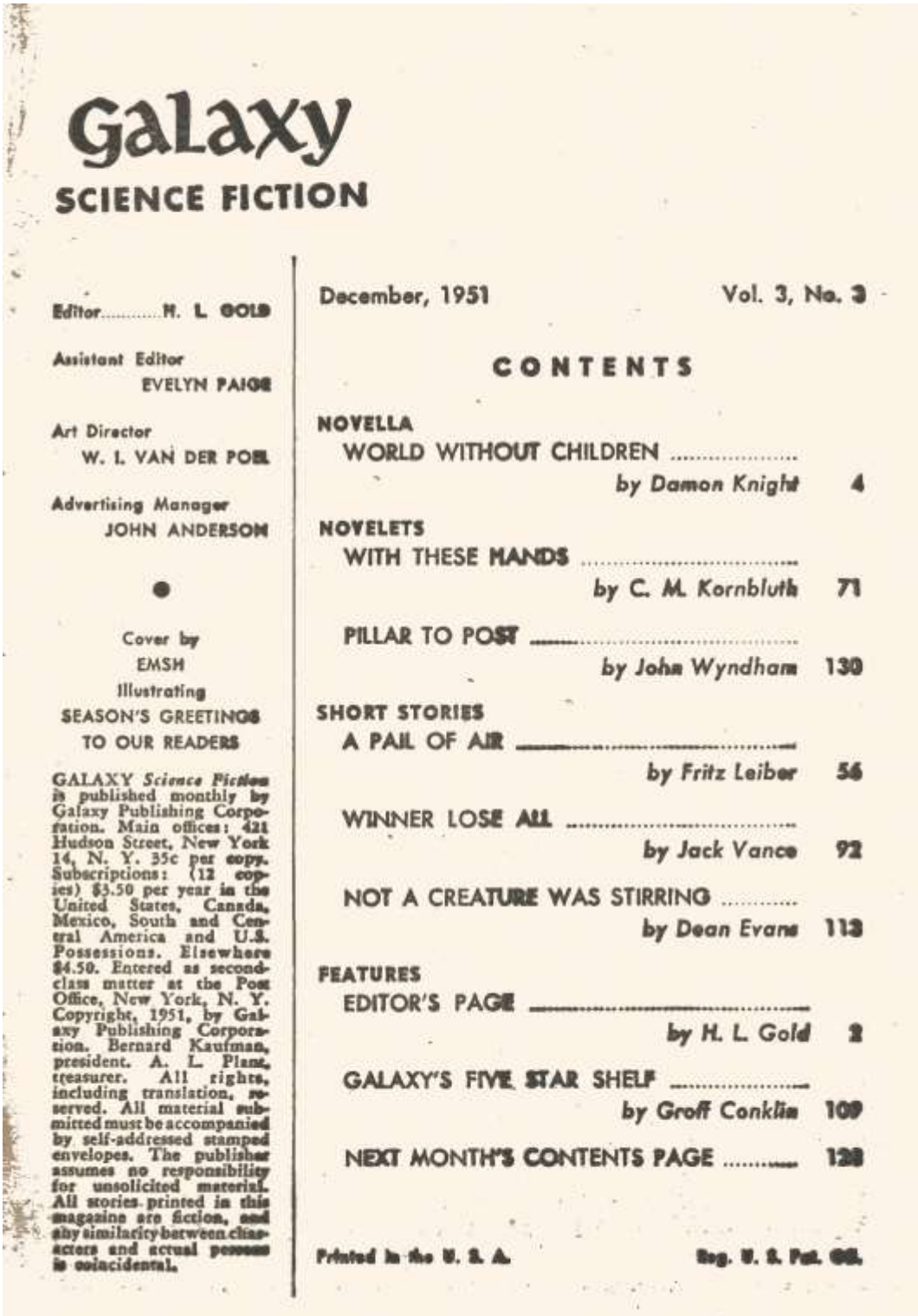
"That's the entire document, Mr. Spargill, and may I offer my heartfelt congratulations?"

Dover paused in his stride, turned his head in inquiry. "Congratulations? What for?"

"The fact that, now you are of age,



1951-12 Winner lose all-A-1951-12 ill. Emsh Galaxy



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SCIENCE FICTION

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TO OUR READERS

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Printed in the U. S. A. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1951-12 Winner lose all-B-1951-12 TOC Galaxy

WINNER LOSE ALL

By JACK VANCE

As a planet, it was not much, but two forms of life happened to want it at the same time. The result was a fight neither side knew occurred!

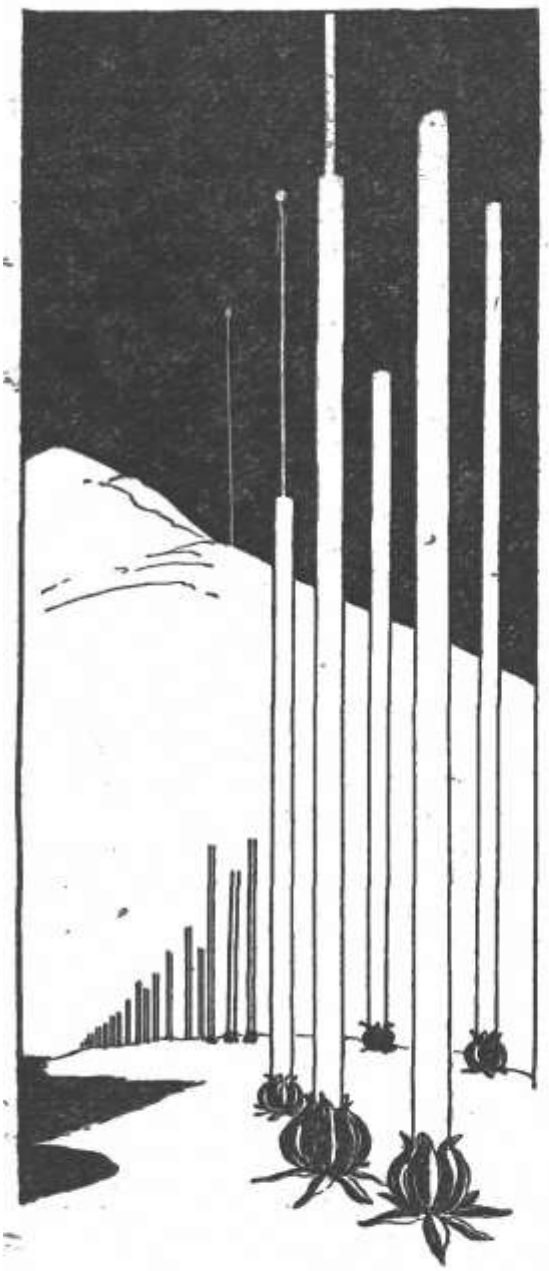
CHIEF Officer Avery came up the tube into the bridge sucking a bulb of coffee. Second Mate Dart rose stiffly from the seat where he had spent his watch. "She's all yours."

Avery was thin, hawk-nosed. His complexion was sallow leather color, his hair lank and sparse. He had black eyes between narrow lids and the angle at which they crossed his cheeks gave his face a look of clownish melancholy. Dart was stocky, stub-featured. His hair was Airedale-red; he was abrupt and positive in his movements. Stretching with a quick wide sweep of short arms, he joined Avery by the forward cupola.

Avery leaned forward, looked up, down, right, left, tracing the veins of rose and electric blue across the black of macroid space.

Illustrations by THORNE

1951-12 Winner lose all-C-1951-12 art. Thorne



the land-worm. One like it had destroyed a node through electricity; perhaps this one was somehow associated with the last catastrophic explosion. Four nodes slanted up at light speed, snapped back and forth through the land-worm like sewing-machine needles hemming a sheet. The creature fell to the ground.

The unigen assembled its nodes a hundred feet over the bank of uranium. Ninety-six nodes destroyed.

The unigen weighed the situation. The planet was rich with uranium, but it was also the home of lethal land-worms.

The unigen decided. There was uranium elsewhere in the universe, on thousands of worlds that were silent and dark and free of any kind of life. A lesson had been learned: avoid worlds inhabited by life-forms, no matter how primitive.

The nodes flashed off into the sky, dispersed into space.

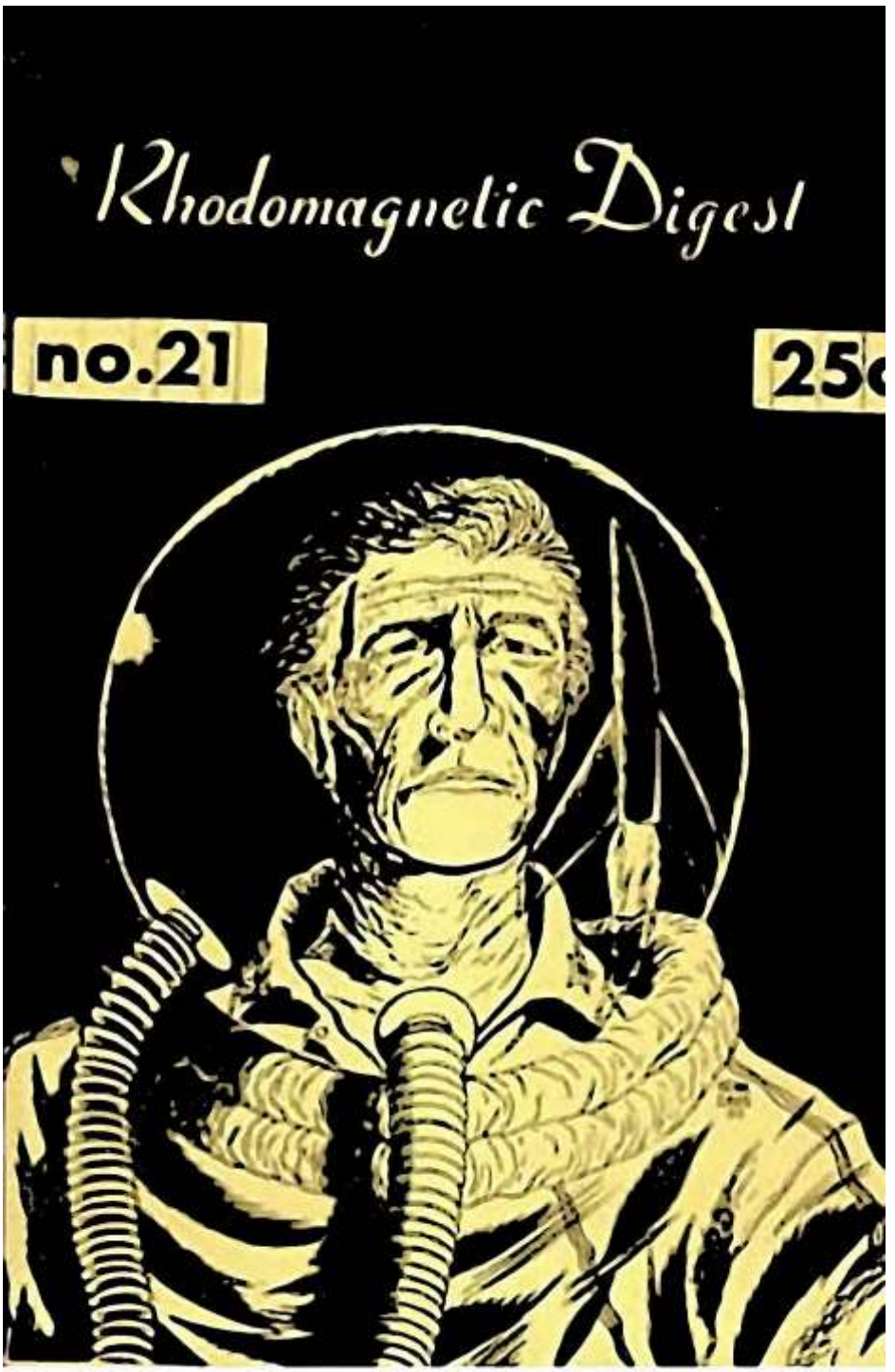
* * *

CAPTAIN Badt relaxed his grip on the table. "That's it," he said in a flat voice. "Any world where we lose four good men in four hours—any world inhabited by swarms of crazy atomic bees—that's no world for human beings. Four good men . . ."

He stood silent a moment, limp and dejected.

The cadet wandered into the

1951-12 Winner lose all-D-1951-12 art. Thorne



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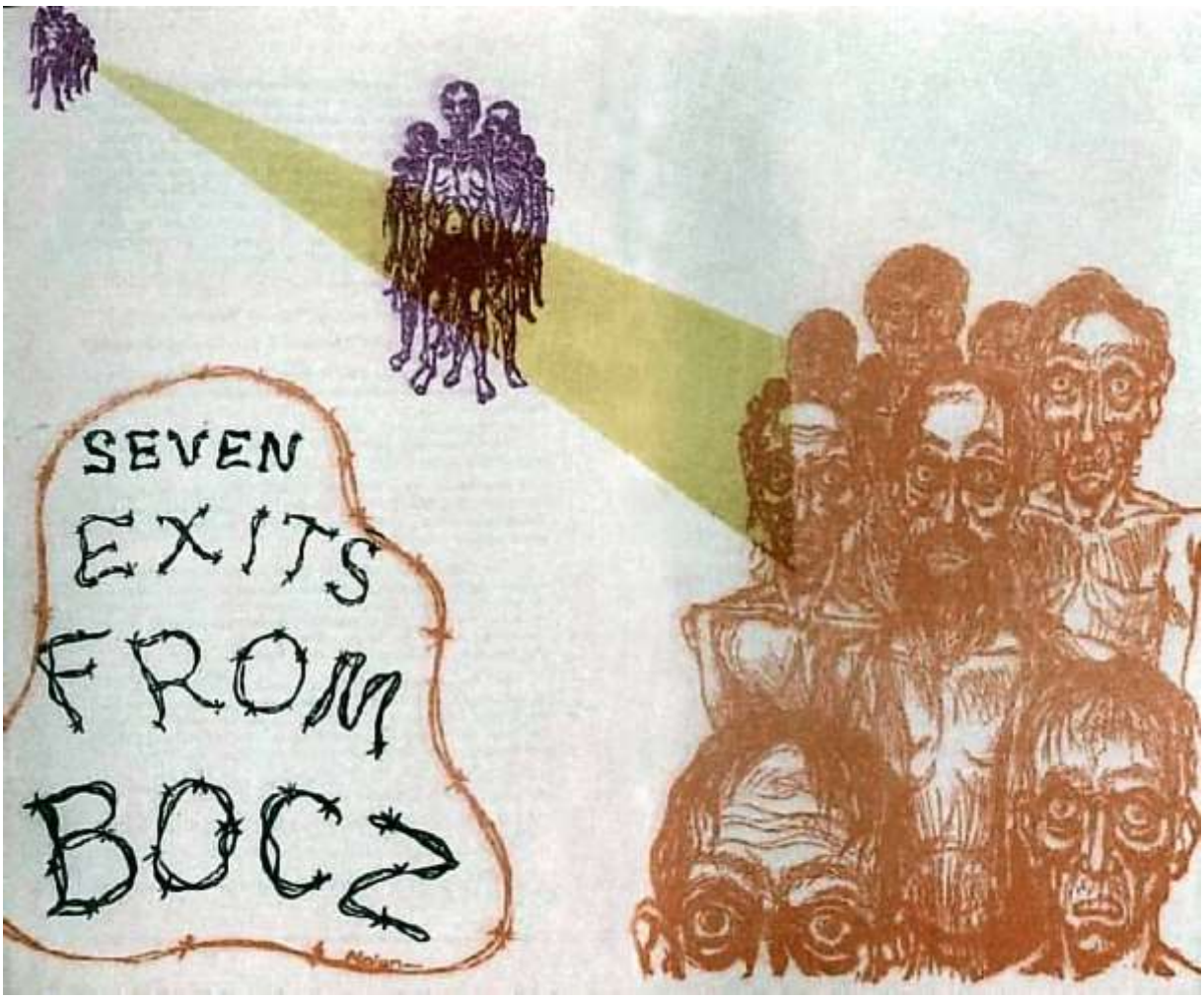

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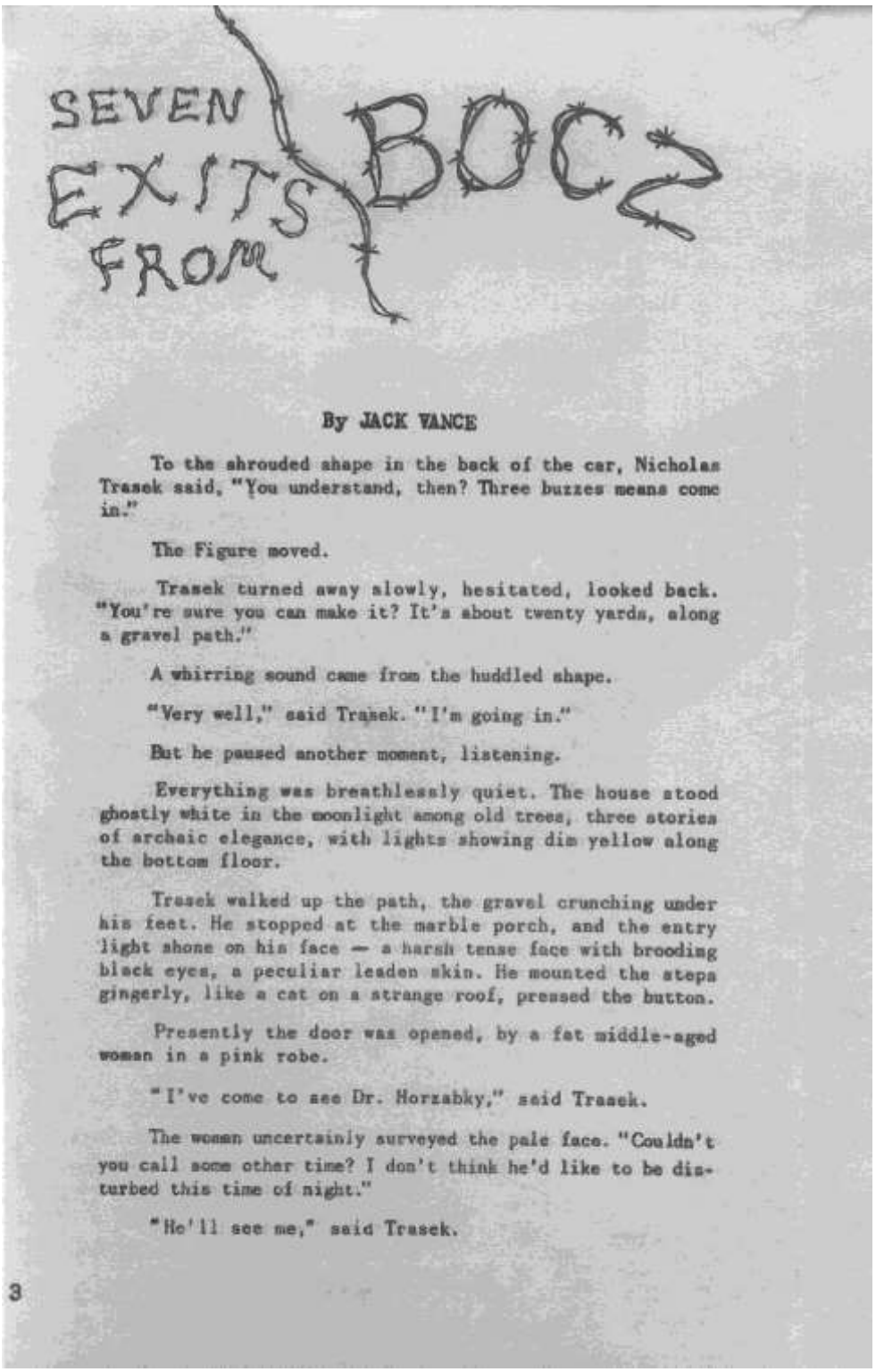


SEVEN EXITS FROM BOCZ

By JACK VANCE

To the shrouded shape in the back of the car, Nicholas Trasek said, "You understand, then? Three buzzes means come in."

The Figure moved.

Trasek turned away slowly, hesitated, looked back. "You're sure you can make it? It's about twenty yards, along a gravel path."

A whirring sound came from the huddled shape.

"Very well," said Trasek. "I'm going in."

But he paused another moment, listening.

Everything was breathlessly quiet. The house stood ghostly white in the moonlight among old trees, three stories of archaic elegance, with lights showing dim yellow along the bottom floor.

Trasek walked up the path, the gravel crunching under his feet. He stopped at the marble porch, and the entry light shone on his face — a harsh tense face with brooding black eyes, a peculiar leaden skin. He mounted the steps gingerly, like a cat on a strange roof, pressed the button.

Presently the door was opened, by a fat middle-aged woman in a pink robe.

"I've come to see Dr. Horzabky," said Trasek.

The woman uncertainly surveyed the pale face. "Couldn't you call some other time? I don't think he'd like to be disturbed this time of night."

"He'll see me," said Trasek.

1952 -02 Seven Exits from Bocz-C-1952 02-01 rhodomagnetic

Irasek threw it wide.

The thing lurched in from the darkness, stood swaying in the hall. Horzabky's breath came as if someone had kicked him in the belly.

"That's a man," said Trasek. "A man inside out."

Horzabky pushed the glasses back up on the ridge of his nose. "Is this -- is this one of . . ."

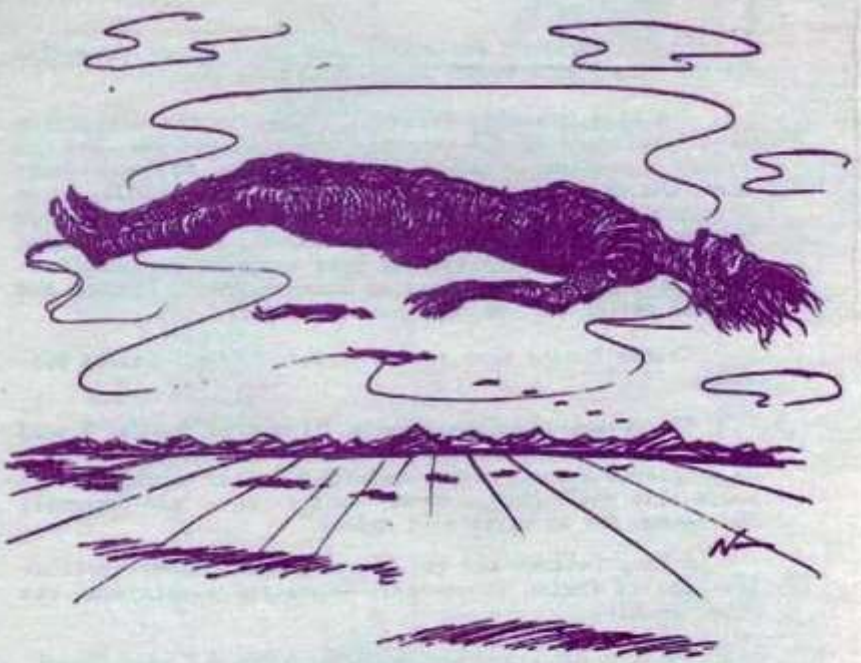
Trasek had been brightly watching Horzabky's gun. "It's one of your victims, Doctor. You sent him through your No. 4 hole."

"That's a plastic coverall he's wearing," said Trasek. "To keep the flies off him, or rather, from inside him -- because to himself he's still a normal man, and it's the universe that's backward."

"How many more are there like him?" inquired Horzabky, casually.

"None. Flies got some, sunburn most of the others, and the natives shot a lot full of reed arrows. A government cattle inspector came along and wanted to know what was going on. How he ever recognized --" Trasek nodded --"for a man is a mystery. But he took care of him, as well as he was able, and I finally got a letter . . ."

1952 -02 Seven Exits from Bocz-D-1952 02-01 art. Nolan - rhodomagnetic



"Is it not grotesque," Trasek commented, "that the prisoners at Bocz were denied that option?"

"Only superficially," replied his host. "A moment's reflection solves the paradox. However," he added sadly, "the inflexible nature of light made it impossible for me to observe the experiences of the more obliging prisoners."

"What happens to a stick you push in?"

"It dissolves. Melts to nothing, like tissue paper in a furnace. Conservation of energy falls down in the other universes, where matter and energy are equally unacceptable, and where our laws have no authority."

"And the others?"

"In No. 1 a stick, a bar of iron, crumbles, falls to dust. In No. 2, you can't hold it; it's wrenched from your hands, by whom or what I'm sure I don't know. In No. 3, the stick may be withdrawn unchanged, and likewise in No. 4. In No. 5 the stick acquires an electric charge, and if released flies off at tremendous speed down one of the corridors. In No. 6 -- that's the blurred, pinkish-gray place -- the stick becomes a new material, though it's structurally the same. The different space alters the electrons and protons, makes the wood as hard as iron, though chemically the substance is still wood. And, in No. 7, as I said, the material merely melts."

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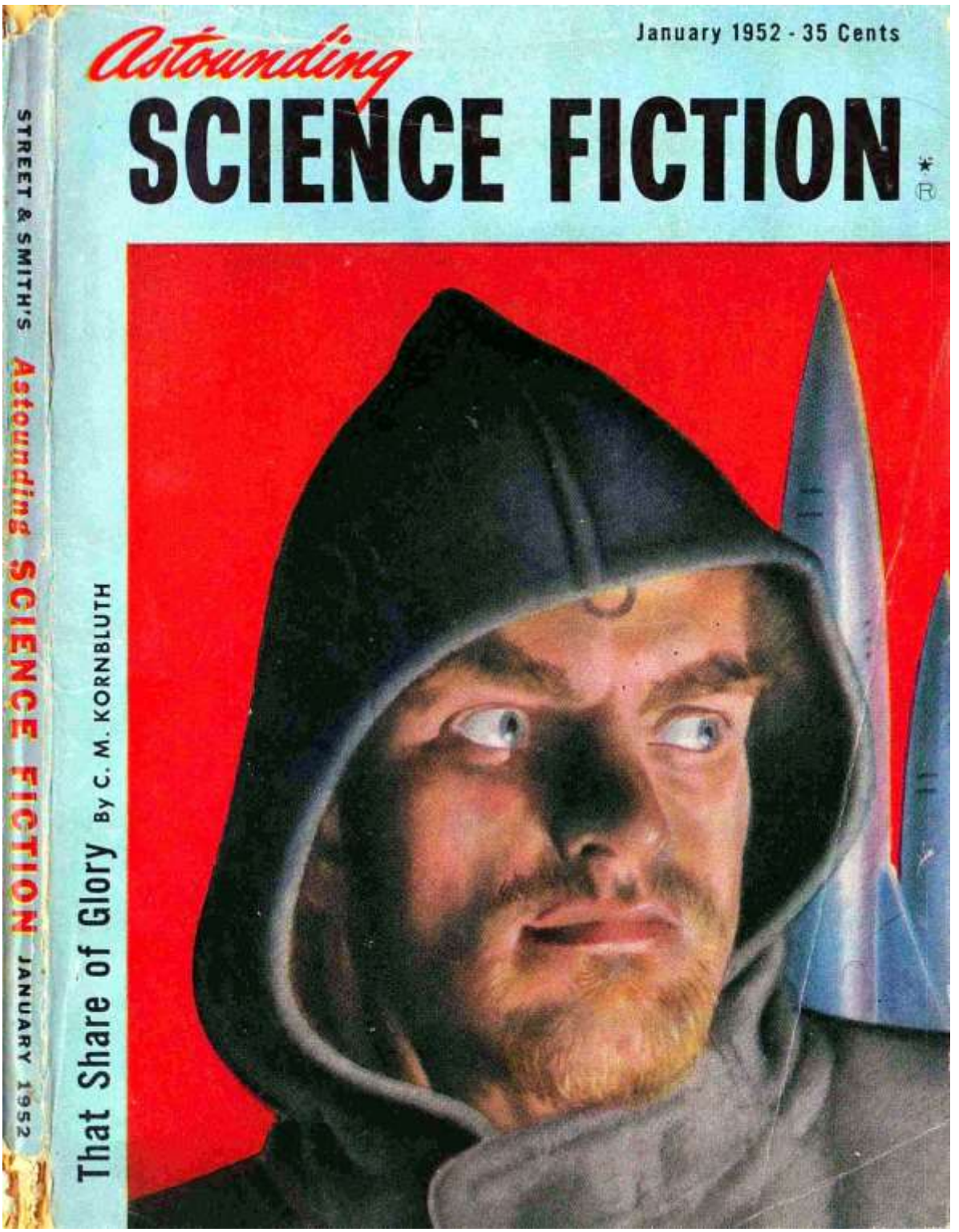

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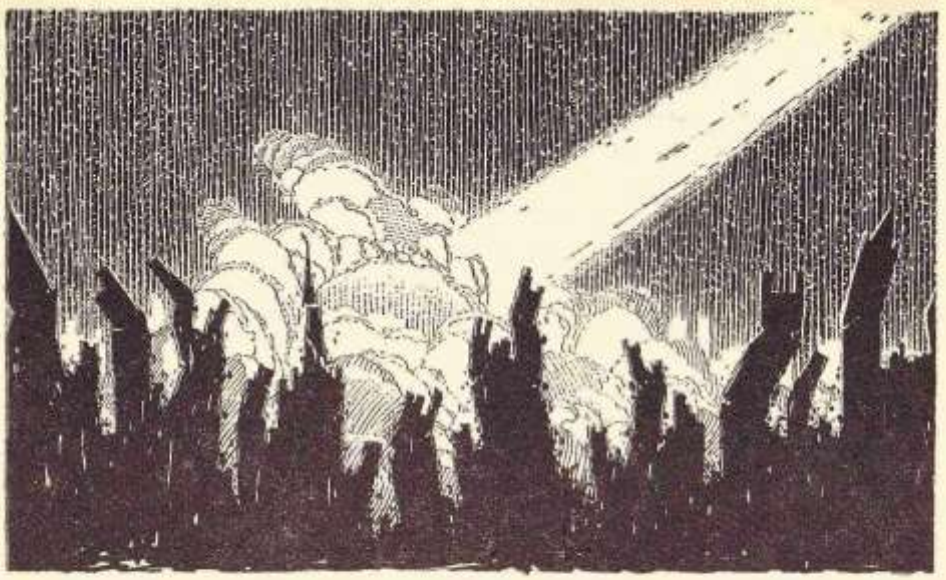

TELEK

BY JACK VANCE

If a group has a Power not possessed by all men, they will inevitably become an aristocracy. And an aristocracy, having no competing peers, just as inevitably . . .

Illustrated by van Dongen

I.

Geskamp and Shorn stood in the sad light of sundown, high on the rim of the new stadium. Wooded hills rolled away to either side; behind them, far to the west, the towers of Tran cut sword-shaped notches into the sky.

Geskamp pointed east, up Swanscomba Valley, now glowing a thousand tones of gold and green in the long light of sunset. "That's where I was born, by that row of poplars. I knew the valley well in the old days." He spent a moment in far reflection. "I hate to see the changes, the old things wiped out. There"—he pointed—

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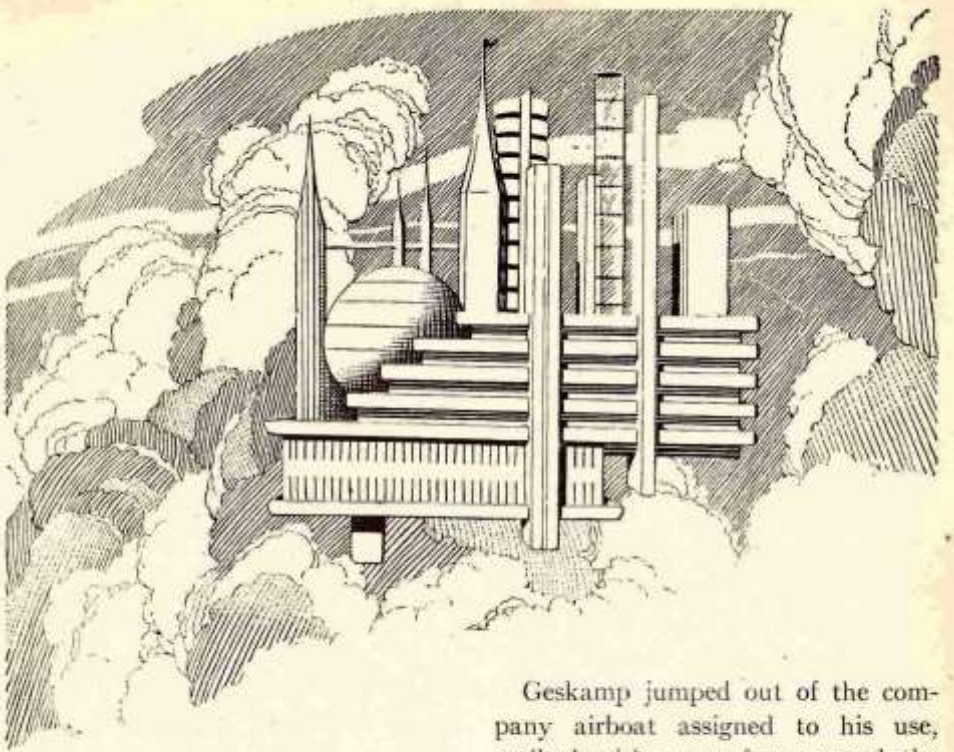


Geskamp's mouth hung open. "But—"

Shorn's dour face became almost charming. "I know. Wholesale murder. Not sporting. I agree with you. A sneak attack. I agree. Stealth and sneak attacks and back-stabbing are our weapons. We don't have any others. None at all."

"But—why are you so confident of bloodshed?"

Shorn suddenly exploded in anger. "Man, get your head up out of the sand. What's our chance of getting every single one without exception?"

Geskamp jumped out of the company airboat assigned to his use, stalked with a set face around the stadium toward the construction office. Above him rose two hundred feet of sheer concrete, glowing in the morning sun. In his mind's eye Geskamp saw the dark cartons that he and Shorn had carried below like moles on the night previous; he still moving with reluctance and uncertainty, carried only by Shorn's fire and direction.

Now the trap was set. A single coded radio signal would pulverize the new concrete, fling a molten gout miles into the air, pound a gigantic blow at the earth.

Geskamp's honest face became taut as he wrestled with his conscience,

1952-01 Telek-D-1952-01 ill. Van Dongen Astounding SF

absorption. Pineal tumescence. All gross by-products of whatever is happening."

Shorn yawned and stretched. "About as we expected."

Circumbright nodded heavily. "As we expected. Although I hoped for—something. Some indication where the energy came from—whether through the brain, from the object itself, or from—nowhere."

Shorn caused water to leap from a glass, form a wet glistening hoop in the air. He set it around Circumbright's neck, started it contracting slowly.

"Hey," cried Circumbright reproachfully. "This is serious business."

Shorn snaked the water back in the glass.

Circumbright leaned forward. "Where do *you* feel the energy comes from?"

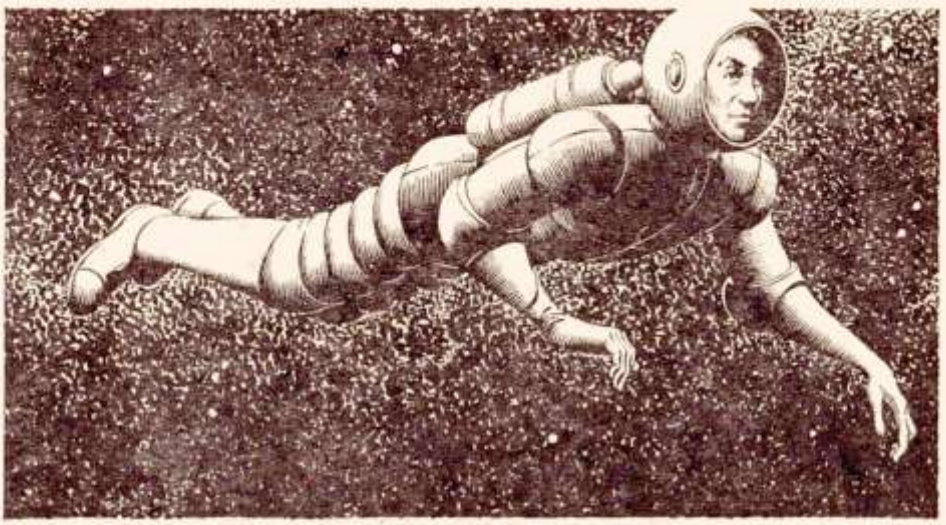
Shorn reflected. "It seems to be in matter itself—just as motion seems to be part of your hand."

Circumbright sighed in dissatisfaction. He continued half-querulously. "And at what speed does telekinesis work? If it's light-speed, then the action presumably occurs in our own space-time. If it's faster, then it's some other medium, and the whole thing's unknowable."

Shorn rose to his feet. "We can check the last with comparative facility."

Circumbright shook his head. "We'd need instruments of a preci-

1952-01 Telek-E-1952-01 ill. Van Dongen Astounding SF



aperture appeared. Adlari Dominion stood in the opening. "Come in, Kurgill."

Shorn stepped into the wash of light, and for a moment lost Dominion in the dazzle. When vision returned, Dominion was lounging in a hammock-chair supported by a glistening rod protruding horizontally from the wall. A red leather ottoman was the only other article of furniture visible. Three of the walls were transparent glass, giving on a magnificent vista: clouds bathed in sunlight, blue sky, blue sea.

Dominion pointed to the ottoman. "Have a seat."

The ottoman was only a foot high; sitting in it Shorn would be forced to crane his neck to see Dominion.

"No, thanks. I prefer to stand." He put a foot on the ottoman, inspected Dominion coolly, eye to eye.

Dominion said evenly, "What do you have to tell me?"

Shorn started to speak, but found it impossible to look into the smoldering black eyes and think at the same time. He turned his eyes out the window to a pinnacle of white cloud. "I've naturally considered this situation carefully. If you've done the same . . . as I imagine you have . . . then there's no point in each of us trying to outwit the other. I have information that's important, critically important, to a great number of Teleks. I want to trade this information for Telek status." He glanced toward Dominion whose eyes had never faltered, looked away once more.

"I'm trying to arrange this statement with absolute clarity, so there'll be complete understanding between

1952-01 Telek-F-1952-01 ill. Van Dongen Astounding SF

Half an hour passed. Shorn watched quietly while Circumbright soldered together stock circuits, humming in a continuous tuneless drone.

"There," said Circumbright finally. "If one of those bugs gets within a hundred yards, this will vibrate, thump."

"Good." Shorn tucked the device tenderly in his breast pocket, while Circumbright settled himself into an armchair, stuffed tobacco in a pipe. Shorn watched him curiously. Circumbright, placid and unemotional as a man could be, revealed himself to Shorn by various small signs, such as pressing the tobacco home with a thumb more vigorous than necessary.

"I hear another Telek was killed yesterday."

"Yes. I was there."

"Who is this Geskamp?"

"Big blond fellow. What's the latest on him?"

"He's dead."

"Hm-m-m." Shorn was silent a moment, a sick feeling at the pit of his stomach. "How?"

"The Teleks turned him over to the custody of the Federal Marshal at Knoll. He was shot trying to escape."

Shorn felt as if anger were being pumped inside him, as if he were swelling, as if the pressure against his taut muscles were too great to bear.

"Take it easy," said Circumbright mildly.

"I'll kill Teleks from a sense of duty," said Shorn. "I don't enjoy it.

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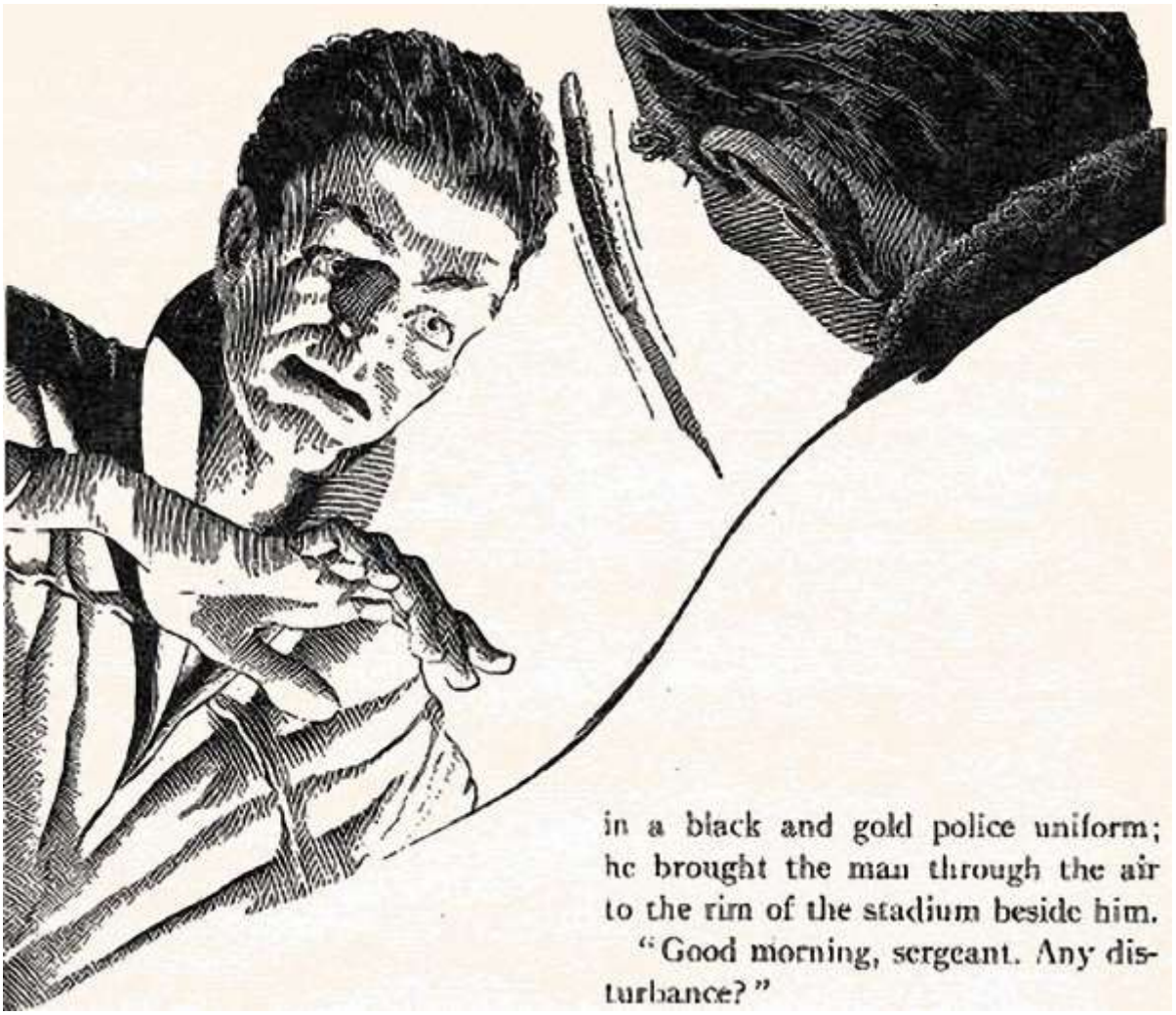

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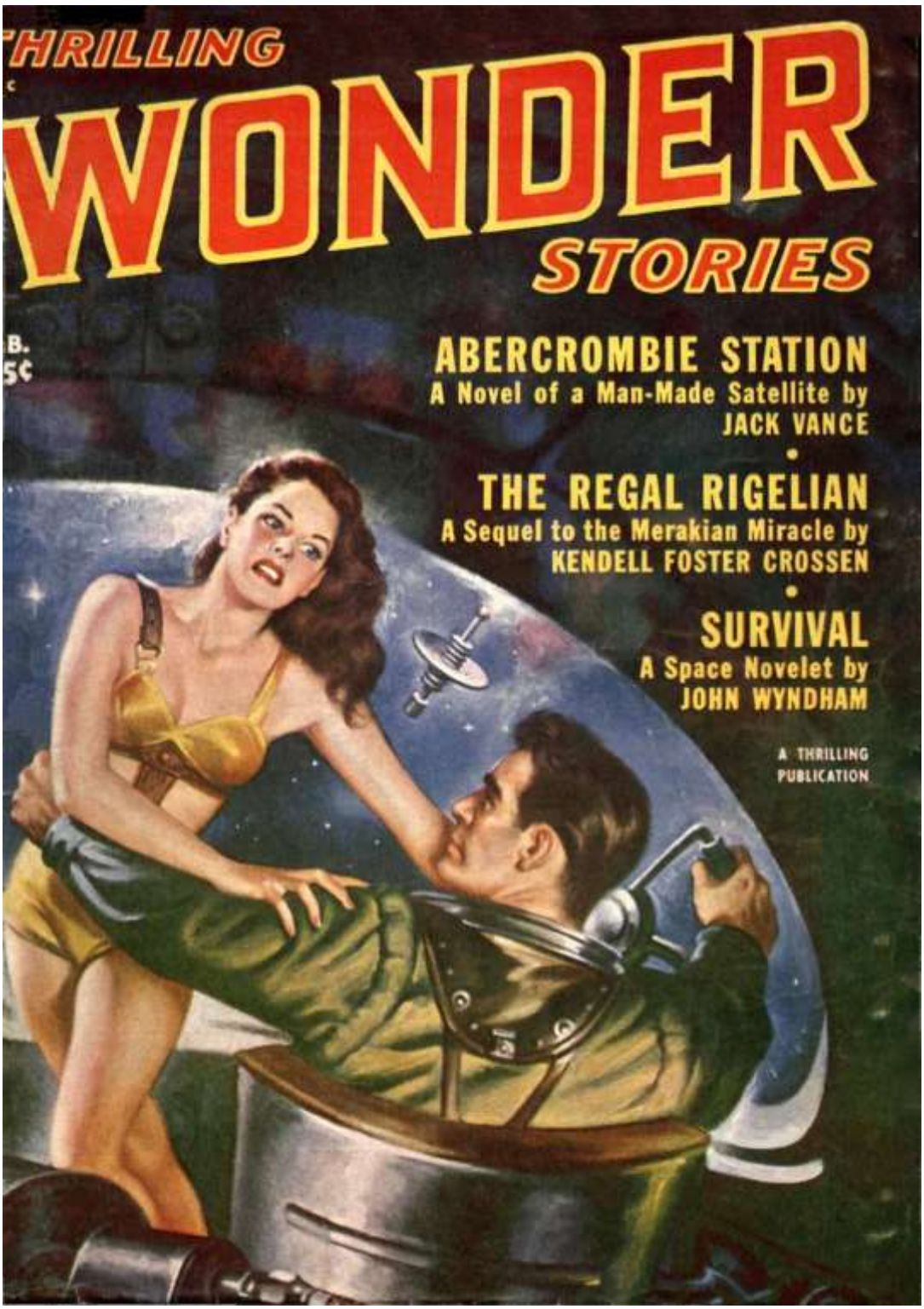

1952-02 Abercrombie Station-A-1952-02 ill. Eale Bergey Thrilling Wonder Stories

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1952-02 Abercrombie Station-B-1952-02 TOC Thrilling Wonder Stories

Abercrombie Station

A Novel by JACK VANCE

I

THE doorkeeper was a big hard-looking man with an unwholesome horse-face, a skin like corroded zinc. Two girls spoke to him, asking arch questions.

Jean saw him grunt noncommittally. "Just stick around; I can't give out no dope."

He motioned to the girl sitting beside Jean, a blonde girl, very smartly turned out. She rose to her feet; the doorkeeper slid back the door. The blonde girl

1952-02 Abercrombie Station-C-1952-02 ill. Finlay Thrilling Wonder Stories

Heavyweight Heaven

THERE have always been colonies – colonies of nudists, artists, vegetarians, nonconformists and plain old rugged individualists. Here at Abercrombie Station, for the first time, we have a colony for fat people. Nor is their chosen isolation intended merely to avoid ridicule. It has a practical advantage. Far from Earth's burdensome gravity, freed of the chains of their weight, the fat people can skip as lithesome as lambs on the green, while their avoirdupois, instead of sagging grotesquely, balloons in rich, rosy, enticing curves.

Everybody has a different idea of paradise, but if you happen to be dieting—or should be—you'll have fun with Jack Vance's idea of a heavyweight heaven.

The Editor

1952-06 Sabotage on Sulfur Planet-A-1952-06 ill. Earle BERGEY Startling Stories

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STARTLING STORIES

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NOLAND BANNISTER, superintendent of Star Control Field Office #12, was known at the spaceport and along Folger Avenue as a hell-roarer—a loud-voiced man of vigorous action. He made no secret of his dislike for administrative detail and attacked paper work with a grumbling rancor. Negligence in his staff he dealt with rudely. Mistakes of a more serious nature left him grim and white with rage.

It was Robert Smith's misfortune to commit the most striking blunder of Bannister's long and varied experience.

As usual, at four o'clock Friday afternoon Bannister sat in his office reviewing the week's work: ships cleared for passage, ships inspected and cleared for discharge of cargo, contraband seizures, crews screened for hijackers and known performers. Last he inspected a *précis* from the logs of ships which had surfaced during the week; skimming for information of possible economic or scientific value.

Smith Was Shanghaied Into an Awesome World

1952-06 Sabotage on Sulfur Planet-C-1952-06 art. Alex Schomburg
Startling Stories

SABOTAGE ON SULFUR PLANET

A Novelet by JACK VANCE

Near the end of the *précis* he found an informal note:

"Re SpS *Messeraria.* Supercargo very drunk when ship's log was taken. Followed me back to the office rambling about planet inhabited by intelligent life-forms (obvious fabrication). Tossed him out of office on ear. Smith."

Bannister blinked in amazement, stiffened in his chair. He switched the film back to the *Messeraria's* log, examined it with flinty attention. It appeared ordinary enough, although Captain Plum's reputation offered no surety against falsification. He checked the ship's roster against a master index.

Jack Fetch, mate. One-time member of the Violet Ray Association. Never convicted.

Abe McPhee, chief steward. Moral deviant, refused deabberation.

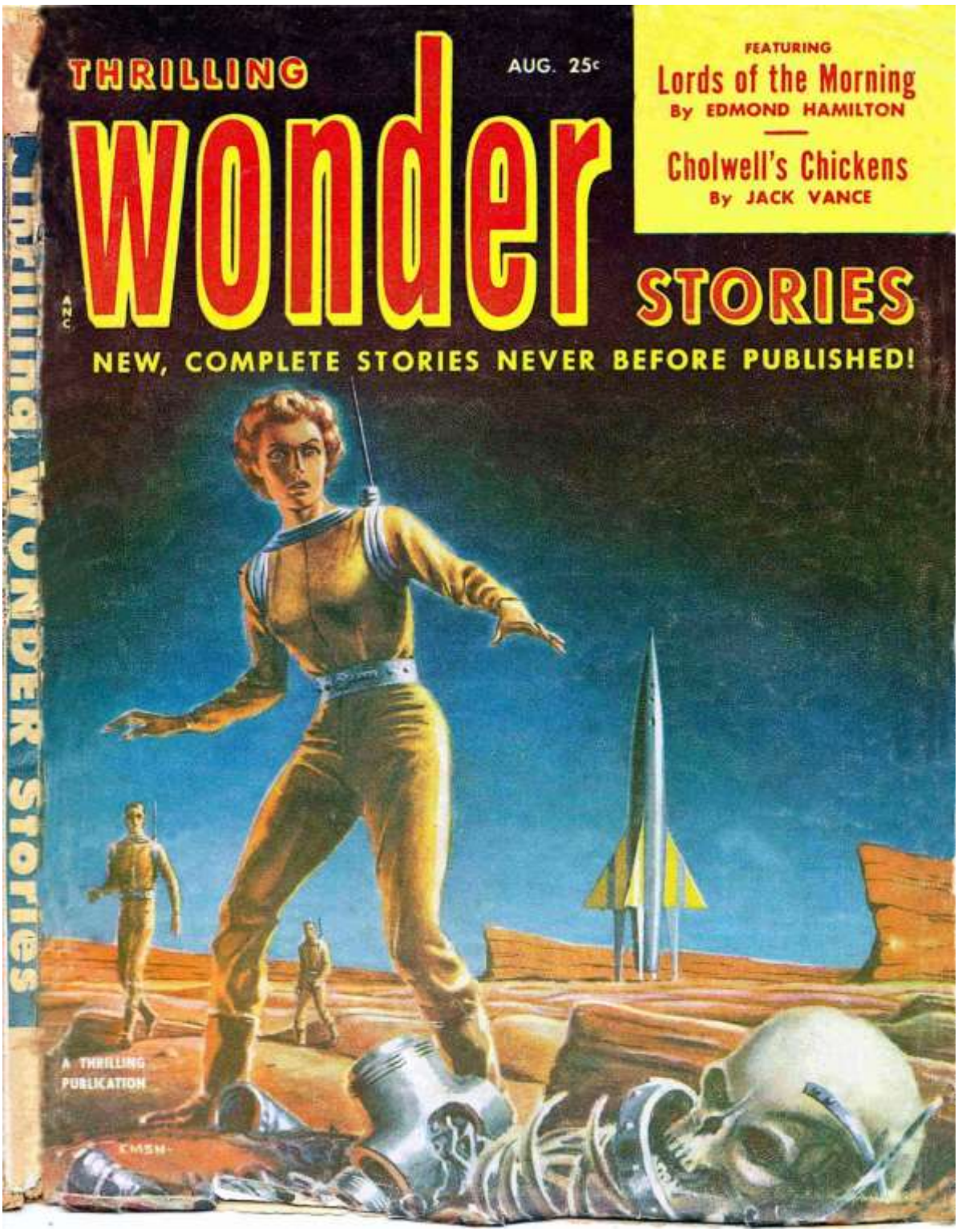
Owen Phelps, quartermaster. Expert gambler and game-rigger.

Don Lowell, supercargo. Known embezzler; a brother refused to prosecute.

"Mmmph," said Bannister to himself.

Where He Found His Personal Dream of Terror!

1952-06 Sabotage on Sulfur Planet-D-1952-06 art. Alex Schomburg
Startling Stories



1952-08 Cholwell Chickens-A-1952-08 ill. Emsh Thrilling Wonder Stories

THRILLING
wonder STORIES

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Only the doctor was able to guess just who the alien invader might be, but when he did so—it was already too late

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They were the size of jellyfish—and where they appeared, folks died

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THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Published every other month by STANDARD MAGAZINES, INC., 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Copyright, 1952, by Standard Magazines, Inc. Subscription (12 issues), $3.00; single copies, 25c. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. Re-entered as second-class matter October 8, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. In corresponding with this publication, please include your postal zone number, if any. August, 1952. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

1952-08 Cholwell Chickens-B-1952-08 TOC Thrilling Wonder Stories

Cholwell's Chickens

A Sequel to ABERCROMBIE STATION

By JACK VANCE

"This is Skylark Haven," he said

I

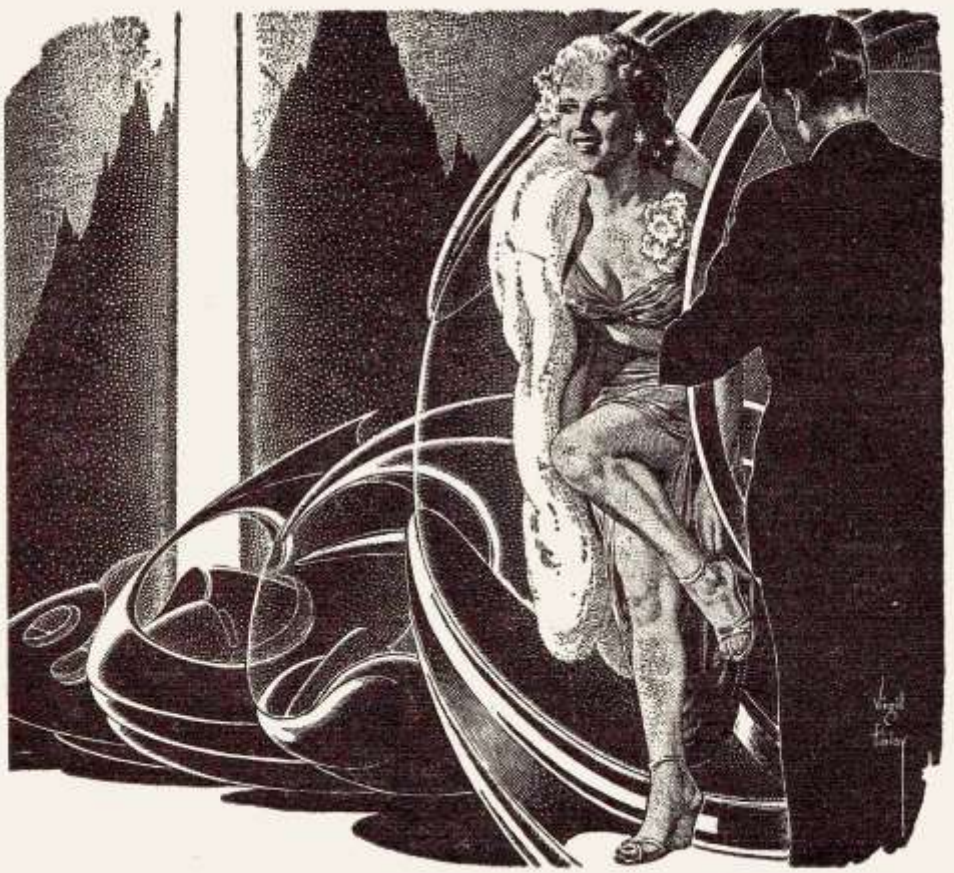
MR. MYCROFT ran a hand through his gray hair and said in a wry voice, "I make no pretense of understanding you."

In the big leather chair reserved for the relaxation of Mycroft's high-strung clients Jean fidgeted, stretched her fingers, examined the backs of her hands. "I don't even understand myself."

Through the window she watched a tomato-red Marshall Moonchaser fleeting along the blue April sky. "Money hasn't affected me quite the way I expected. . . I've always wanted a little boat like that. I could buy a dozen if I liked, but—" she shook her head, eyes still out in the blue distance.

Mycroft recalled the first time he had seen her: wary and wild, characterized by a precocious feral quality, a recklessness that made ordinary women seem pastel and insipid. Mycroft smiled grimly. He could hardly say that she had become dull. She still had her elan, her

1952-08 Cholwell Chickens-C-1952-08 ill. Virgil Finlay Thrilling Wonder Stories



Parlaying Parlier

READER response to ABERCROMBIE STATION was joyful to an extreme, except for a minority which it seemed to baffle. Even these, however, in many cases, professed to like Jean Parlier for the tough, self-sufficient little female she was - a true representative of the deadlier sex. Leaving her, as the first story did, with a million dollars and time on her hands was just looking for trouble –there had to be a sequel to that situation and here it is.

It is our sneaking suspicion that Vance has outdone himself and that this story of eight Jean Parliers is even better than ABERCROMBIE STATION, but we have no intention of saying so and displaying bias. Try it.

– The Editor

Until She Met Her Other Self – Eight of Them

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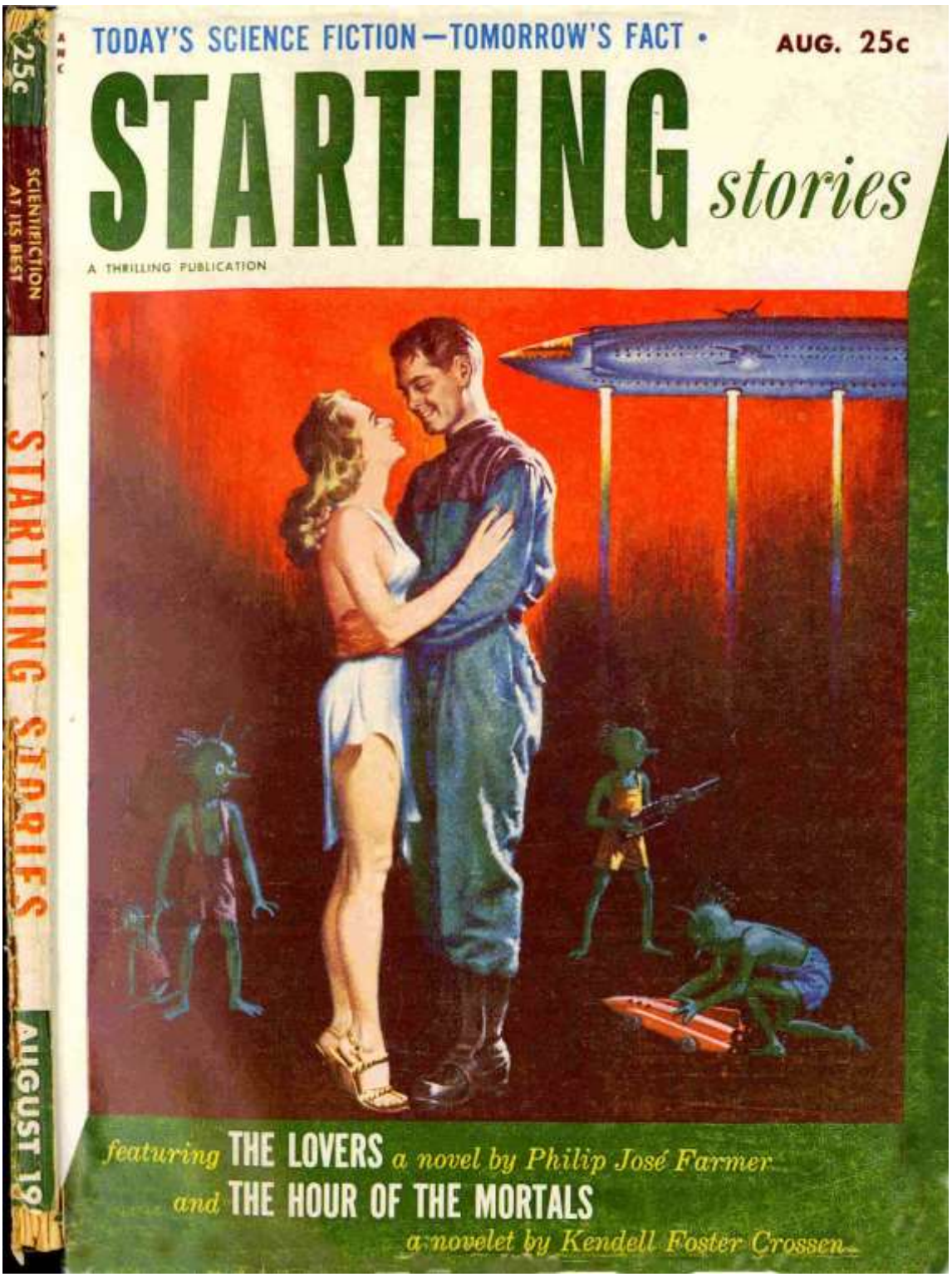
1952-08 Cholwell Chickens-D-1952-08 ill. Virgil Finlay Thrilling Wonder Stories



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A Complete Novel

THE LOVERS.....**Philip José Farmer** 12
Amid the deceit and treachery of the Earthman's scheme to conquer Ozagon, Yarrow broke every taboo to love Jeannette

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Among the immortals Fenimore would still be—the top man!

PAGE AND PLAYER.....**Harry Neal** 110
The Cronies had their own odd ways of getting things done

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When everybody tried to get into the act—the hero fled!

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The old boys of the past may prove a little hard to handle

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He thought he saved his neck, but he was testing a theory

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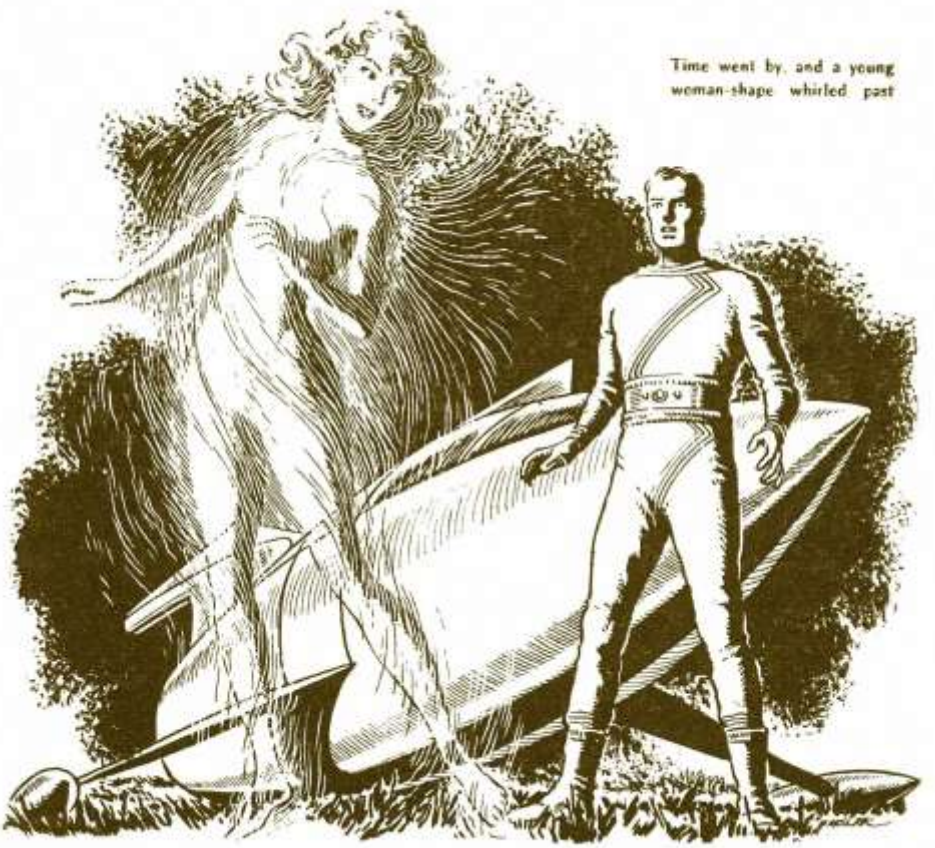
Cover Painting by EARLE K. BERGEY

STARTLING STORIES. Published every month by Better Publications, Inc., N. L. Pines, President, at 1125 E. Vaile Ave., Kokomo, Ind. Editorial and executive offices, 10 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Kokomo, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by Better Publications, Inc. Subscription ($3 issues), $3.90; single copies, $.95; foreign and Canadian postage extra. In corresponding with this magazine please include postal zone number, if any. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. August, 1952, issue. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

1952-08 Noise-B-1952-08 TOCStartling Stories



NOISE

By JACK VANCE

I

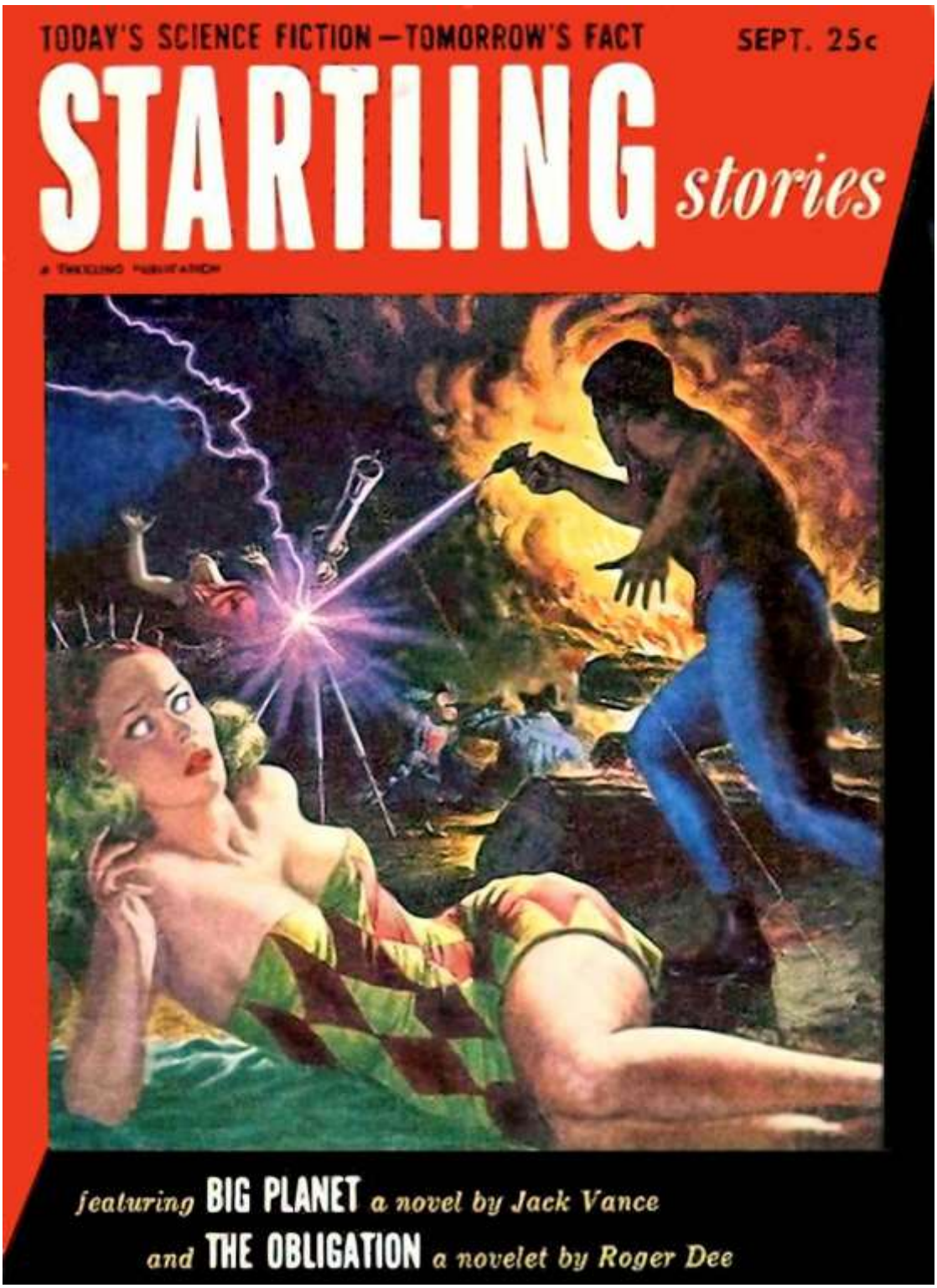
CAPTAIN HESS placed a notebook on the desk, and hauled a chair up under his sturdy buttocks. Pointing to the notebook, he said, "That's the property of your man Evans. He left it aboard the ship."

Galispell said in faint surprise, "There was nothing else? No letter? We haven't heard a word from him."

"No, sir, not a thing. That notebook

"The noise," yelled Evans. "The horrible noise!" And then he disappeared. Was he insane . . . or the sanest man on the ship?

1952-08 Noise-C-1952-08 ill. Ackler Startling Stories



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Vol. 27, No. 2 A THRILLING PUBLICATION September, 1952

A Complete Novel

BIG PLANET ..... **Jack Vance** 10

Barbaric and beautiful, old and new, this strange galactic giant held a thousand ways of living, loving—and dying!

A Novelet

THE OBLIGATION ..... **Roger Dee** 106

With a monstrous alien loose in the Dome, and Pascal gone mad, obviously someone had to perish. Or was it obvious?

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Ellen was almost too scared to try creating her ideal man

NIGHT TALK ..... **Charles E. Fritch** 129

Mars was becoming a filthy, rotten place, just like Earth

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N. L. PINES, *Publisher*; FANNY ELLSWORTH, *Managing Editor*
ED ROFHEART, *Art Director*; SAMUEL MINES, *Editor*

Cover Painting by WALTER POPP

STARTLING STORIES. Published every month by Better Publications, Inc., N. L. Pines, President, at 1125 E. Vaile Ave., Kokomo, Ind. Editorial and executive offices, 10 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Kokomo, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by Better Publications, Inc. Subscription (12 issues), $2.00; single copies, $.25; foreign and Canadian postage extra. In corresponding with this magazine please include postal zone number, if any. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. September, 1952, Issue.
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

1952-09 Big Planet-B-1952-09 TOC Startling stories

BIG PLANET

Barbaric and beautiful, old and new, this galactic giant held a thousand ways of living . . . loving . . . dying!

A Novel by JACK VANCE

I

ARTHUR HIDDERS, he called himself. He wore Earth-style clothes, and, except for the length of his hair and his mustache rings, he looked the complete Earthman—which, in a sense, he was. His age was indeterminate; the exact panel of races which had gone into his make-up was a secret six hundred years gone. He stood an easy five feet six; he was light, with delicate features centered rather too closely in a large round head, which obviously held many brains.

Turning away from the porthole out on space, he fixed old Pianza with a gaze of almost child-like ingenuousness. "That's all very interesting—but doesn't it seem, well, futile?"

"Futile?" Pianza said with great dignity. "I'm afraid I don't understand you."

Hidders made a careless gesture, taking few pains to hide his opinion of Pianza: a well-meaning old man, perhaps a trifle dense. "Earth-Central has sent commissions to Big Planet once a generation for the last five hundred years. Sometimes the commission returns alive,

From behind the island came the gruesome, its head high

10

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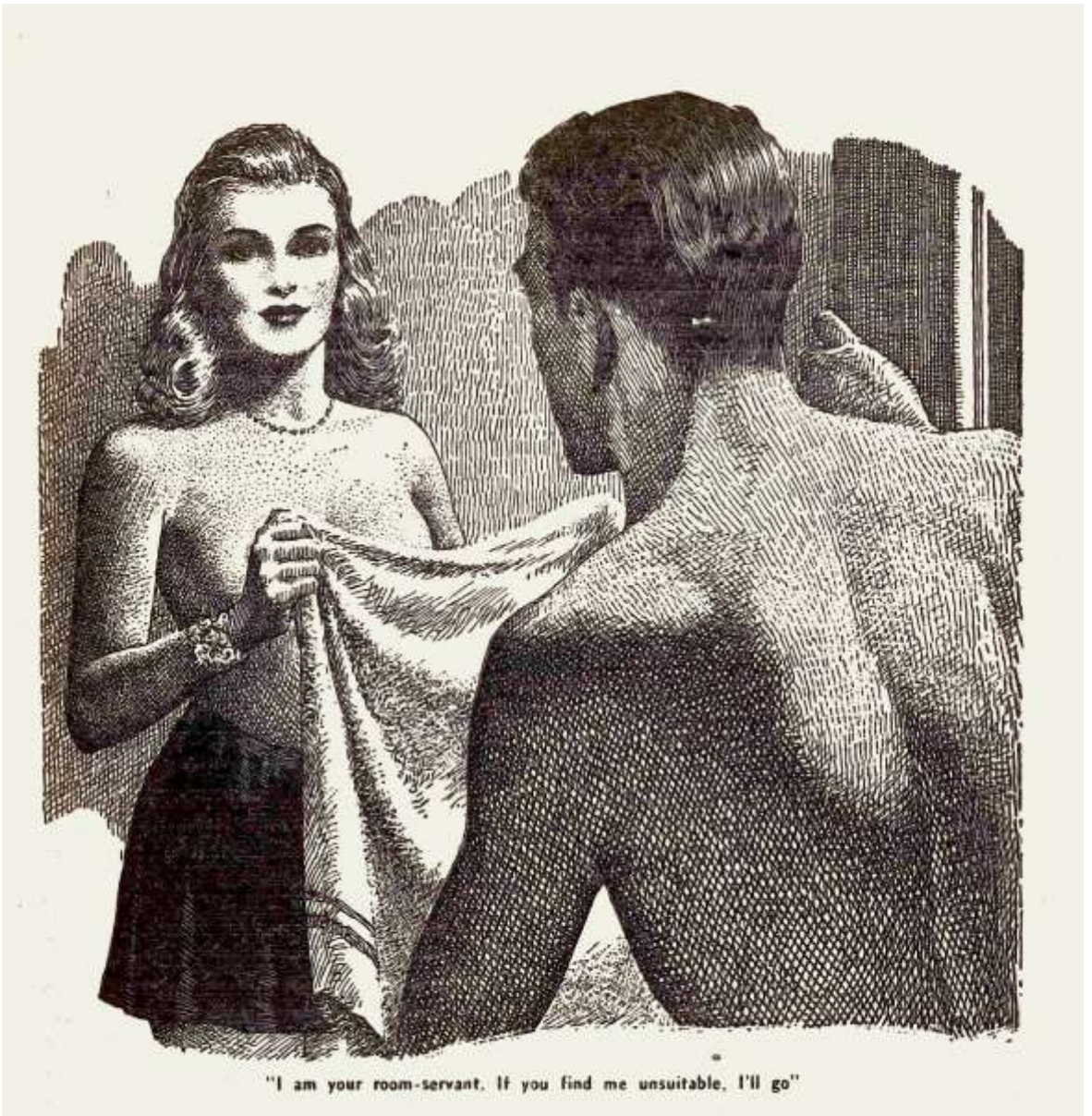
1952-09 Big Planet-C-1952-09 ill. Startling Stories



"I am your room-servant. If you find me unsuitable, I'll go"

1952-09 Big Planet-D-1952-09 Startling stories kirstendale

1952-09 Big Planet-E-1952-09
Startling stories Glystra&Nancy

"Perfect democracy on Big Planet eh, Mr. Glystra?"

Pianza watched expectantly; Glystra was nothing if not outspoken. Glystra did not fail him.

"Perfect anarchy, Mr. Hidders."

In silence they descended the spiral to the dining saloon, took their places. One by one the other members of the commission entered. First was Cloyville, big booming, florid; then Ketch, dark, drawn and saturnine, like the "Before" in a laxative advertisement. Next came Bishop, the youngest man on the commission, sheep-faced and seal-smooth, with a brain full of erudition and a tendency toward hypochondria. He satisfied the one with a portable microfilm library, the other with a portable medicine-chest. Behind him, and last, was Darrot, erect and military with carrot-colored hair, lips compressed as if against an imminent outburst of temper.

The meal was placid, but over-hung with a sense of excitement, almost tension, which persisted, grew stronger all afternoon as the bulk of Big Planet spread across the field of vision. Horizons belled out, blotted Phaedra from the sky, and the space-ship settled into darkness.

There was a shock, a lurch, a perceptible change of direction. Glystra spun away from the window. The lights flickered, died, then glowed weakly. Glystra ran up the spiral toward the bridge. At the top landing stood a squat man in ship's uniform—Abbigens, the radio operator and purser. Lank blond hair hung down his forehead. He watched Glystra's approach with narrow eyes set far apart.

"What's the trouble?" Glystra demanded sharply. "What's going on?"

"Don't know, Mr. Glystra. I tried to get in myself; I found the door locked."

"The ship feels out of control, as if we're going to crash!"

"Don't worry your head about that, Mr. Glystra. We've got emergency landing gear to set us down—automatic stuff. There may be a bit of a thump, but if we sit quiet in the saloon we're safe enough."

New Worlds for Old

BIG PLANET is not a pretentious nor taxing story to read. It is a gorgeous adventure, crammed with fascinating incidents and fascinating people. It's fun. Vance has performed, with deceptive ease, an incredibly difficult job.

He has created an entire new planet which will be as real to you as your own familiar Earth. He has peopled it with amazing characters, clothed it with charming backgrounds, spiced it with high adventure. And through it all runs such a surprising spine of convincing reality that we more than half expect a flood or requests for BIG PLANET's location and the date of the next space flight scheduled for it.

We'll file requests in the order in which they are received.

—*The Editor*

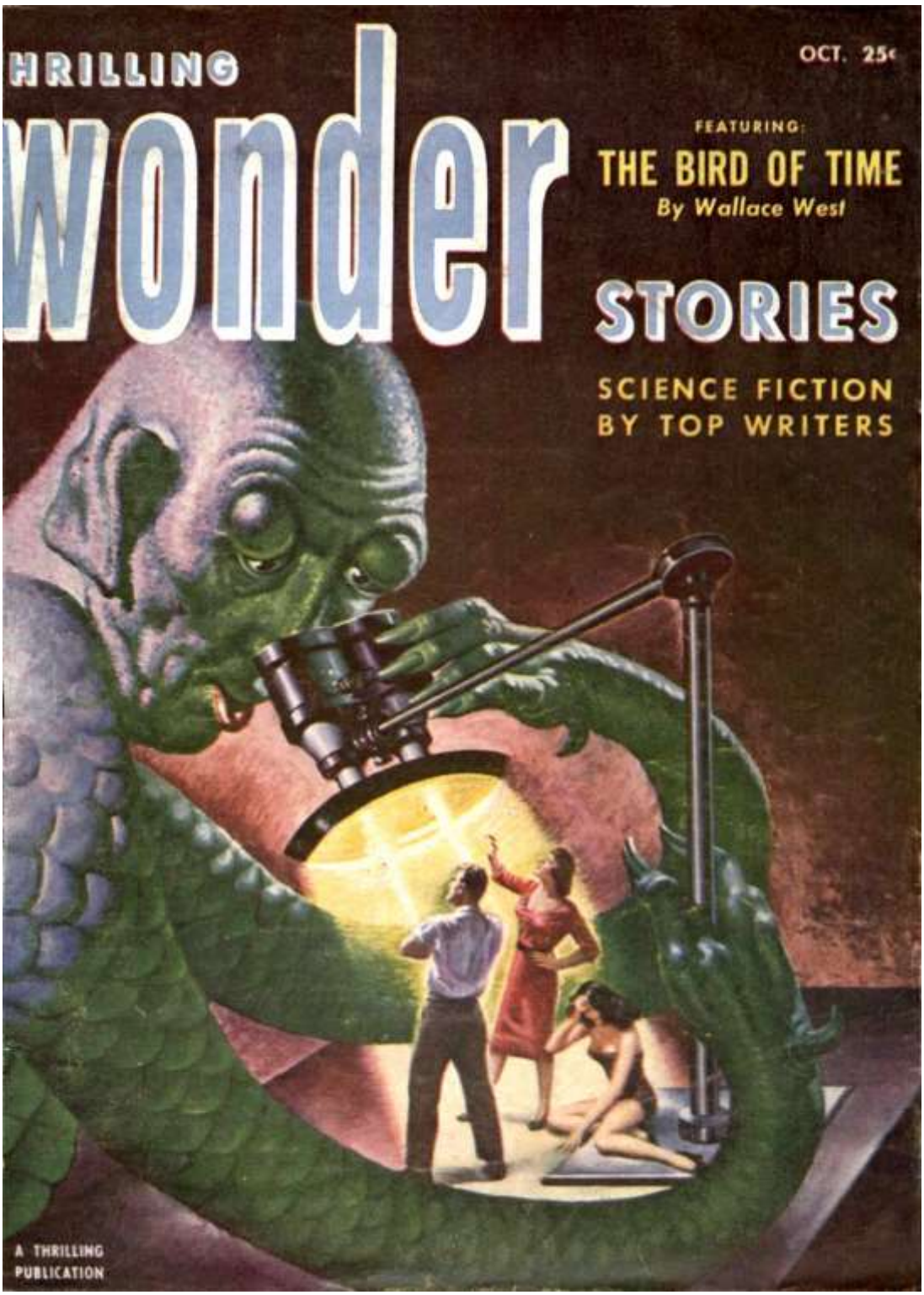
GENTLY he took Glystra's arm. Glystra shook him off, returned to the door. Solid as a section of the wall.

He ran back down the steps, railing at himself for not taking precautions against just such a chance. To land anywhere on Big Planet except Earth Enclave meant tragedy, debacle, cataclysm. He stood in the saloon doorway; there was a babble of voices, white faces turned to him. Cloyville, Darrot, Pianza, Bishop, Ketch, Hidders and the nun. All there. He ran to the engine room; the door opened under his hands. Corbus, the easygoing chief engineer, pushed him back.

"We've got to get to the life-boats," barked Glystra.

"No more life-boats."

"*No more life-boats!* What's hap-



1952-10 The Kokod Warriors-A-1952-10 ill. Earle K Bergey Thrilling Wonder

THRILLING
wonder STORIES

VOL. XLI, NO. 1 A THRILLING PUBLICATION OCTOBER, 1952

A NOVEL

THE BIRD OF TIME ..... Wallace West 10
He didn't want a four-sided honeymoon and a share-the-bride arrangement, but when on Mars, it was best to do as the Martians did

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Magnus Ridolph was hired to stop the gambling racket at Shadow Valley Inn, where men made big wagers on war in miniature

THE POLLUXIAN PRETENDER ..... Kendell Foster Crossen 90
When Manning Draco took a little run up to Pollux to spring a client, his business trip zoomed into a surprising emotional mix-up

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They argued all the way to Mars—and there each found his proof

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They stepped backward in order to go forward

THE REASONABLE PEOPLE ..... Roger Dee 120
Vanity's name is woman—insanity's name is man!

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Cover Painting by EARLE K. BERGEY

N. L. PINES, *Publisher* FANNY ELLSWORTH, *Managing Editor*
EDWARD R. ROFHEART, *Art Director* SAMUEL MINES, *Editor*

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1952-10 The Kokod Warriors-B-1952-10 TOC Thrilling Wonder stories

A Magnus Ridolph Novelet

THE KOKOD WARRIORS

By JACK VANCE

That suave, dignified rascal was hired to stop the gambling racket at Shadow Valley Inn . . . where men wagered on war in miniature!

I

MAGNUS RIDOLPH sat on the Glass Jetty at Providencia, fingering a quarti-quartino of Blue Ruin. At his back rose Granatee Head; before him spread Mille-Iles Ocean and the myriad little islands, each with its trees and neo-classic villa. A magnificent blue sky extended overhead; and his feet, under the glass floor of the jetty, lay Coral Canyon, with schools of sea-moths flashing and flickering like metal snow-flakes. Magnus Ridolph sipped his liqueur and considered a memorandum from his bank describing a condition barely distinguishable from poverty.

He had been perhaps too trusting with his money. A few months previously, the Outer Empire Investment and Realty Society, to which he had entrusted a considerable sum, was found to be bankrupt. The Chairman of the Board and the General Manager, a Mr. See and a Mr. Holpers, had been paying each other unexpectedly large salaries, most of which had been derived from Magnus Ridolph's capital investment.

Magnus Ridolph sighed, glanced at his liqueur. This would be the last of these; hereafter he must drink *vin ordinaire*, a fluid rather like tarragon vinegar, prepared from the fermented rind of a local cactus.

A waiter approached. "A lady wishes to speak to you, sir."

Magnus Ridolph preened his neat white beard. "Show her over, by all means."

The waiter returned; Magnus Ridolph's eyebrows went S-shape as he saw his guest: a woman of commanding presence, with an air of militant and dignified virtue. Her interest in Magnus Ridolph was clearly professional.

She came to an abrupt halt. "You are Mr. Magnus Ridolph?"

He bowed. "Will you sit down?"

The woman rather hesitantly took a seat. "Somehow, Mr. Ridolph, I expected someone more—well."

Magnus Ridolph's reply was urbane. "A younger man, perhaps? With conspicuous biceps, a gun on his hip, a space helmet on his head? Or perhaps my beard alarms you?"

"Well, not exactly that, but my business—"

"Ah, you came to me in a professional capacity."

"Well, yes. I would say so."

1952-10 The Kokod Warriors-C-1952-10 ill. Orban Thrilling Wonder stories

courteous hand. "However, that which is never attempted never transpires; I will bend my best efforts to your requirements. My fee—well, in view of the altruistic ends in prospect, I will be modest: a thousand munits a week and expenses. Payable, if you please, in advance."

MAGNUS RIDOLPH left the jetty, mounted Granatee Head by steps cut into the green-veined limestone. On top, he paused by the wrought-iron balustrade to catch his breath and enjoy the vista over the ocean. Then he turned and entered the blue lace and silver filigree lobby of the Hotel des Mille Iles.

Presenting a bland face to the scrutiny of the desk clerk, he sauntered into the library, where he selected a cubicle, settled himself before the mnemiphot. Consulting the index for Kokod, he punched the appropriate keys.

The screen came to life. Magnus Ridolph inspected first a series of charts which established that Kokod was an exceedingly small world of high specific gravity.

Next appeared a projection of the surface, accompanied by a slow-moving strip of descriptive matter.

Man of the Universe

IN THE years since Magnus Ridolph began his sleuthing in the pages of TWS he has become quite a personality. His latest triumph is the breaching of the gates of Hollywood, HARD LUCK DIGGINGS having been bought for a picture by 20th Century-Fox. Our impeccable goateed dandy will shortly burst upon the dazzled vision of millions who will undoubtedly never recognize the Hollywood version from any description offered by a science fiction fan conversant with the original.

Meanwhile, to tide you over until that day, here is a new and rather more rollicking adventure of the imperturbable Mr. Ridolph. Disaster skirts his heels as always, but triumph and cash are the twin goals which beckon him onward, ever onward.

—*The Editor*

Although a small world, Kokod's gravity and atmosphere make it uniquely habitable for men. It has never been settled due to an already numerous population of autochthones and a lack of valuable minerals.

Tourists are welcomed at Shadow Valley Inn, a resort hotel at Shadow Valley. Weekly packets connect Shadow Valley Inn with Starport.

Kokod's most interesting feature is its population.

The chart disappeared, to be replaced by a picture entitled, "Typical Kokod Warrior (from Rock River Tumble)", and displaying a man-like creature two feet tall. The head was narrow and peaked; the torso was that of a bee—long, pointed, covered with yellow down. Scrawny arms gripped a four-foot lance; a stone knife hung at the belt. The chitinous legs were shod with barbs. The creature's expression was mild, almost reproachful.

A voice said, "You will now hear the voice of Sam 192 Rock River."

The Kokod warrior inhaled deeply; wattles beside his chin quivered. From the mnemiphot screen issued a high-pitched stridency. Interpretation appeared on a panel to the right.

"I am Sam 192, squadronite, Company 14 of the Advance Force, in the service of Rock River Tumble. Our valor is a source of wonder to all; our magnificent stele is rooted deep, and exceeded in girth only by the steles of Rose Slope Tumble and crafty Shell Strand Tumble.

"This day I have come at the invitation of the (untranslatable) of Small Square Tumble, to tell of our victories and immensely effective strategies."

ANOTHER sound made itself heard: a man speaking falsetto in the Kokod language. The interpretation read:

Question: Tell us about life in Rock River Tumble.

Sam 192: It is very companionable.

Q: What is the first thing you do in the morning?

A: We march past the matrons, to as-

1952-12 Planet of the Damned-A-1952-12 ill. Earle K Bergey Space Stories

EVERY STORY BRAND NEW

SPACE stories

A THRILLING PUBLICATION VOL. 1, NO. 2 DECEMBER, 1952

COMPLETE NOVEL

PLANET OF THE DAMNED ..... **Jack Vance** 10
He had only this to offer to those slaves on that prison world: Blood, Sweat, Fears — and Freedom!

A NOVELET

GET ALONG LITTLE UNICORN ..... **Kendell Foster Crossen** 114
Greshold knew he was a good match for the Centaur, but even the brightest match burns only briefly!

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She had the key to life but couldn't find the door

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Pointing a Space Warp is not like pointing a gun

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The tiny Martian mother found her vengeance sweet

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SAMUEL MINES, Editor

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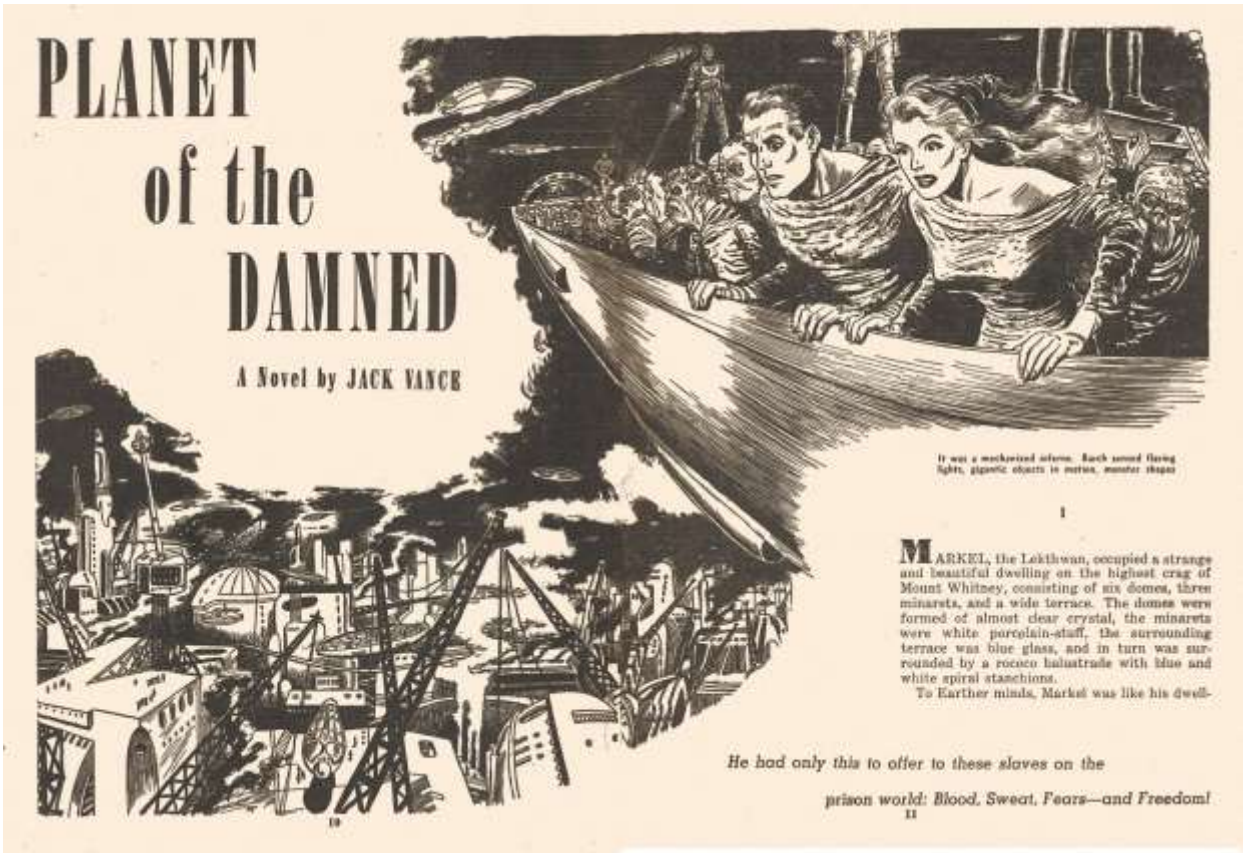
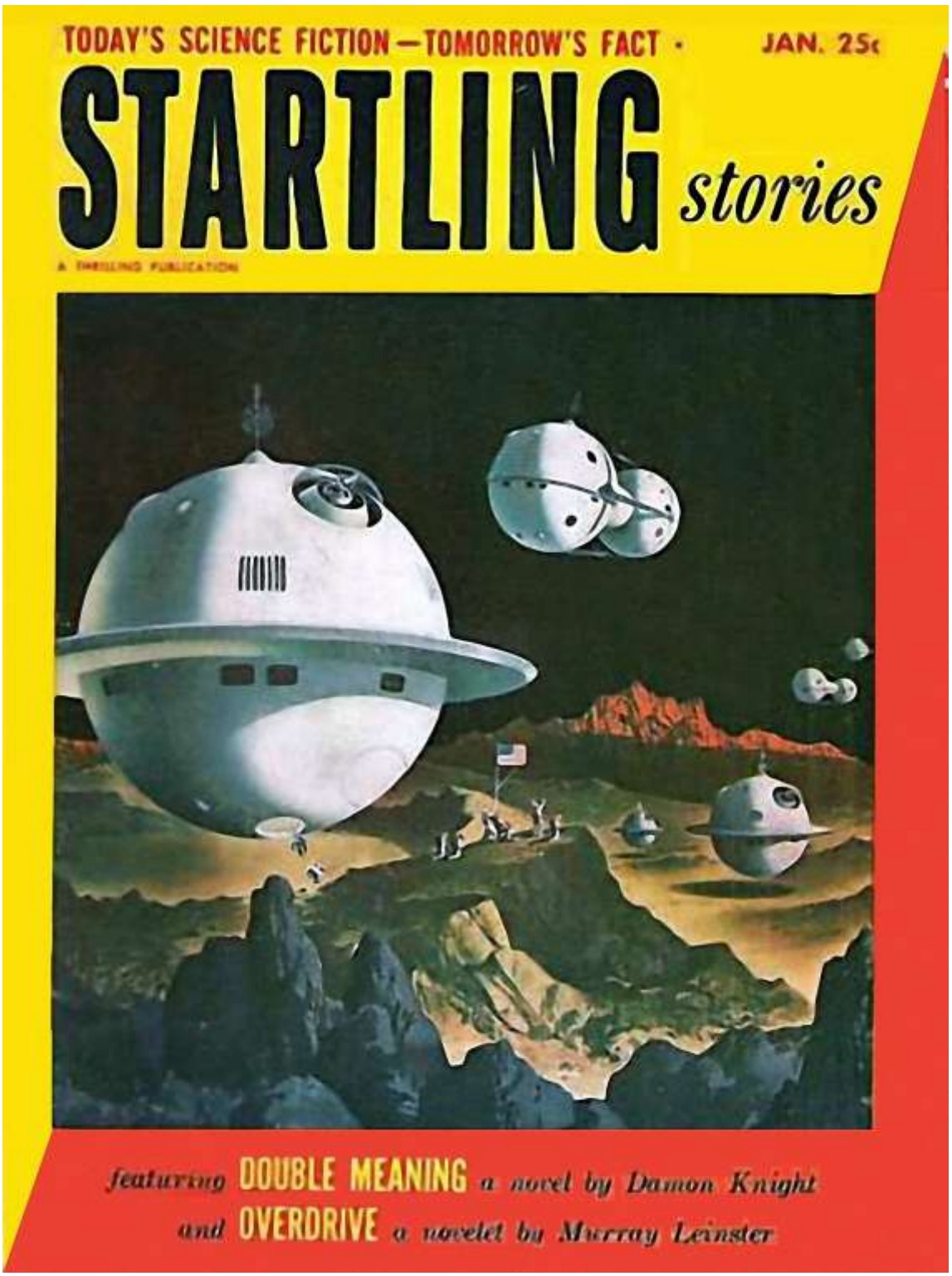
1952-12 Planet of the Damned-B-1952-12 TOC Space-Stories



1952-12 Planet of the Damned-C-1952-12 Space-Stories

1952-12 Planet of the Damned-D-1952-12 art. EMSH Space-Stories



1953-01 Three-Legged Joe-A-1953-01 ill. Alex Schomburg Startling Stories

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Vol. 28, No. 3 A THRILLING PUBLICATION January, 1953

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All his values were useless, his defenses meaningless—he had lost everything but a self he didn't even know existed

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N. L. PINES, Publisher
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1953-01 Three-Legged Joe-B-1953-01 TOC Startling Stories

There were darts of light

Three-Legged Joe

By JACK VANCE

He was a triple threat to the fortune that awaited them

IT MIGHT be well to make, in passing, a reference to old-time prospectors. Their experience has been gained through vast hardship and peril; no cause for wonder, then, that as a group they are secretive and solitary. It is hard to win their friendship; they are understandably contemptuous of academic training. Much of their lore will die with them and this is a pity, since locked in their minds is knowledge that might well save a thousand lives.—Excerpt from Appendix II, Hade's Manual of Practical Space Exploration and Mineral Survey.

John Milke and Oliver Paskell sauntered along Bang-out Row in Merlinville. Recent graduates of Highland Technical Institute, they walked with an assured and casual stride in order to convey an impression of hard-boiled competence. Old-timers on porches along the way stared, then turned and muttered briefly to each other.

John Milke was rubicund, energetic, positive; when he walked his cheeks and tidy little paunch jiggled. Oliver Paskell, who was dark, spare and slight, affected old-style spectacles and an underslung pipe. Paskell was noticeably less

1953-04 DP-A-1953-04 art Leo Manso avon sf and fantasy reader

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2 APRIL 1953

Avon SCIENCE FICTION and FANTASY Reader

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NO REPRINTS

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Cover Illustration By Leo Manso

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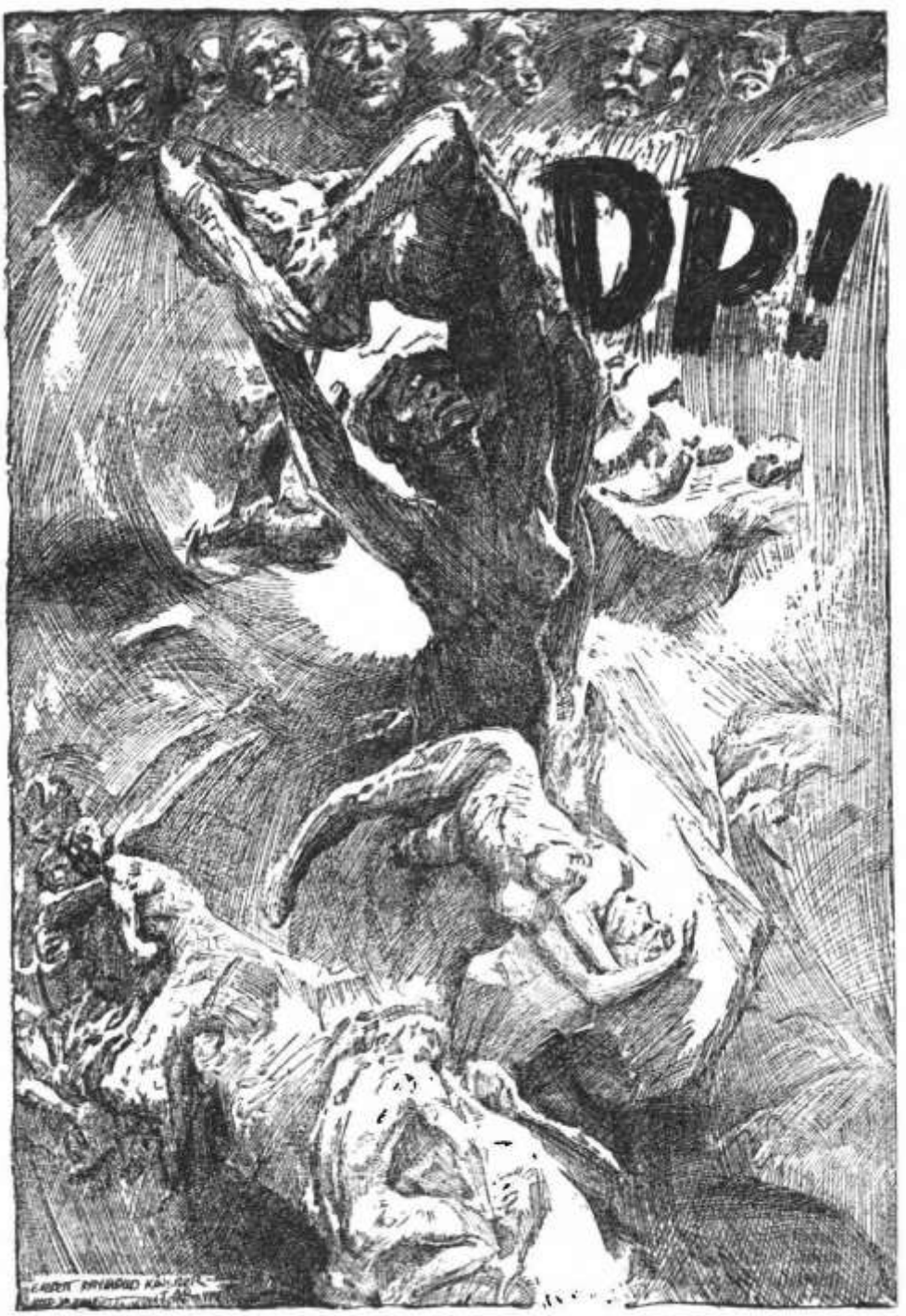


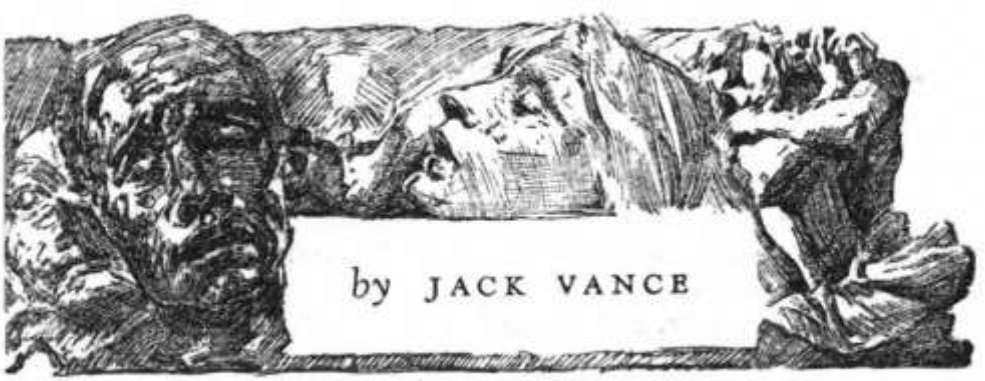
1953-04 DP-C-1953-04 art Everett raymond Kanster

illustrator: Everett Raymond Kinstler

The world had grown accustomed to the televised, newsreeled sight of stolid refugees plodding hopelessly away from calamity, belongings piled on their backs. The slaughter in which people had indulged with periodic regularity had blunted the fine edge of their humanity, made them less sensitive to the sufferings of others.

Anyhow, they told themselves, these *DP's were* different. . . .

AN OLD WOODCUTTER WOMAN, hunting mushrooms up the north fork of the Kreuzberg, raised her eyes and saw the strangers. They came step by step through the ferns, arms extended, milk-blue eyes blank as clam shells. When they chanced into patches of sunlight, they cried out in hurt voices and clutched at their naked scalps, which were white as ivory, and netted with pale blue veins.



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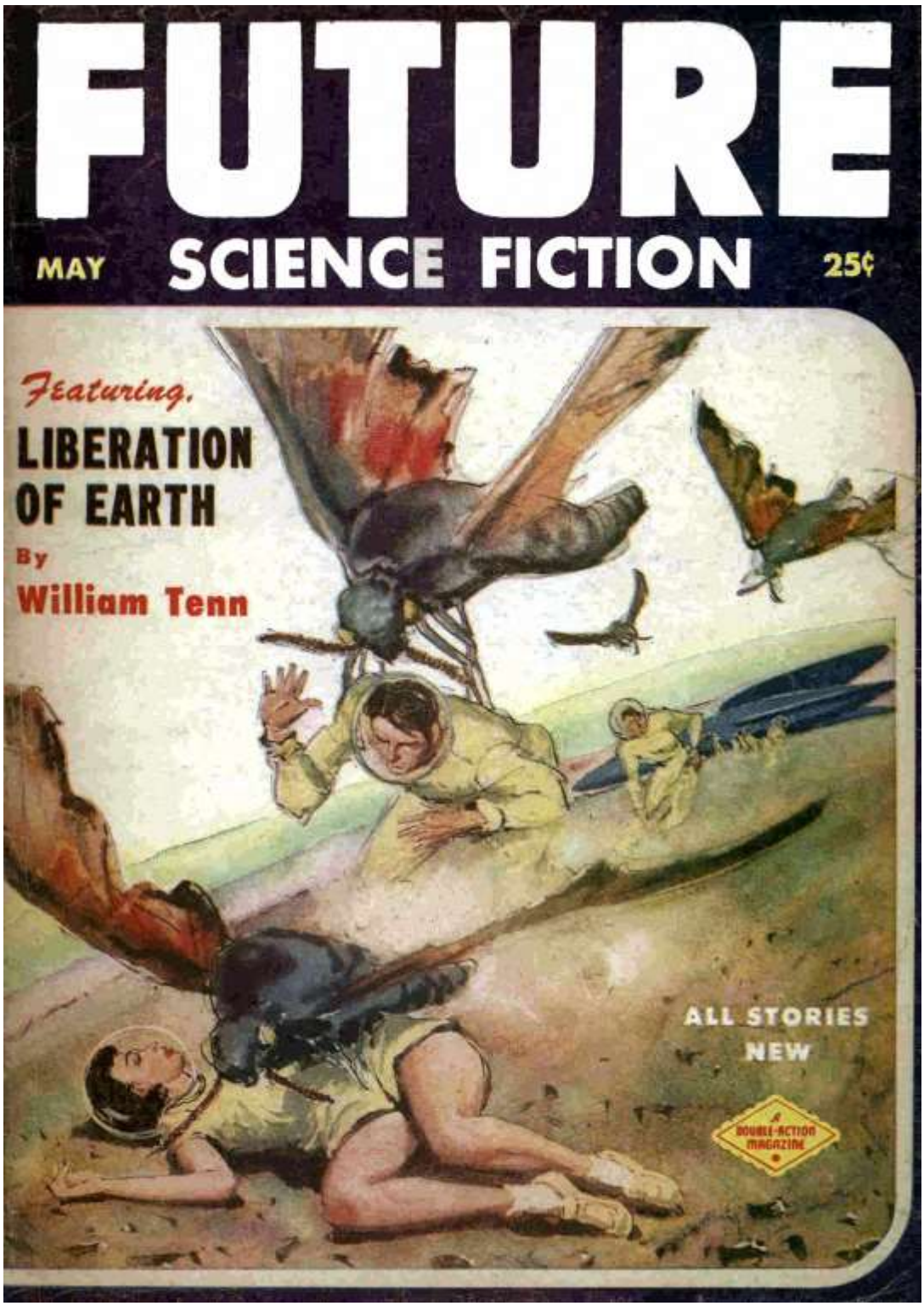

1953-05 Ecological Onslaught-A-1953-05 ill. Leslie Ross FUTURE SF

FUTURE
SCIENCE FICTION

May 1953

Volume 4 Number 1

Robert W. Lowndes Editor

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Let us read this superb saga, and count our blessings . . .

NOVELETS

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Strange was the warfare between the Kay system and the Blue Star!

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Cover by A. Leslie Ross, illustrating "Ecological Onslaught"
Interior Illustrations by Tom Beecham, Milton Luros, C. A. Murphy and Paul Orban

Next Issue on Sale May 1st

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1953-05 Ecological Onslaught-B-1953-05 TOC FUTURE SF

Bernisty drew a blazing line in front of the Kay men.

10

Novelet Of
Worlds To Come

ECOLOGICAL ONSLAUGHT

The Kay system had no use for this world, but was determined that the men of the Blue Star should not develop it.

by Jack Vance

(illustrated by Paul Orban)

ABOARD the exploration-cruiser *Blauelm* an ugly variety of psycho-neural ailments was developing. There was no profit in extending the expedition, already in space three months overlong; Explorator Bernisty ordered a return to Blue Star.

But there was no rise of spirits, no lift of morale; the damage had been done. Reacting from hypertension, the keen-tuned technicians fell into glum apathy, and sat staring like andromorphs. They ate little, they spoke less. Bernisty attempted various ruses; competition, subtle musics, pungent food, but without effect.

Bernisty went further; at his orders the play-women locked themselves in their quarters, and sang erotic chants into the ship's address-system. These protean measures failing, Bernisty had a dilemna on his hands. At stake was the identity of his team, so craftily put together—such a meteorologist to work with such a chemist; such a botanist for such a virus analyst. To return to Blue Star thus demoralized—Bernisty shook his craggy head. There would be no further ventures in *Blauelm*.

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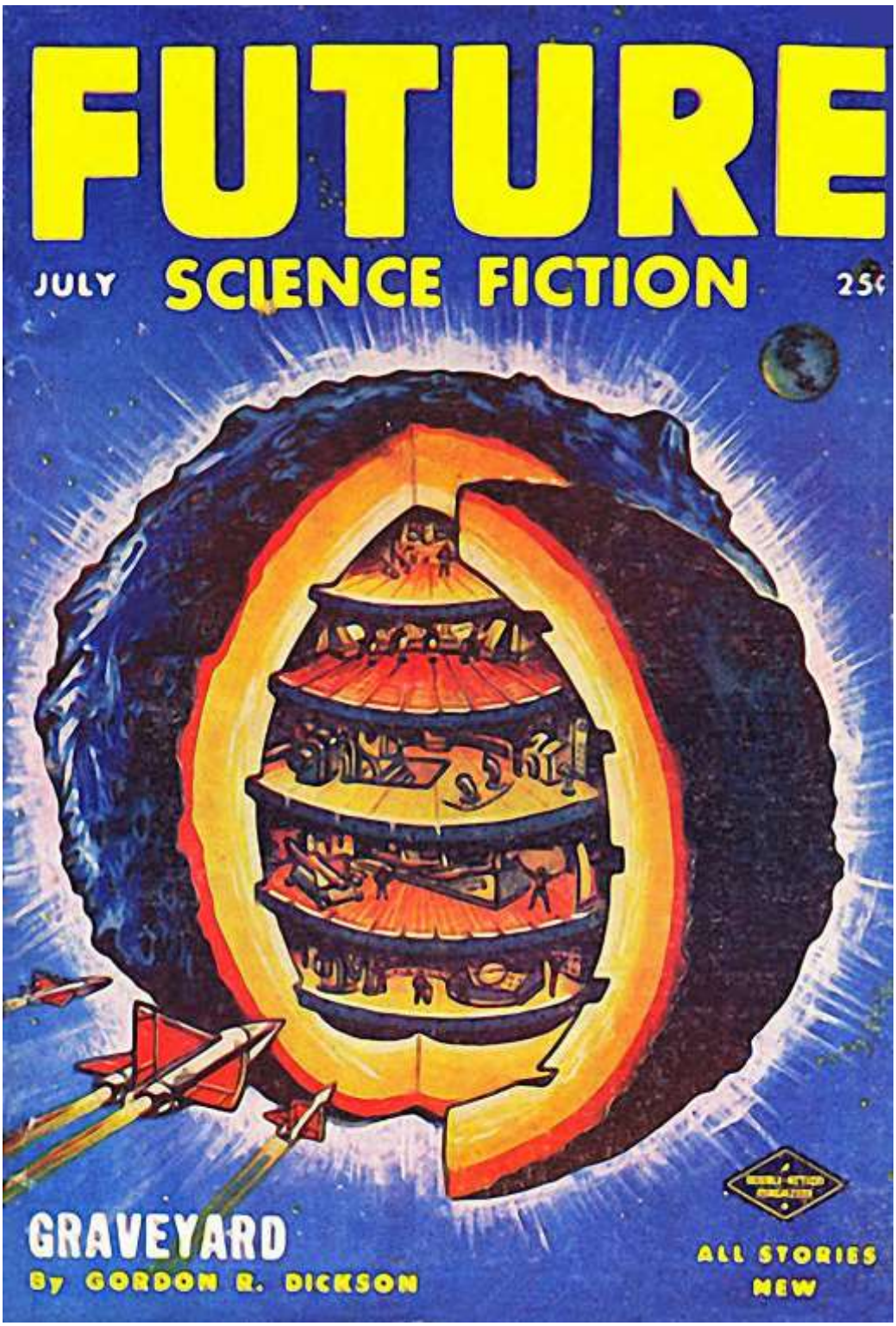
1953-05 Ecological Onslaught-C-1953-05 ill. Paul Orban FUTURE SF

1953-05 Ecological Onslaught-D-1953-05 ill.
Paul Orban FUTURE SF



1953-07 400 Blackbirds-A-1953-07 art Milton Luros future-science-fiction

July 1953

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Robert W. Lowndes Editor

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Man and dog work together on one of the greatest of projects.

Novelet

FOUR HUNDRED BLACKBIRDS ..... Jack Vance 66
If he refused to deliver this super-weapon, someone else would . . .

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I'll ride those lifeless skies until the skies fall . . .

STRIKE ..... Richard Wilson 35
It's unsafe, Art Roper finds, to investigate some industrial accidents.

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Now, if you noticed a flare-up on Mars last year . . .

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Cover by Milton Luros, illustrating "The Aeropause"
Interior Illustrations by Milton Luros, C. A. Murphy and Paul Orban

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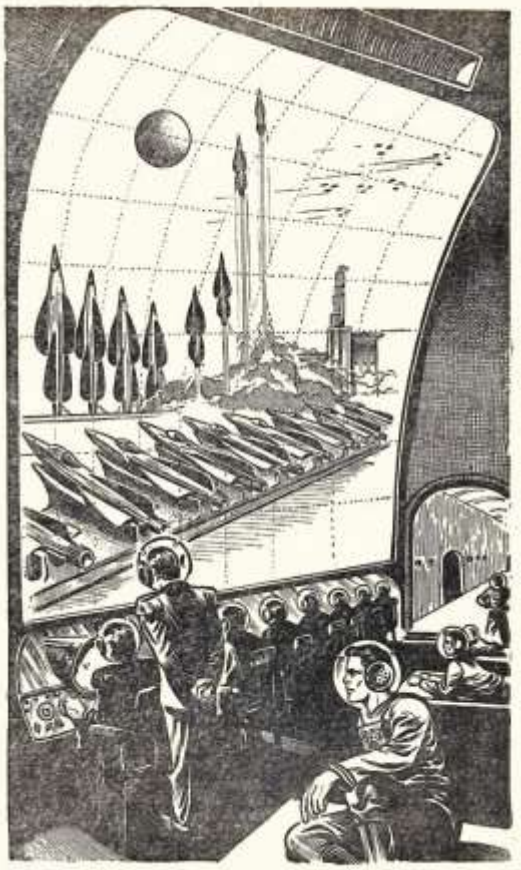
1953-07 400 Blackbirds-B-1953-07 TOC Future-science-fiction



One by one the vast armada took off, until the skies were blackened by the mass of ships...

67

FOUR HUNDRED BLACKBIRDS

Novelet of Tomorrow

by Jack Vance

(Illustrated by Milton Luros)

Abel Ruan knew he could gain nothing by refusal to cooperate with the general. It would change nothing, mean nothing except his own death. But if he lived, if he could command the scientific end of this war, there might be a chance to use the weapon he'd unwittingly discovered, in a different way.

AT THE SIGHT of the green-and-black uniform, the guard stiffened, stepped forward, a hand at his weapon.

Director Edvard Schmidt of the Institute said, "It's all right, Leos. Open up."

The guard hesitated, bristling at the short square man in the alien regalia.

"Open up," said the director, without heat, as if he had already passed through the same emotions.

The guard complied with a shrug, returning stare for flinty stare as the uniformed man passed in.

Beyond the wall, the director and his guest faced a number of white buildings irregularly placed on a grassy compound. Director Schmidt gestured with a lean old hand. "Undoubtedly the smallest, least pretentious national research station in the world."

The man in uniform turned him a quick look, pitiless rather than bos-

1953-07 400 Blackbirds-C-1953-07 art Milton Luros future science fiction

1953-07 Sjambak-A-1953-07 art. Ken Fagg IF

Wilbur Murphy sought romance, excitement, and an impossible Horseman of Space. With polite smiles, the planet frustrated him at every turn—until he found them all the hard way!

SJAMBAK

By Jack Vance

Illustrated by VIRGIL FINLAY

HOWARD FRAYBERG, Production Director of *Know Your Universe!*, was a man of sudden unpredictable moods; and Sam Catlin, the show's Continuity Editor, had learned to expect the worst.

"Sam," said Frayberg, "regarding the show last night. . ." He paused to seek the proper words, and Catlin relaxed. Frayberg's frame of mind was merely critical. "Sam, we're in a rut. What's worse, the show's dull!"

Sam Catlin shrugged, not committing himself.

"*Seaweed Processors of Alphard IX*—who cares about seaweed?"

"It's factual stuff," said Sam, defensive but not wanting to go too far out on a limb. "We bring 'em everything—color, fact, romance, sight, sound, smell. . . . Next week, it's the Ball Expedition to the Mix-tup Mountains on Gropus."

Frayberg leaned forward. "Sam, we're working the wrong slant on this stuff. . . . We've got to loosen up, sock 'em! Shift our ground! Give 'em the old human angle—glamor, mystery, thrills!"

Sam Catlin curled his lips. "I got just what you want."

"Yeah? Show me."

Catlin reached into his waste basket. "I filed this just ten minutes ago. . . ." He smoothed out the pages. "'Sequence idea, by Wilbur Murphy. Investigate "Horseman of Space," the man who rides up to meet incoming spaceships'."

Frayberg tilted his head to the side. "Rides up on a *horse?*"

"That's what Wilbur Murphy says."

"How far up?"

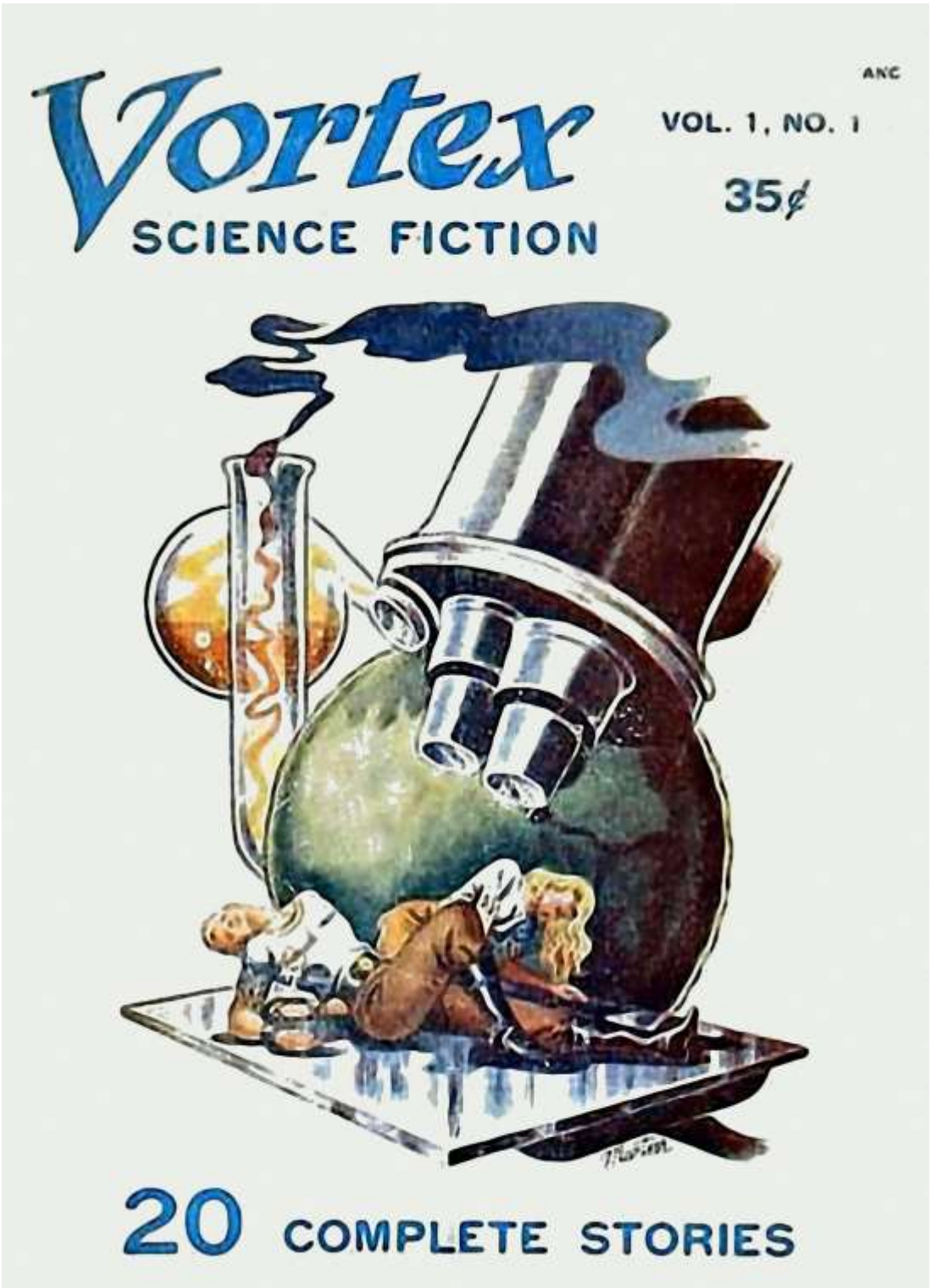
"Does it make any difference?"

"No—I guess not."

"Well, for your information, it's up ten thousand, twenty thousand miles. He waves to the pilot, takes off his hat to the passengers, then rides back down."

"And where does all this take place?"

1953-07 Sjambak-C-1953-07 ill. Virgil Finlay IF p5



1953-08 The Mitr-A-1953-08 art Martin Vortex

Vol. 1, No. 1

VORTEX

SCIENCE FICTION

ALEXANDER GROSS, Publisher CHESTER WHITEHORN, Editor

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1953-08 The Mitr-B-1953-08- Vortex

1953-08 The Mitr-C-1953-08 - Vortex

1953-11 Shape up-A-1953-11 COSMOS SCIENCE FICTION ET FANTASY MAGAZINE JV

SKIP THE DEFINITIONS!

For a number of years, a quarrel has been going on in some circles of science-fiction and fantasy readership.

Briefly, the whole thing revolves around the question: what is science-fiction — and how does it differ from fantasy?

The "purists" claim that science-fiction can only deal with present-day science, proven or provable, and its immediate results. The middle-of-the-roaders insist that any story that has a supposedly "scientific" premise is science-fiction. The extremists, a small minority, base their theories on the statement that science-fiction and fantasy are exactly the same thing—fantasy, after all, being only the science we don't have laws for—yet.

These groups battle it out whenever they happen to meet. But not one of the fighters has yet asked the simple question: why all the argument?

After all, the purpose of either form is to entertain. Whether you're entertained by definition A5 or definition B-2319 doesn't seem to matter, so long as the definitions don't get in the way.

Thus, *Visitor from Nowhere* could be classified as either fantasy or science-fiction, depending on your point of view. B. Traven, the author, likes to think of it as fantasy. But we like to think of it as a good *story*—which it is, as you'll find.

N. R.'s story, of course, is fiction of a different calibre. The author is still living and uses no other name than his initials, not because of shyness, but because he *has* no other name. While we don't usually reprint stories, we think you'll find this First Earth Publication of a deservedly famous Martian story well worth your interest.

In this second issue of *Cosmos*, we've tried to give you a balance of different types of stories. From fantasy like John Jakes' *With Intent to Kill*, science-fiction like *Shape-Up* by Jack Vance or *Hot Squat* by A. Bertram Chandler, to one of the solar system's favorites, *Terran Menace*—and the fine pair of articles, F. M. Turner's up-to-the-minute reportage and Dr. Robert S. Richardson's collection of literary oddities —we think it's a top issue.

Thanks for agreeing with us so wholeheartedly on our initial issue. We hope you'll agree with us again, about this second issue of *Cosmos*.

—*The Editors*

Cosmos Science Fiction and Fantasy

Vol. 1, No. 2 **NOVEMBER 1953**

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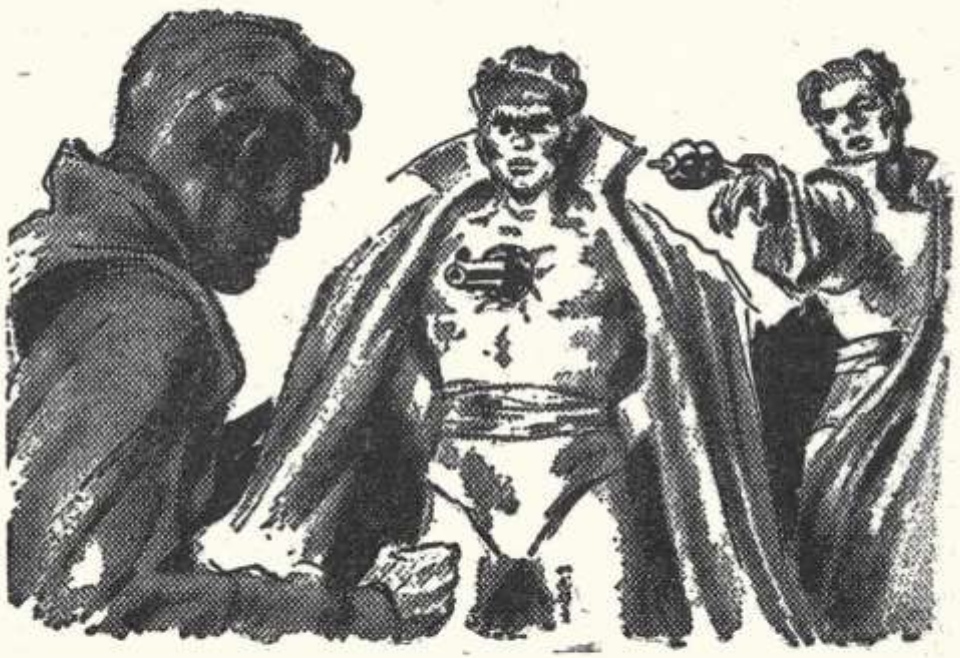
Printed in the U. S. A.

1953-11 Shape up-B-1953-11 TOC COSMOS SCIENCE FICTION ET FANTASY MAGAZINE JV

Who was the unseen Belisarius? Why was he hiring these men? Jarvis didn't know, but he realized he had to find out — or be killed.

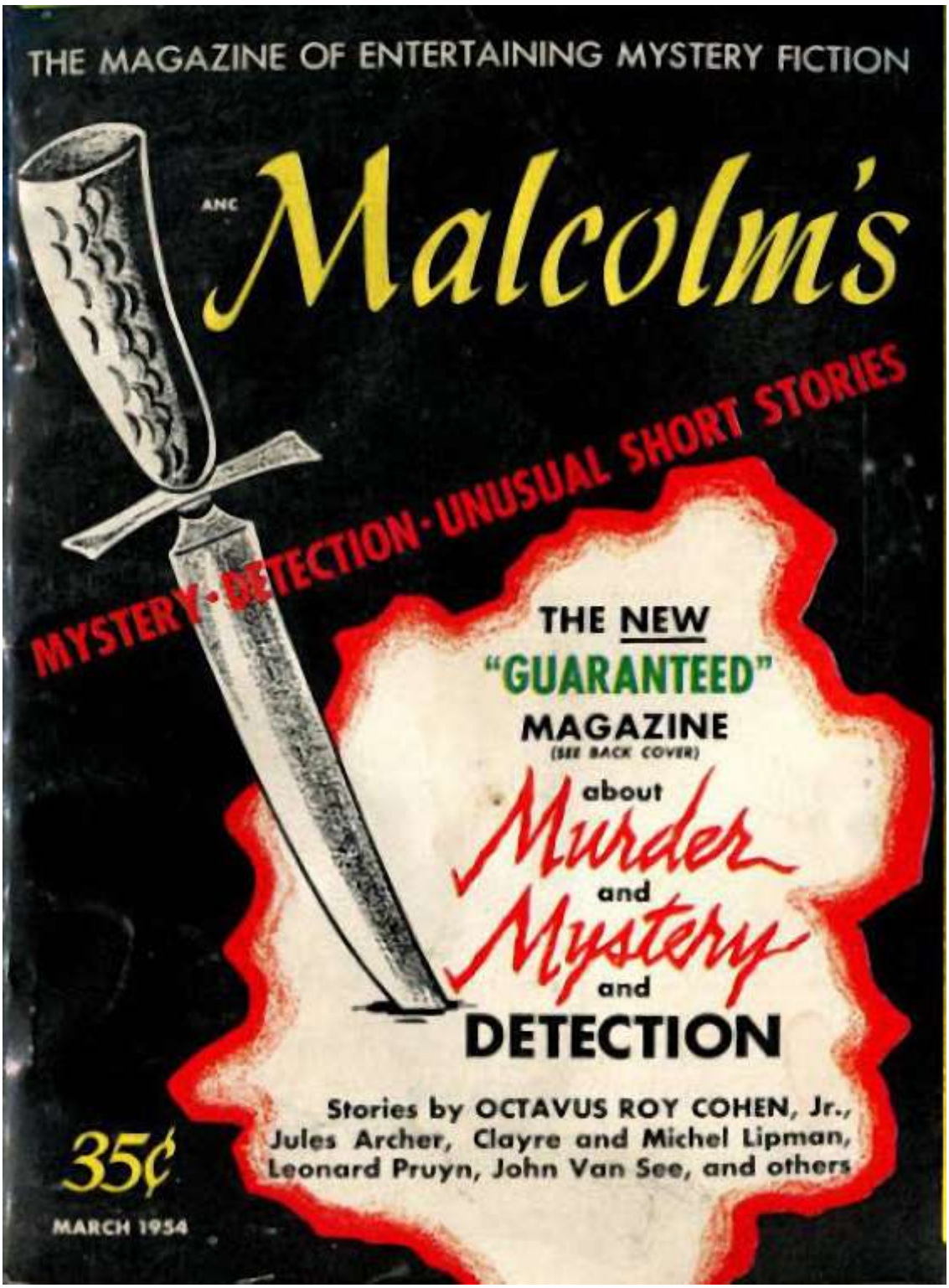


SHAPE-UP

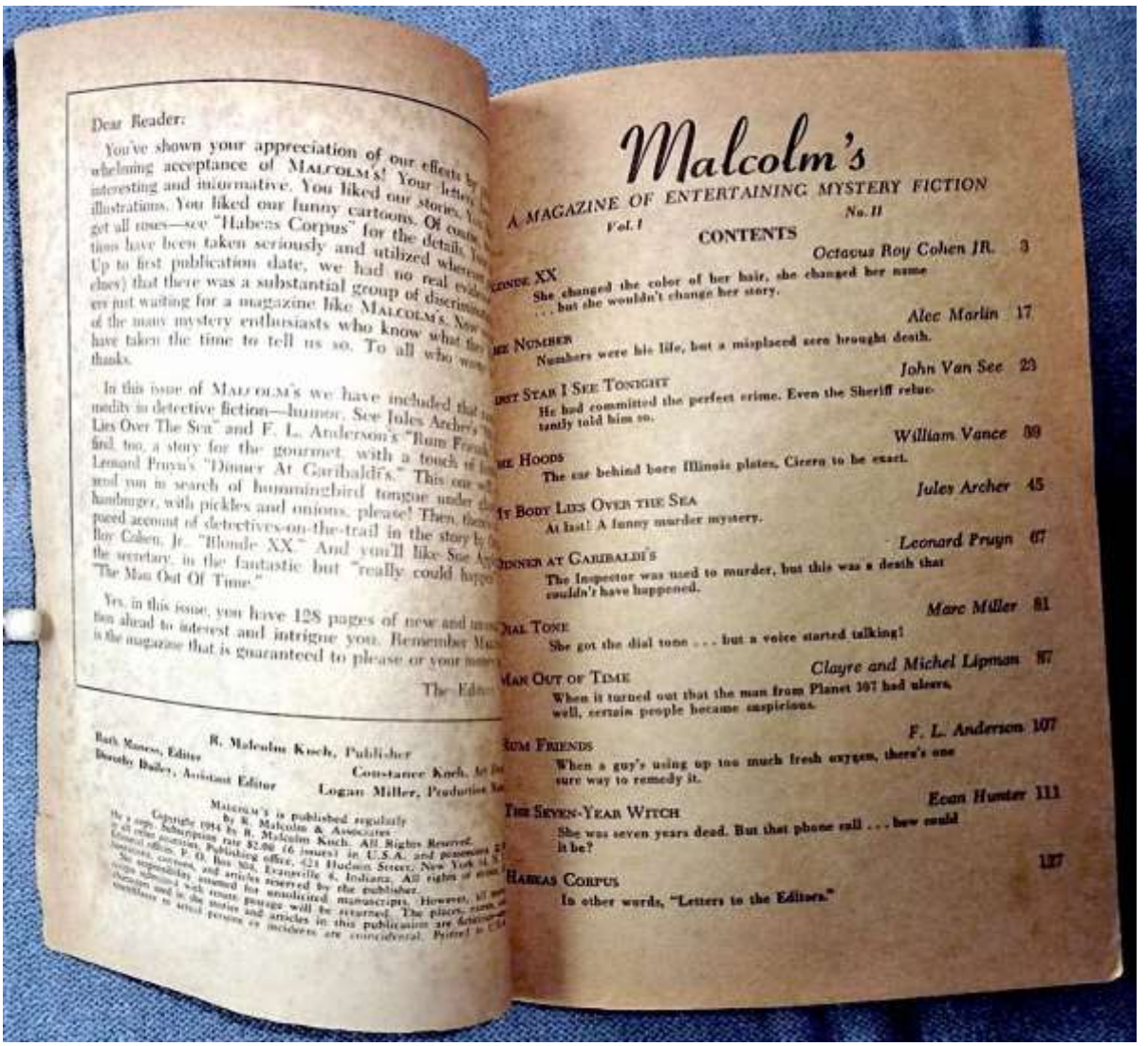
By JACK VANCE

JARVIS came down Riverview Way from the direction of the terminal warehouse, where he had passed an uncomfortable night. At the corner of Sion Novack Way he plugged his next-to-last copper into the *Pegasus Square Farm and Mining Bulletin* dispenser; taking the pink tissue envelope, he picked his way through the muck of the street to the Original Blue Man Cafe. He chose a table with precision and nicety, his back to a corner, the length of the street in his line of sight.

The waiter appeared, looked Jarvis up and down. Jarvis countered with a hard stare. "Hot anise, a viewer."



1954-03 First Star I see Tonight-A-1954-03 MALCOLM S A MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINING MYSTERY FICTION VOL. 2



Dear Reader:

You've shown your appreciation of our efforts by the overwhelming acceptance of MALCOLM'S! Your letters [illegible] interesting and informative. You liked our stories, [illegible] illustrations. You liked our funny cartoons. Of course, [illegible] got all roses—see "Habeas Corpus" for the details. [illegible] tions have been taken seriously and utilized wherever [illegible] Up to first publication date, we had no real evidence [illegible] clues) that there was a substantial group of discriminating [illegible] ers just waiting for a magazine like MALCOLM'S. Now [illegible] of the many mystery enthusiasts who know what they [illegible] have taken the time to tell us so. To all who wrote, [illegible] thanks.

In this issue of MALCOLM'S we have included that [illegible] nodity in detective fiction—humor. See Jules Archer's "[illegible] Lies Over The Sea" and F. L. Anderson's "Rum Friends" [illegible] find, too, a story for the gourmet, with a touch of [illegible] Leonard Pruyn's "Dinner At Garibaldi's." This one will [illegible] and run in search of hummingbird tongue under [illegible] hamburger, with pickles and onions, please! Then, there's [illegible] paced account of detectives-on-the-trail in the story by [illegible] lor Cohen, Jr. "Blonde XX." And you'll like Sue Archer's [illegible] the secretary, in the fantastic but "really could happen" [illegible] "The Man Out Of Time."

Yes, in this issue, you have 128 pages of new and [illegible] tion ahead to interest and intrigue you. Remember MALCOLM'S [illegible] is the magazine that is guaranteed to please or your money [illegible]

The Editor

R. Malcolm Kuch, Publisher
Ruth Manees, Editor — Constance Kuch, Art Director
Dorothy Butler, Assistant Editor — Logan Miller, Production Manager

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Malcolm's

A MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINING MYSTERY FICTION

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EDWARD R. ROFHEART, Art Director PAT JONES, Assistant Editor

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

1954-03 Houses of Iszm-B-1954-03 TOC Startling Stories

His was a strange mission to a planet where the walls had ears—and a power to fight back....

I

IT WAS assumed as a matter of course that visitors came to Iszm with a single purpose: to steal a female house. Cosmographers, students, babes-in-arms, notorious scoundrels: the Iszic cynically applied the same formula to all—microscopic inspection of mind and body, detailed surveillance.

Only the fact that they turned up so many house-thieves justified the procedure.

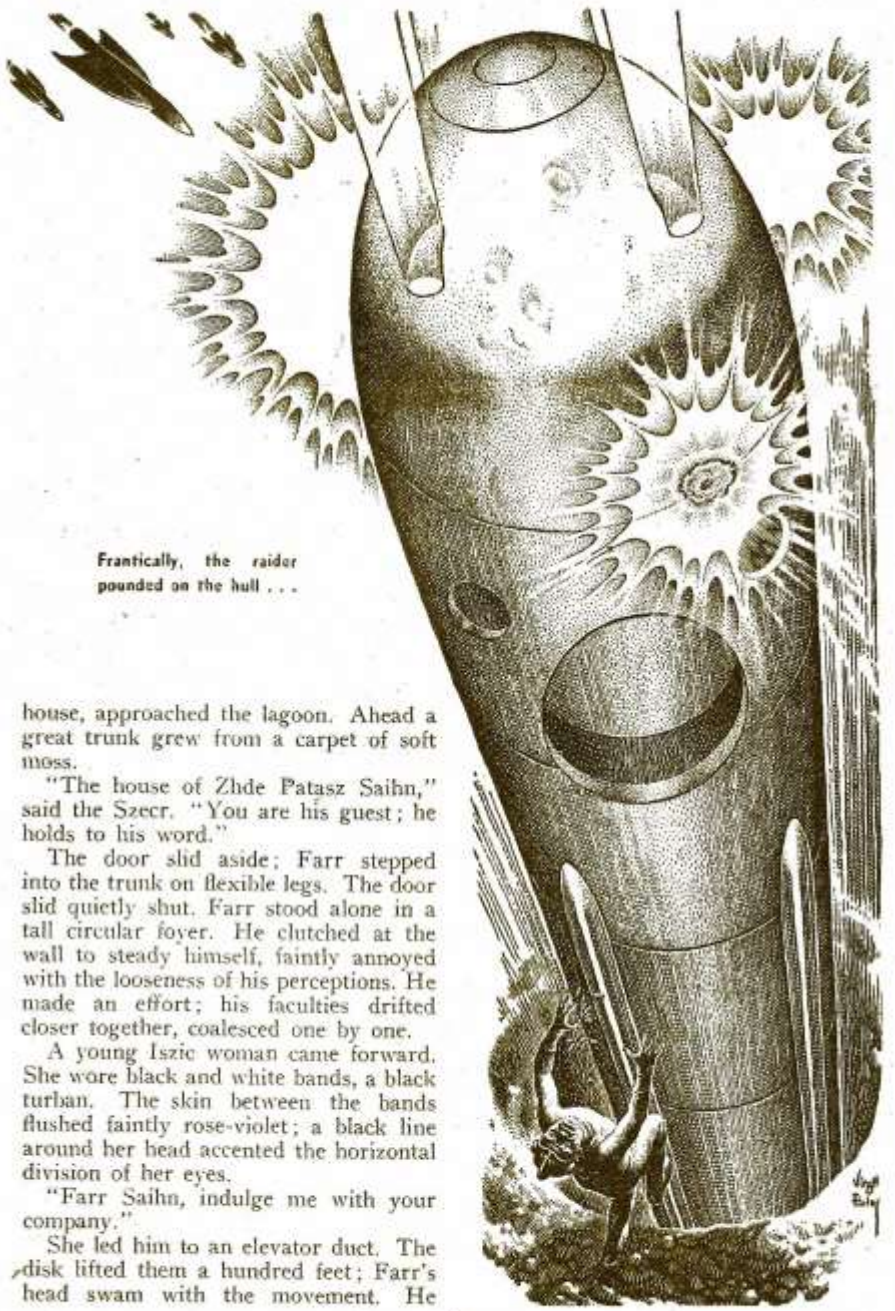
From a distance, it seemed simple enough to steal a house. A seed no larger than a grain of barley could be sewn into a strap; a seedling could be woven into the pattern of a shawl; a young shoot could be taped to a rocket-missile and launched

Illustrated by VIRGIL FINLAY

The Houses of Iszm

A Novel by JACK VANCE

1954-03 Houses of Iszm-C-1954-03 ill. Virgil Finlay Startling Stories



Frantically, the raider pounded on the hull . . .

house, approached the lagoon. Ahead a great trunk grew from a carpet of soft moss.

"The house of Zhde Patasz Saihn," said the Szecr. "You are his guest; he holds to his word."

The door slid aside; Farr stepped into the trunk on flexible legs. The door slid quietly shut. Farr stood alone in a tall circular foyer. He clutched at the wall to steady himself, faintly annoyed with the looseness of his perceptions. He made an effort; his faculties drifted closer together, coalesced one by one.

A young Iszic woman came forward. She wore black and white bands, a black turban. The skin between the bands flushed faintly rose-violet; a black line around her head accented the horizontal division of her eyes.

"Farr Saihn, indulge me with your company."

She led him to an elevator duct. The disk lifted them a hundred feet; Farr's head swam with the movement. He

want them too," growled Farr.

"No," said the Iszic humorlessly. "They would be examined and returned to you."

An Iszic in a tight white and gray uniform entered the room, carrying a hypodermic.

Farr drew back. "What's this!"

"A harmless radiant."

"I don't need any."

"It is necessary," said the medic, "for your own protection. Most visitors hire boats and sail out upon the Pheadh. Occasionally there are storms, the boats are blown off course. This radiant will define your position on the master panel."

"I don't want to be protected," said Farr. "I don't want to be a light on a panel."

"Then you must leave Iszm."

Farr submitted, cursing the medic for the length of the needle and the quantity of radiant.

"Now—into the next room for your tri-type, if you please."

Farr shrugged, walked into the next room.

"On the gray disk, Farr Sainh—palms forward, eyes wide."

He stood rigid; feeler-planes brushed down his body. In a glass dome a three-dimensional simulacrum of himself six inches high took form. Farr inspected it sourly.

"Thank you," said the operative. "Clothes and whatever personal effects you may need will be issued in the next room."

Farr dressed in visitor's uniform; white soft trousers, a gray and green striped smock, a loose dark-green velvet beret that fell low over his ear. "Now may I go?"

The attendant looked into a slot beside him. Farr could see a flicker of bright characters. "You are Farr Sainh the research botanist." It was as if he had said, "You are Farr, the admitted criminal."

"I'm Farr."

"There are several formalities awaiting you."

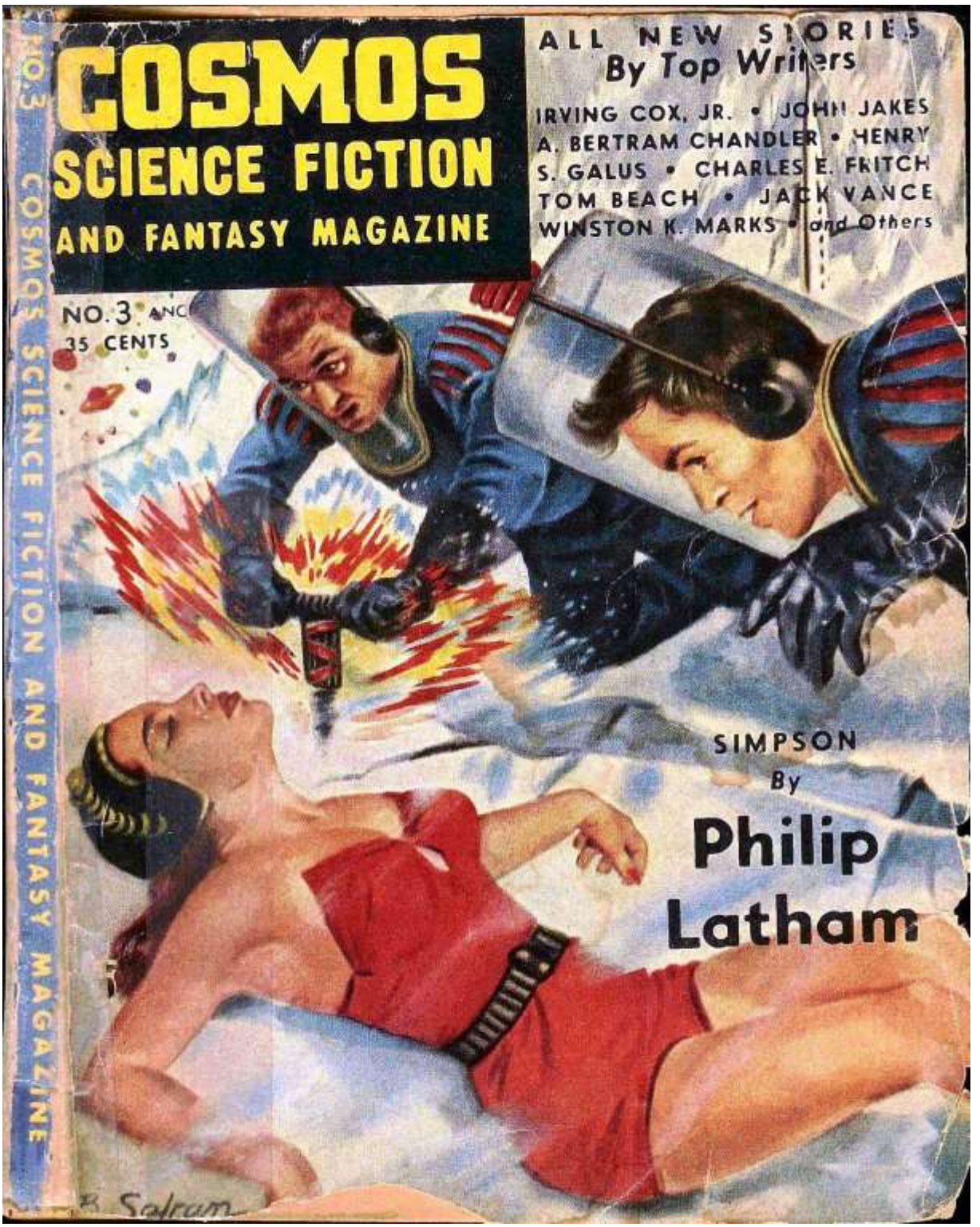
The formalities required three hours. Farr was once more given to the Szecr, who examined him carefully.

He was finally allowed his freedom. A young man in the yellow and green stripes of the Szecr escorted him to a gondola floating in the lagoon, a long slender craft grown from a single pod. Farr gingerly took a seat and was sculled across to the city of Jhespiezan.

It was his first experience of an Iszic city, and it was far richer than his mental picture. The houses grew at irregular intervals along the avenues and canals—heavy gnarled trunks, supporting first the lower pods, then masses of broad leaves, half-submerging the upper pod-

Goldfish Bowl

ABOUT the time BIG PLANET was published (SS, September 1952) Jack Vance lost his intellectual privacy. BIG PLANET was a large hit; the fans who were trying to prove that Vance was Henry Kuttner finally gave up; and our own modest comment that we considered Vance one of the truly great story-tellers of our time combined to crystallize him as a writer. Now the analysts are going to work on his style, importance and message in a manner which must give him a quiet chuckle now and then. Message or no, he remains a superb story-teller; a writer who can weave magic with words. If HOUSES OF ISZM is your first Vance story . . . well, you take it from here. ***—The Editor***



1954-03 When the Five Moons Rise-A-1954-03 ill. B Safran COSMOS SF

THE BEAUTIFUL MONSTERS

There is a widespread theory, occurring in most science-fiction, that we'd like to see a lot less often. It is assumed that because a being comes from another world, or an unexplored segment of our own world, that he must be horrible to view.

The fact is that the unknown can be a lot more pleasant than the known world. Philip Latham, in this month's *Simpson*, makes that point in discussion about his Venerian Queen Hortense. Larry M. Harris' *Expatriate*, in our last issue, accepted the point as a working theory.

In general, however, the trend continues—toward more and more horrible monstrosities, more and more blood-chilling miscegenations. Once in a while, as in the examples pointed out, a story refuses to accept the trend—and that story usually is a fine one, because the author has entirely new material with which to work.

A cry will, of course, go up: "But if your other-world creatures are so handsome and intelligent—what's there to fight against?"

Well, we Earthmen aren't all hideous looking; yet we find enough dissension down here. It is, admittedly, extremely difficult to create not only a *consistent* but a *believable* alien mentality and personality. Instead of doing so, therefore, many writers are content to label the alien "horrible," and forget about characterization. When fully characterized, as in the examples mentioned above, the alien becomes not *horrible* but *understandable*, perhaps a likeable individual, with problems of his own.

The alien and the Earthmen still can be opposed, of course—in philosophy, for example, but in order for that friction to be understood and transmitted to the reader, both viewpoints have to be understandable.

The monstrous being, the consistently raving beast, is a non-survival creature. Sooner or later, such creatures will wipe themselves out, due to an excess of brutality and a lack of other targets.

Chances are, when we do reach other worlds, that we'll find very few such beings. Most of the things we find undoubtedly will be strange, and some of them may be *horrible* by our standards. On the other hand, some may be so supernaturally beautiful that we can't stand to look at them.

Let's love our neighbors—including the neighbors five or fifty or a thousand light-years away.

—*The Editors*

Cosmos Science Fiction and Fantasy

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WHEN THE FIVE MOONS RISE

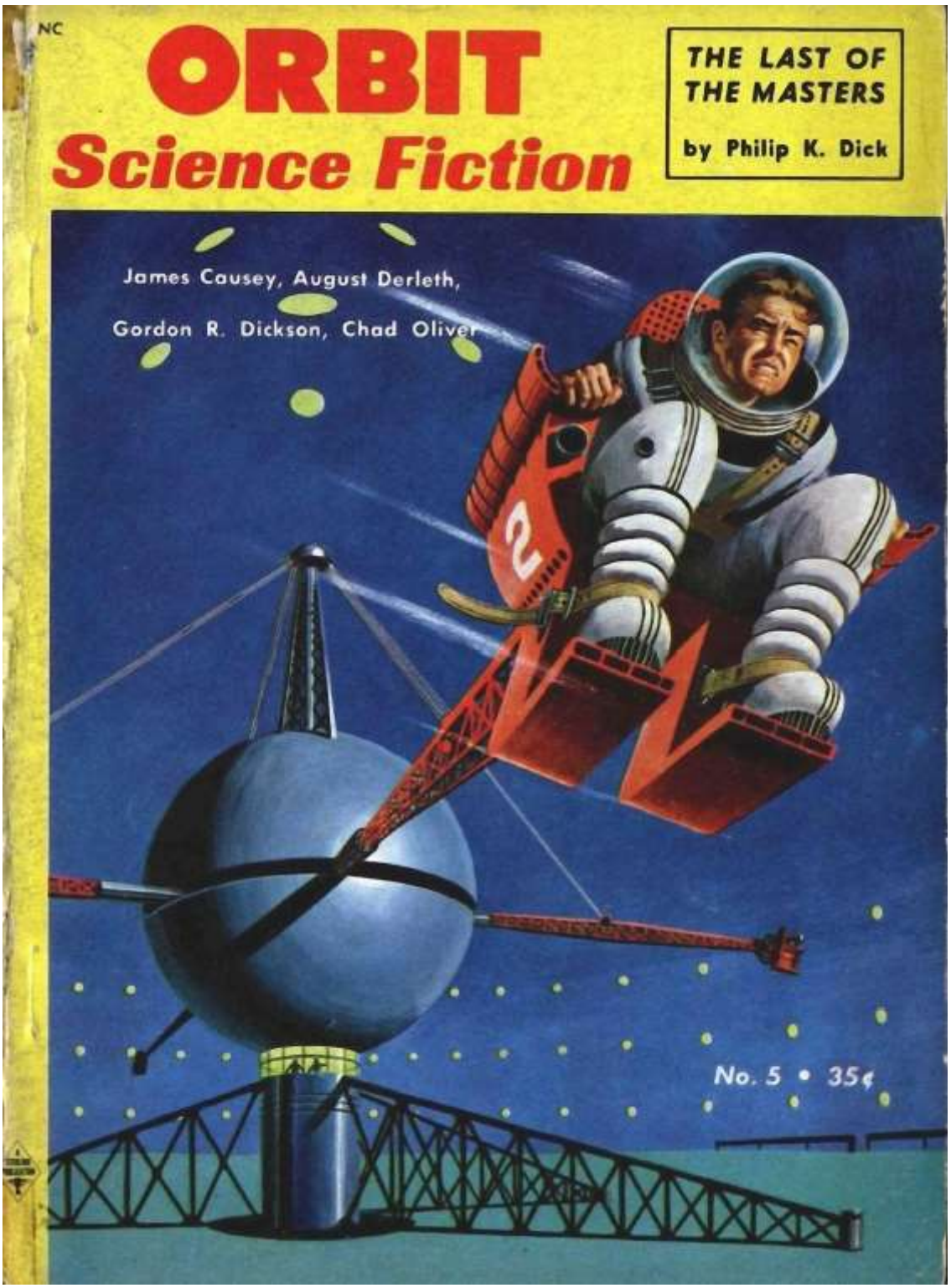
By JACK VANCE

SEGUILO could not have gone far; there was no place for him to go. Once Perrin had searched the lighthouse and the lonesome acre of rock, there were no other possibilities—only the sky and the ocean.

Seguilo was neither inside the lighthouse nor was he outside. Perrin went out into the night, squinted up against the five moons. Seguilo was not to be seen on top the lighthouse.

Seguilo had disappeared.

Perrin looked indecisively over the flowing brine of Maurnilum Var. Had Seguilo slipped on the damp rock and



1954-11 The Enchanted Princess-A-1954-11 ill. Alex Schomburg OrbiT

ORBIT

THE BEST IN
Science Fiction

Volume 1, No. 5

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BERNARD GORDON, Art Director

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1954-11 The Enchanted Princess-B-1954-11 TOC Orbit

The ENCHANTED

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY ASLEEP MEANT PAIN TO ONE MAN,

1954-11 The Enchanted Princess-C-1954-11 art. Jack Faragasso p108

PRINCESS

by Jack Vance

WEALTH TO ANOTHER. AWAKE, SHE BROUGHT DEATH.

JAMES AIKEN recognized the man at the reception desk as Victor Martinon, former producer at Pageant. Martinon had been fired in the recent retrenchment, and the headlines in *Variety* sent goose-flesh along every back in the industry. If flamboyant, money-making Martinon went, who was safe?

Aiken approached the desk, puzzled by Martinon's presence at the Krebius Children's Clinic. A versatile lover, Martinon never stayed married long enough to breed children. If Martinon were here on the same errand as his own—well, that was a different matter. Aiken felt a sharpening of interest.

"Hello, Martinon."

"Hi," said Martinon, neither knowing Aiken's identity nor caring.

"I worked on *Clair de Lune* with you—built the Dreamboat sequence."

Clair de Lune was Martinon's next to last picture.

"Oh, yes. Quite an effort. Still with Pageant?"

"I'm in my own lab now. Doing special effects for TV."

"A man's got to eat," said Martinon, implying that Aiken now could sink no further.

Aiken's mouth quivered, reflecting mingled emotions. "Keep me in mind, if you ever get back in pictures."

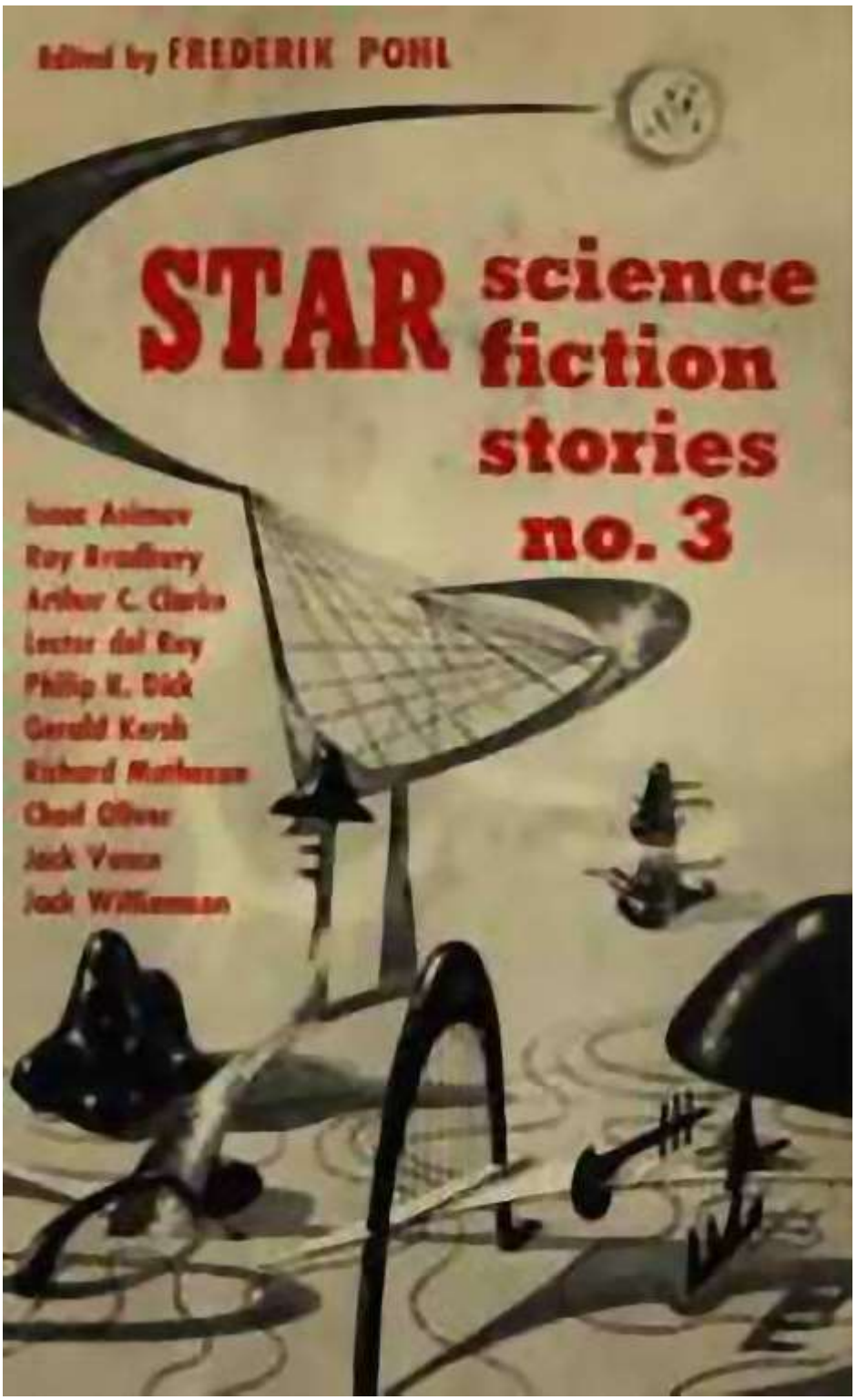
"Yeah. Sure will."

Aiken had never liked Martinon anyway. Martinon was big and broad, about forty, with silver hair pomaded and brushed till it glittered. His eyes were vaguely owlish—large, dark, surrounded by fine wrinkles; his mustache was cat-like; he wore excellent clothes. Aiken had no mustache; he was wiry and dark. He walked with a slight limp because of a Korean bullet, and so looked older than his twenty-five years. Martinon was suave and smelled of heather; Aiken was abrupt, angular and smelled of nothing much in particular.

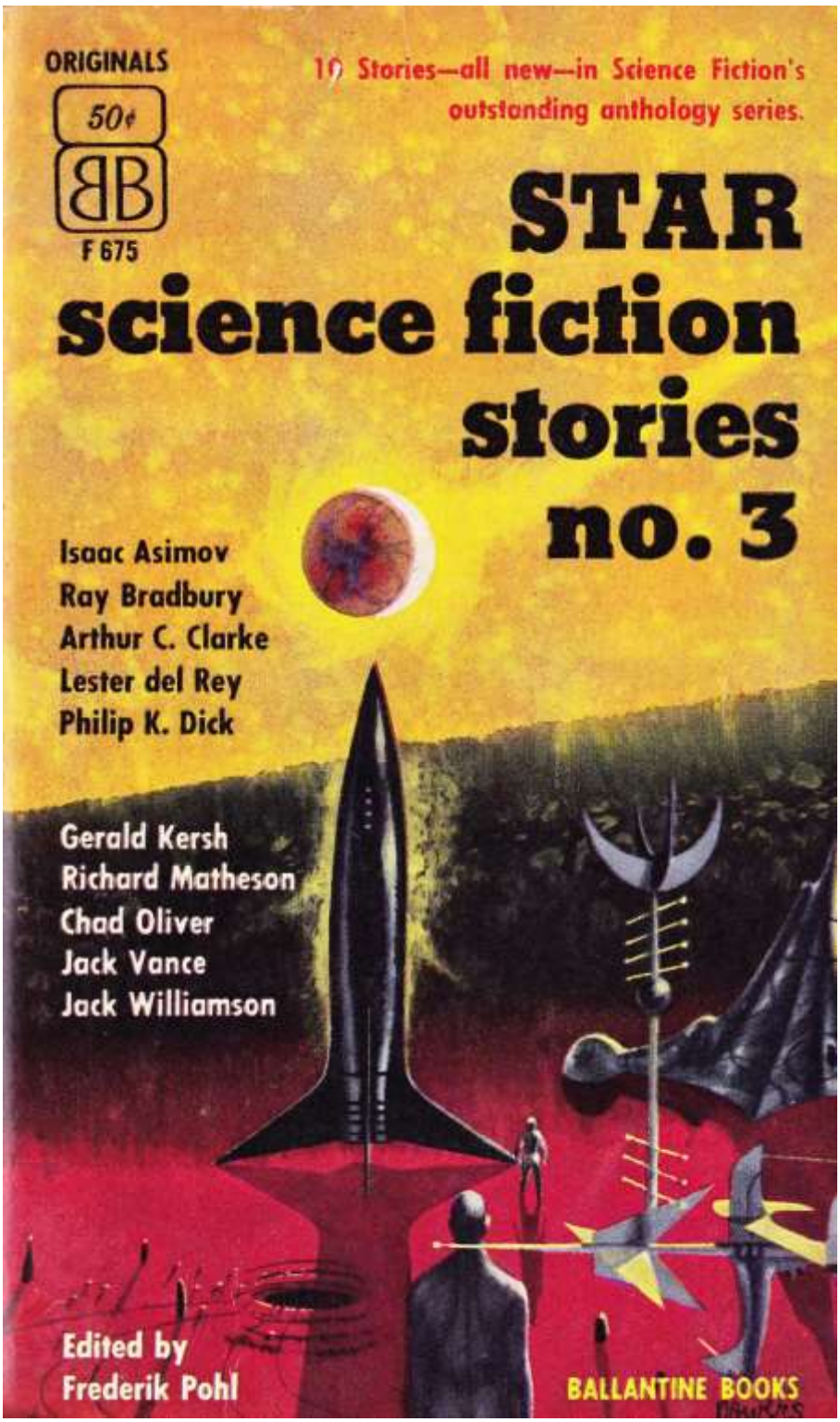
Aiken spoke to the nurse behind the desk. "My sister has a little boy here. Bunny Tedrow."

"Oh, yes, Bunny. Nice little boy."

"She came to visit him yesterday, and told me about the film you were



1955-01 The devil on Salvation Hill-1955-01 ill. Richard Powers
Star SF Stories The Devil on Salvation Bluff



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EDITOR'S NOTE

The pleasures of an anthologist are many and mostly immoral. It is, for instance, his undeserved privilege to receive the compliments that, in a well-ordered world, would go to the writers of the stories he prints. They, not he, cudgel their brains and pound their typewriters; they, not he, create wonderful things to say and contrive pleasurable ways of saying them. They make the book that bears his name out of blank white paper and talent; he is merely a screen, a sort of literary soot extractor, whose sole function is to keep out of print the stories which do not measure up to the mark, and transmit to the reader the stories which do.

The ten writers in this book need very little screening. Some are relatively new—Philip Dick and Richard Matheson and Jack Vance—and some, like Asimov and Williamson, have been with us for a long time. Some of them own reputations that rest on a broader base than any "category" of fiction: You need not be a science-fiction fan to recognize the name of Lester del Rey for his award-winning juveniles, or Arthur C. Clarke for his book-club nonfiction, or Ray Bradbury for the stories that have appeared in every one of the major "slicks," or Gerald Kersh for best-selling novels like NIGHT AND THE CITY. But even the newest is a star in his own right; and the stories they give us now rank with the best they have done.

All of these ten stories are science fiction. Perhaps you are an avid subscriber to *Galaxy* or *Astounding;* perhaps you have never before heard the term "science fiction" used. Either way, this selection is tailored for you. If you're an ardent fan, here are ten new stories by your favorite writers, not one of which has ever appeared in print in America before. If this is your first venture, here are ten stories selected from the very top of what is, in your editor's firm belief, the freshest and most hopeful area of writing in the world today.

—Frederik Pohl

1955-01 The devil on Salvation Hill-B-1955-01 TOC Star SF Stories

JACK VANCE

. A first-rate science-fiction story is sometimes a quagmire. You venture out on its attractive and solid-looking surface and, at a point of no return, you find the ground dissolving under you. An alien planet is NOT merely a more distant Earth. To say more would be to say much too much; so, with no more warning than that, now set boldly forth to meet——

The Devil on Salvation Bluff

A few minutes before noon the sun took a lurch south and set.

Sister Mary tore the solar helmet from her fair head and threw it at the settee—a display that surprised and troubled her husband, Brother Raymond.

He clasped her quivering shoulders. "Now, dear, easy does it. A blow-up can't help us at all."

Tears were rolling down Sister Mary's cheeks. "As soon as we start from the house the sun drops out of sight! It happens every time!"

"Well—we know what patience is. There'll be another soon."

"It may be an hour! Or ten hours! And we've got our jobs to do!"

Brother Raymond went to the window, pulled aside the starched lace curtains, peered into the dusk. "We could start now, and get up the hill before night."

" 'Night?' " cried Sister Mary. "What do you call this?"

Brother Raymond said stiffly, "I mean night by the Clock. *Real* night."

"The Clock. . . ." Sister Mary sighed, sank into a chair. "If it weren't for the Clock we'd all be lunatics."

Brother Raymond, at the window, looked up toward Salvation Bluff, where the great clock bulked unseen. Mary joined him; they stood gazing through the dark.

1955-02 The World Thinker reedit-A-1955-02 ill. Alex Schomburg
FANTASTIC STORIES

FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE

A THRILLING PUBLICATION

•

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In front of Lanarck's eyes, space quivered and wrenched

Planetary secret agent Lanarck had to get the atom equations — but first he had to catch the dangerous young lady

THE WORLD-THINKER

74

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I

THROUGH the open window came the myriad sounds of the city—the swish of passing air-traffic, the soft clank of the pedestrian belt on the ramp below, hoarse undertones from the lower levels. Cardale sat by the window, inattentive to both the noise and the ocean breeze which cooled his face. His eyes stared unseeingly over the ebony desk at the wall opposite. His fingers twitched a sheet of paper, bearing a photograph and a few lines of type.

For the twentieth time, he turned his gaze on it.

FUGITIVE!

Kenna Parker—Age 21; height 5 feet 5 inches; hair, black; eyes, blue; distinguishing characteristics—

He shifted his eyes to the photograph, and looked for the twentieth time at the young face with its incongruously angry eyes. A placard over her head read "94E-627." Cardale returned to the printed words.

Sentenced April 18, 2073, to three years at the Manning, Nevada, Federal Women's Camp. In the first six months of her incarceration Kenna Parker accumulated 22 months of additional punitive confinement. Caution is urged in her apprehension.

a complete novelet by JACK VANCE

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1955-02 The World Thinker reedit-C-1955-02 ill. Emsh FANTASTIC STORIES

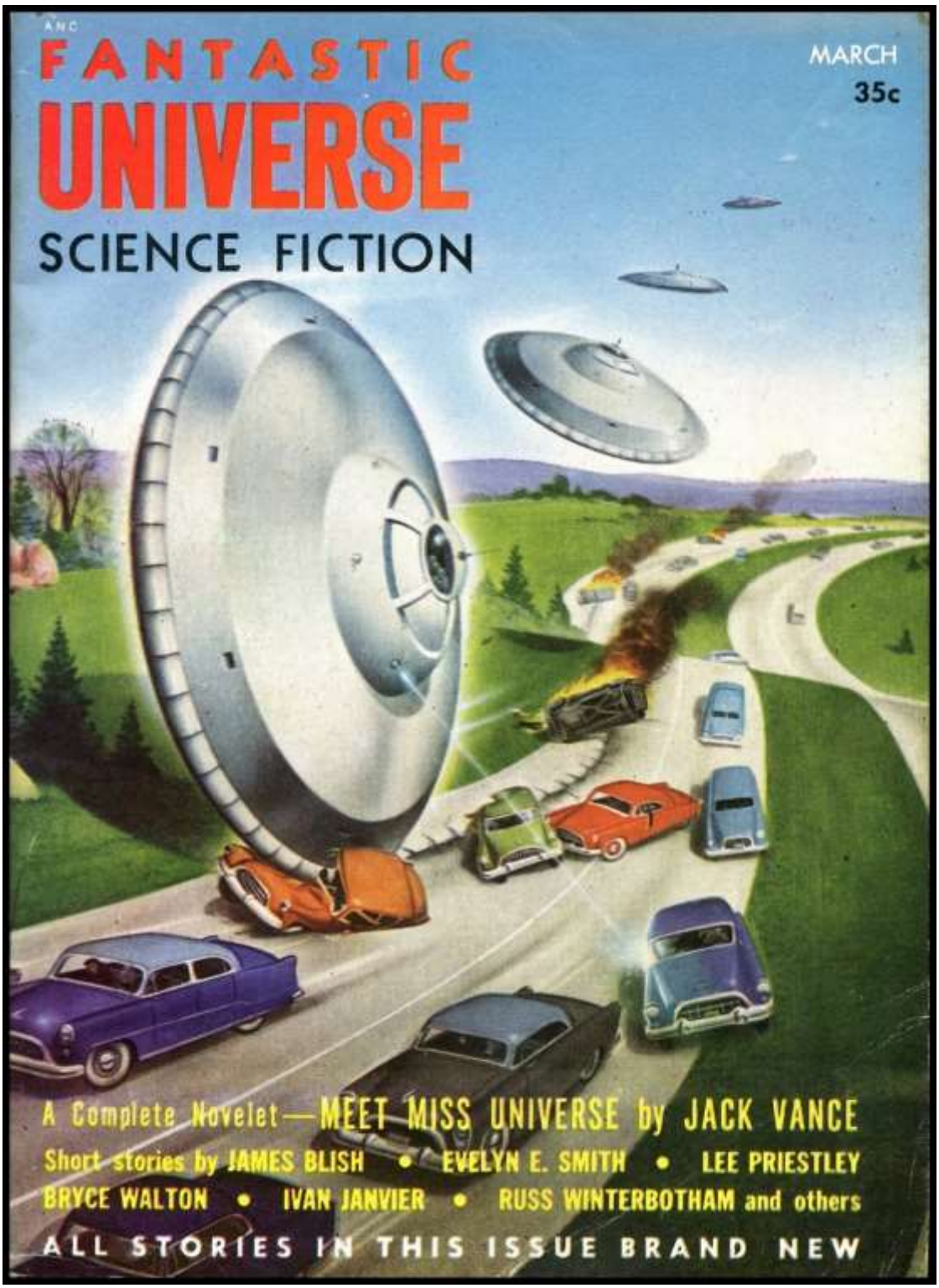
Supporting both girls, he continued on toward the temple

mark visible from windy horizon to windy horizon. Beside the building, as he dropped lower, he found Kenna's fluted silver space-boat. He swooped to a landing, half-expecting a bolt from her needle-beam. The port of the space-boat hung open, but she did not show herself as he ground to a halt on his crash-keel close by.

The air, he found, was breathable. Buckling on his needle-beam, he stepped out on the stony ground. The hot gale tore at him, buffeting his face, whipping tears from his eyes. Wind-flung pebbles bounding along the ground stung his legs. The light from the great sun burned his shoulders.

He inspected the terrain warily. There was no sign of life, either from the white building or from Kenna's space-boat. As he surmised, the girl was not inside her ship. The ground stretched away, utterly bare and sun-drenched, far out into the dusty distances.

Lanarck looked to the lonely white structure. She must be within. Here



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1955-03 Meet Miss Universe-B-1955-03-TOC Fantastic Universe

meet miss universe

by . . . Jack Vance

Miss Universe was quite the most glamorous creature in all the universe of stars. How could Earthmen be so tragically blind?

HARDEMAN CLYDELL turned toward his smart young assistant Tony LeGrand. "Your idea has a certain mad charm," he said. "But —can it add to what we've already got?"

"That's a good question," LeGrand said. He looked down across what they already had: the Califnia Tri-Centennial Exposition, a concrete disk two miles wide, crusted with white towers, rust-red terraces, emerald gardens, sapphire pools, segmented by four great boulevards: North, East, South, West—3.1416 square miles of grandeur and expense in the middle of the Mojave Desert.

A five-thousand-foot pylon, rearing from the Conclave of the Universe, held a tremendous magnesium parasol against the sting of the desert sun. Half-way up the pylon, a platform supported the administrative offices and an observation deck where Hardeman Clydell, the Exposition's General Director, and Tony LeGrand now stood.

"I believe," said LeGrand, frowning at the cigar Clydell had

The Oxford English Dictionary would scarcely hold all of the words that have been written about feminine beauty by Shakespeare alone. Lesser bards have swelled the total hugely. Is feminine beauty only skin-deep? Or can it be more justly compared to a sunset, staining the sky with depths beyond depths of radiance? Science-fiction maestro Jack Vance has an answer that will give you pause, in a frame of reference startlingly, excitingly new.

"You and your fancy ideas!" said Clydell savagely.

"I'll keep the office going, Hardeman."

Miss Universe's clumsy arm circled Clydell's waist. The interpreter said, "She is ready to go."

"But I'm not ready," cried Clydell. "I'm not even packed, I need clothes, my shaving equipment!"

"It's not cold on Mel. Especially inside the hive. You don't need clothes."

"My affairs, my business!"

"She says she wants to go now. Immediately—this minute."

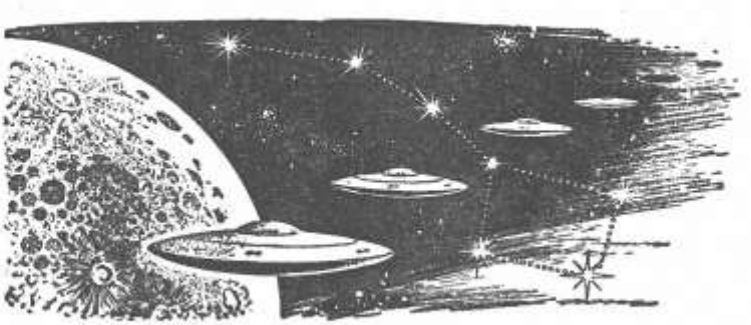
Tony smiled, remembering how badly he had been tempted to light the cigar he'd borrowed from Clydell only a moment before. If he had not jostled Clydell and returned the noxious weed to that inveterate smoker's pocket where would he be now? In Clydell's shoes, undoubtedly.

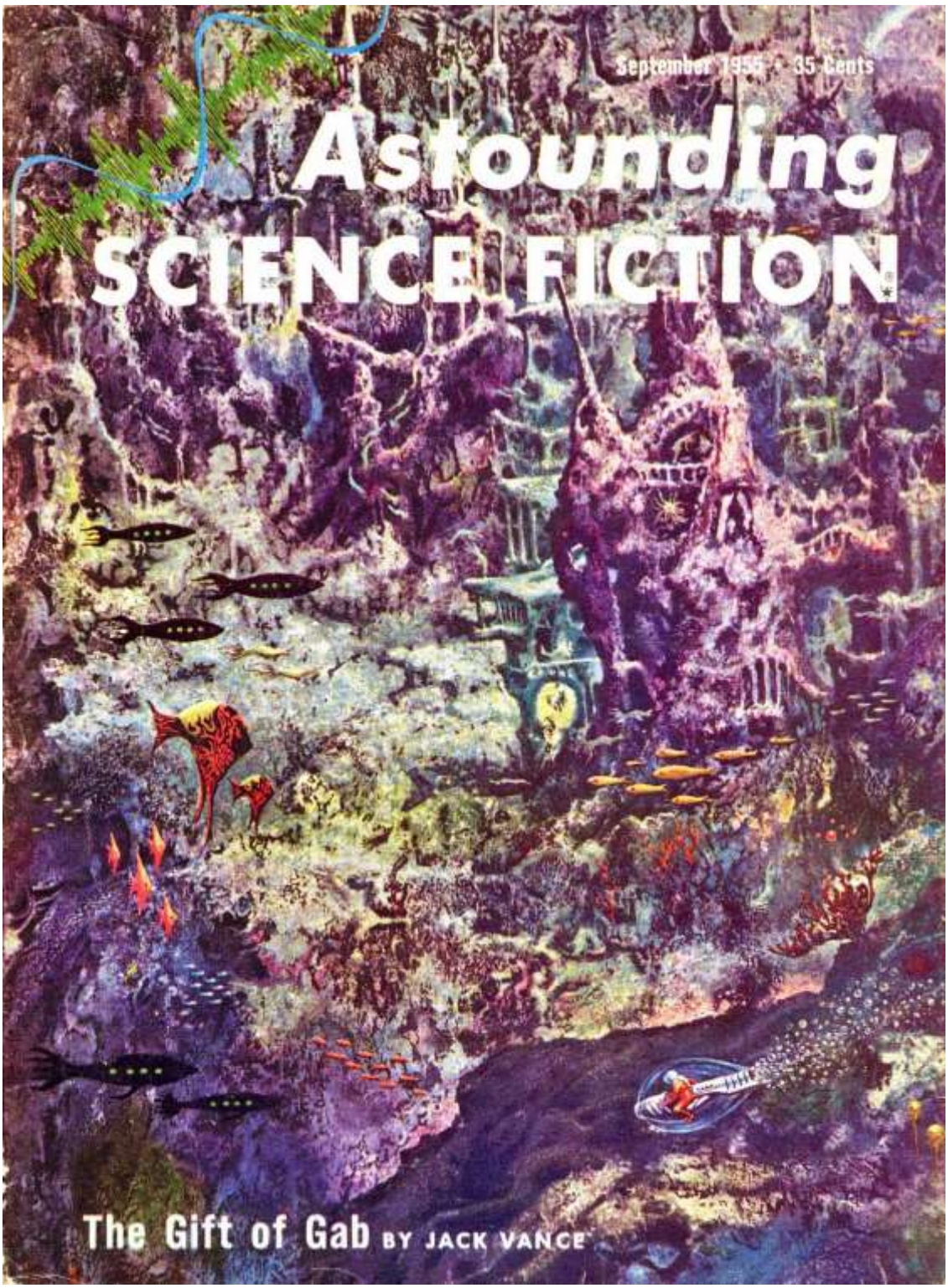
Tony's smile broadened. A fast thinker and a deviously subtle one was he! He'd even remembered Clydell's odd way with cigars. Clydell carried four or five, usually, in his vest pocket but just before lighting one he had a peculiar habit of transferring the weed to his loose, easily accessible jacket pocket, a vantage point or midway stop, so to speak, from whence he could the more readily pop it into his mouth.

On her home planet Miss Universe quite possibly reveled in the rich bouquet of decaying vegetable matter in lieu of champagne. Surely only decaying vegetation on an alien world could smell quite as rank as one of Clydell's cigars. Or possibly Miss Universe had even more decadent tastes, from a Terrestrial point of view, and feasted on—

Tony shuddered. Well, he might as well think it. Protein detritus—nitrogenous organic compounds yielding amino acids, in a state of advanced decay. *Dried death.*

Tony moved up close to the cage, the grin once more on his face. "Good-bye, old man!" he shouted. "Have a pleasant trip!"





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THE GIFT OF GAB

BY JACK VANCE

Inevitably, sooner or later, when Man spreads out from Earth, there will come the problem "What constitutes the critical test dividing animals subject to domestication, from intelligent beings not subject to slavery?" Perhaps...the Gift of Gab is the answer.

Illustrated by Poulton

Middle afternoon had come to the Shallows; the wind had died, the sea was listless and spread with silken gloss. In the south a black broom of rain hung under the clouds; elsewhere the air was thick with pink murk. Thick crusts of seaweed floated over the Shallows; one of these supported the Bio-Minerals raft, a metal rectangle two hundred feet long, a hundred feet wide.

At four o'clock an air horn high on the mast announced the change of shift. Sam Fletcher, assistant superintendent, came out of the mess hall, crossed the deck to the office,

1955-09 The Gift of Gab-C-1955-09 ill. Poulton Astoundig SF

dubiously. "After all, they don't swim."

"So they don't," said Fletcher, "according to Stryzkal."

Damon started to speak, then noticing Fletcher's expression, said in a subdued voice, "Of course there's room for error. Not even Stryzkal could work out much more than a summary of planetary life."

Fletcher had been reading the screen. "Here's Chrystal's analysis of the one he brought up."

They studied the elements and primary compounds of a Stryzkal Monitor's constitution.

"Nothing of commercial interest," said Fletcher.

Damon was absorbed in a personal chain of thought. "Did Chrystal actually go down and trap a monitor?"

"That's right. In the water-bug. He spent lots of time underwater."

"Everybody to their own methods," said Damon shortly.

Fletcher dropped the cards back in the file. "Whether you like him or not, he's a good field man. Give the devil his due."

"It seems to me that the field phase is over and done with," muttered Damon. "We've got the production line set up; it's a full-time job trying to increase the yield. Of course I may be wrong."

Fletcher laughed, slapped Damon on the skinny shoulder. "I'm not finding fault, Gene. The plain fact is that there's too many avenues for one man to explore. We could keep four men busy."

1955-09 The Gift of Gab-D-1955-09 ill. Poulton Astoundig SF

equally possible that they live by instinct, like social insects."

"How in the world—" began Damon; Fletcher held up a hand. "I'll tell you just what happened; you can ask all the questions you like afterwards." He drank his coffee.

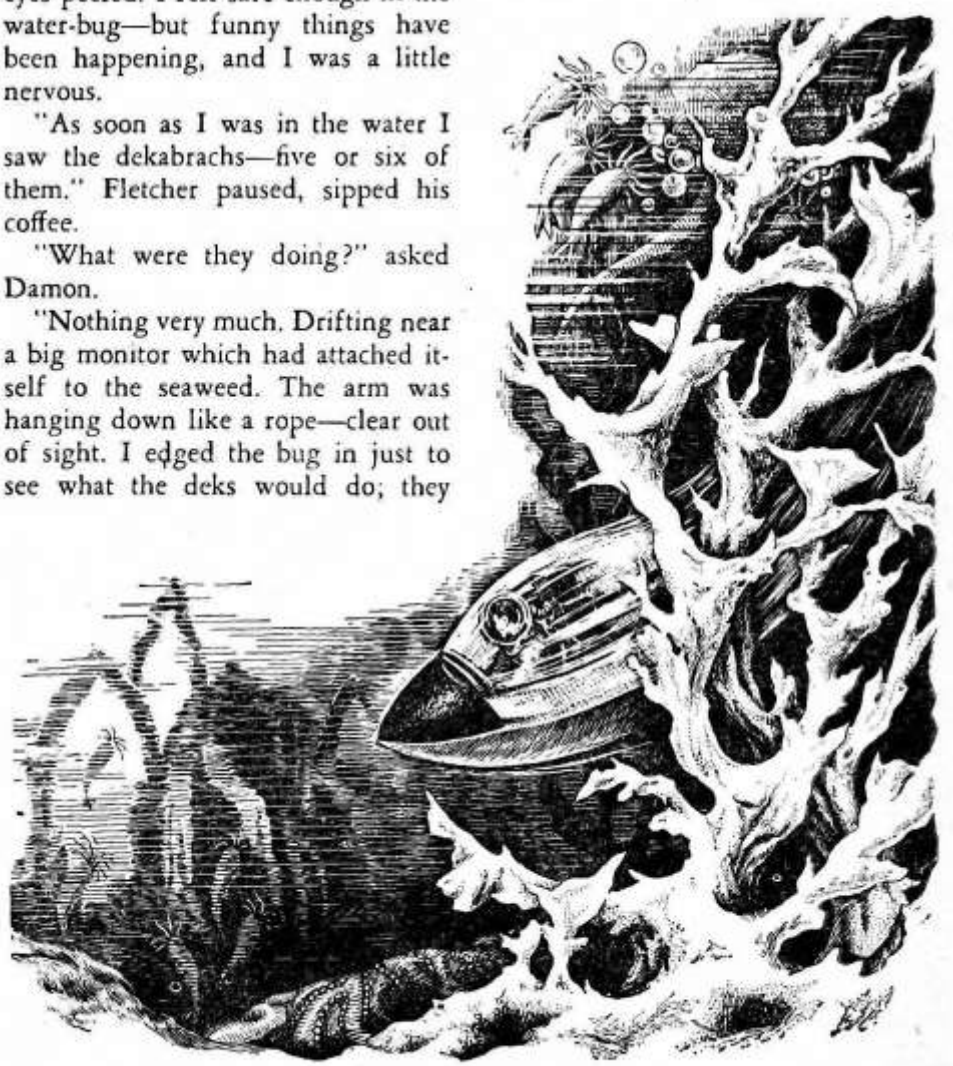
"When I went down under, naturally I was on the alert and kept my eyes peeled. I felt safe enough in the water-bug—but funny things have been happening, and I was a little nervous.

"As soon as I was in the water I saw the dekabrachs—five or six of them." Fletcher paused, sipped his coffee.

"What were they doing?" asked Damon.

"Nothing very much. Drifting near a big monitor which had attached itself to the seaweed. The arm was hanging down like a rope—clear out of sight. I edged the bug in just to see what the deks would do; they began backing away. I didn't want to waste too much time under the raft, so I swung off north, toward the Deeps. Halfway there I saw an odd thing; in fact I passed it, and swung around to take another look.

"There were about a dozen deks. They had a monitor—and this one was really big. A giant. It was hang-



1955-09 The Gift of Gab-E-1955-09 ill. Poulton Astoundig SF

"you discovered that the deks were full of niobium. You wiped all that information out of the files, got financial backing, built this raft. Since then you've been hauling in dekabrachs."

Chrystal leaned back, surveyed Fletcher coolly. "Aren't you jumping to conclusions?"

"If I am, all you've got to do is deny it."

"Your attitude isn't very pleasant, Sam."

"I didn't come here to be pleasant. We've lost two men; also our mast. We've had to shut down."

"I'm sorry to hear that—" began Chrystal.

Fletcher interrupted: "So far, Chrystal, I've given you the benefit of the doubt."

Chrystal was surprised. "How so?"

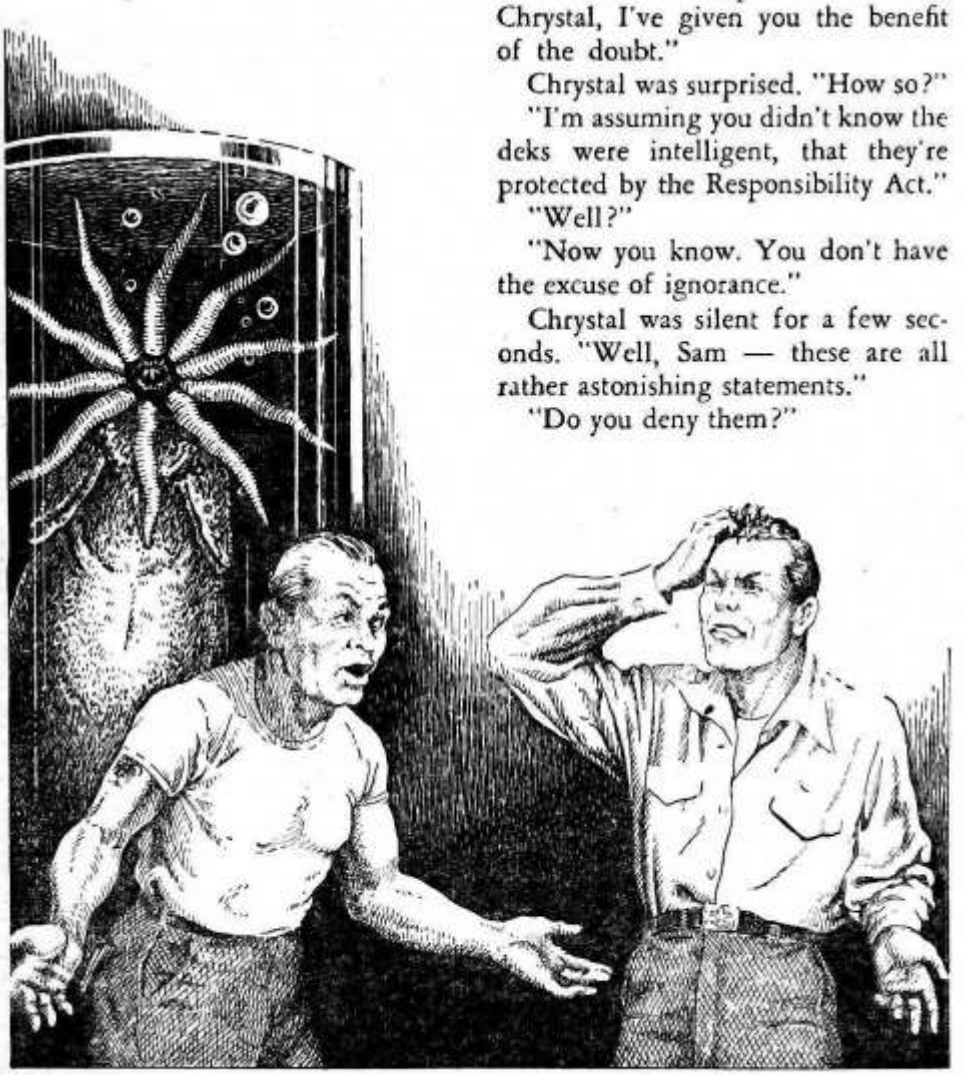
"I'm assuming you didn't know the deks were intelligent, that they're protected by the Responsibility Act."

"Well?"

"Now you know. You don't have the excuse of ignorance."

Chrystal was silent for a few seconds. "Well, Sam — these are all rather astonishing statements."

"Do you deny them?"



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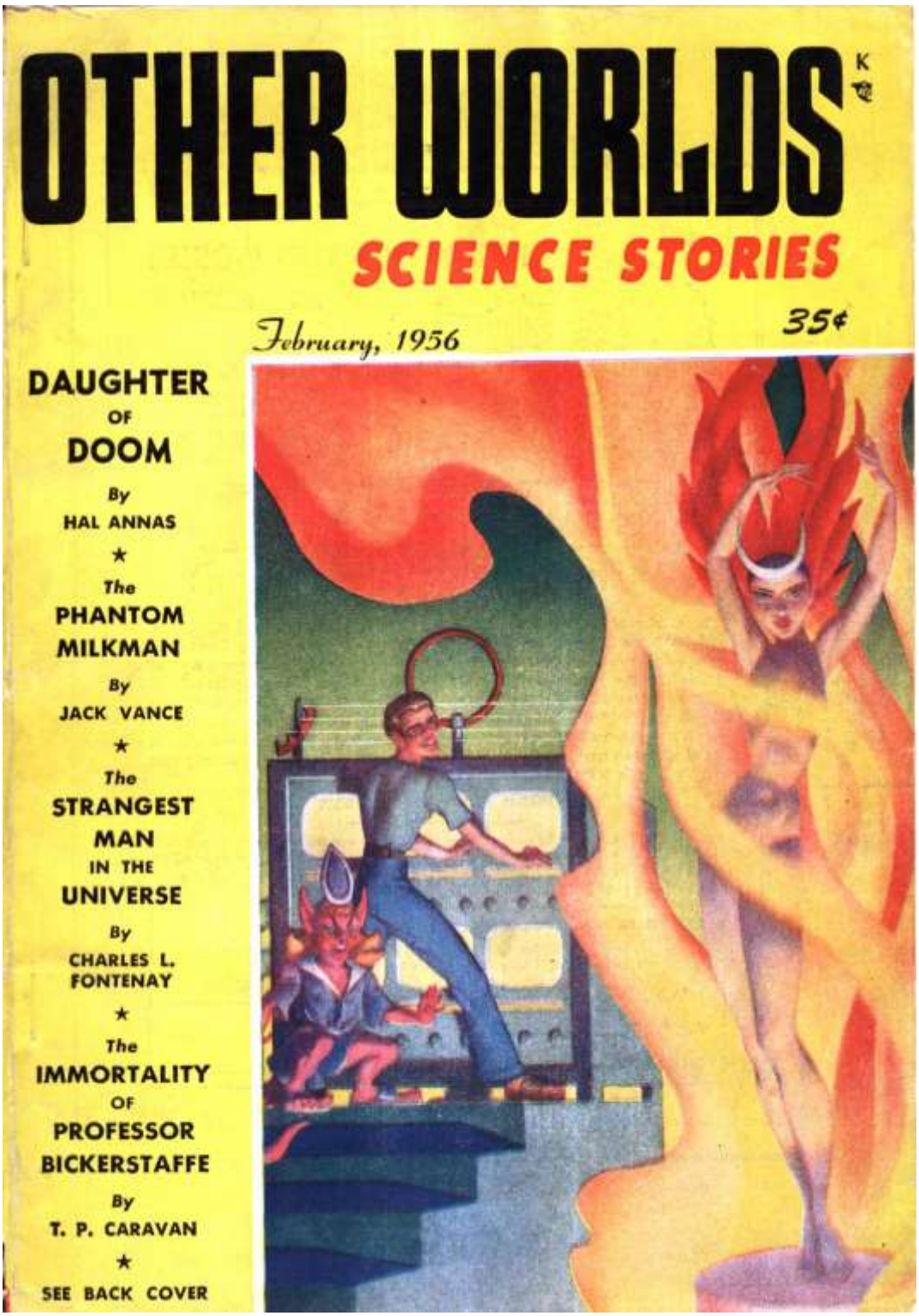

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The PHANTOM MILKMAN

by Jack Vance

One thing is sure—if you order milk from the milkman, you are going to get a bill for that milk when it's been delivered—
—and you'd better be ready to pay for it!

I'VE had all I can stand. I've got to get out, away from the walls, the glass, the white stone, the black asphalt. All of a sudden I see the city for the terrible place that it is. Lights burn my eyes, voices crawl on my skin like sticky insects, and I notice that the people look like insects too. Burly brown beetles, wispy mosquito-men in tight black trousers, sour sow-bug women, mantids and scorpions, fat little dung-beetles, wasp-girls gliding with poisonous nicety, children like loathesome little flies. . .This isn't a pleasant thought; I must not think of people so; the picture could linger to bother me. I think I'm a hundred times more sensitive than anyone else in the world, and I'm given to very strange fancies. I could list some that would startle you, and its just as well that I don't. But I do have this frantic urge to flee the city; it's settled. I'm going.

I consult my maps—there's the Andes, the Atlas, the Altai; Mt. Godwin-Austin, Mt. Kilimanjaro; Stromboli and Etna. I compare Siberia above Baikal Nor with the Pacific between Antofagasta and Easter Island. Arabia is hot; Greenland is cold. Tristan da Cunha is very remote; Bouvet even more so. There's Timbuktu, Zanzibar, Bali, the Great Australian Bight.

I am definitely leaving the city. I have found a cabin in Maple Valley, four miles west of Sunbury. It stands a hundred feet back from Maple Valley Road, under two tall trees. It has three rooms and a porch, a fireplace, a good roof, a good well and windmill.

Mrs. Lipscomb is skeptical, even a little shocked. "A good-looking girl like you shouldn't go off by yourself; time to hide away when you're old and nobody wants you." She predicts hair-raising adventures, but I don't care. I was married to Poole for six weeks; nothing could happen that would be any worse.

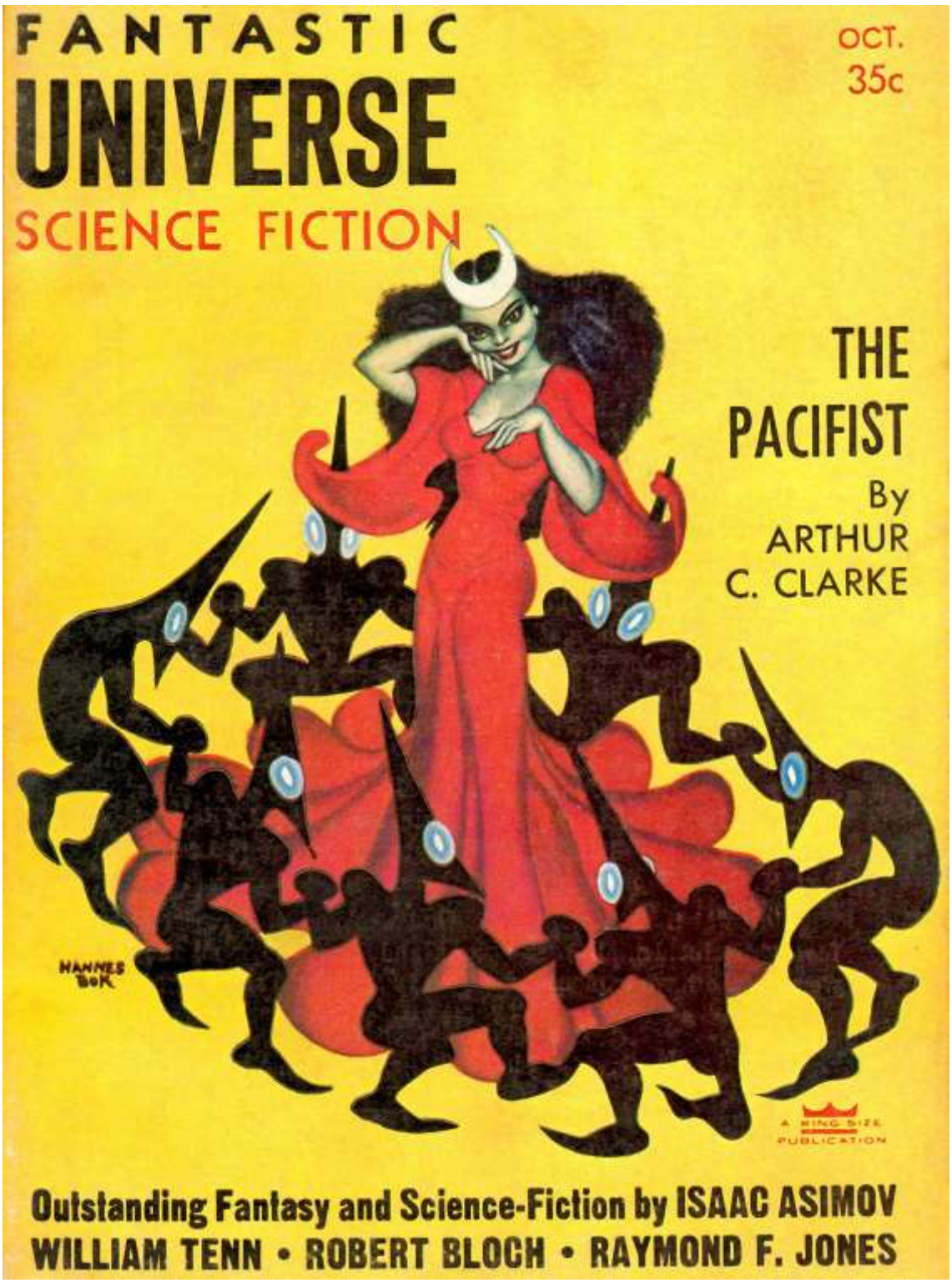
I'm in my new house. There's lots of work ahead of me: scrubbing, chopping wood. I'll probably bulge with muscles before the winter's over.

My cats are delighted. They are Homer and Moses. Homer is yellow; Moses is black and white. Which reminds me: milk. I saw a Sunbury Dairy delivery truck on the highway. I'll write them an order now.

Sunbury Dairy — November 14
Sunbury
Dear Sirs:

Please leave me a quart of milk three times a week on whatever days are convenient. Please bill me.

Isabel Durbrow



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1956-10 Where Hesperus Falls-B-1956-10 TOC Fantastic universe

where hesperus falls

by . . . Jack Vance

Revere had lived so long that his every waking hour was a nightmare. And nightmares encourage primitive behavior.

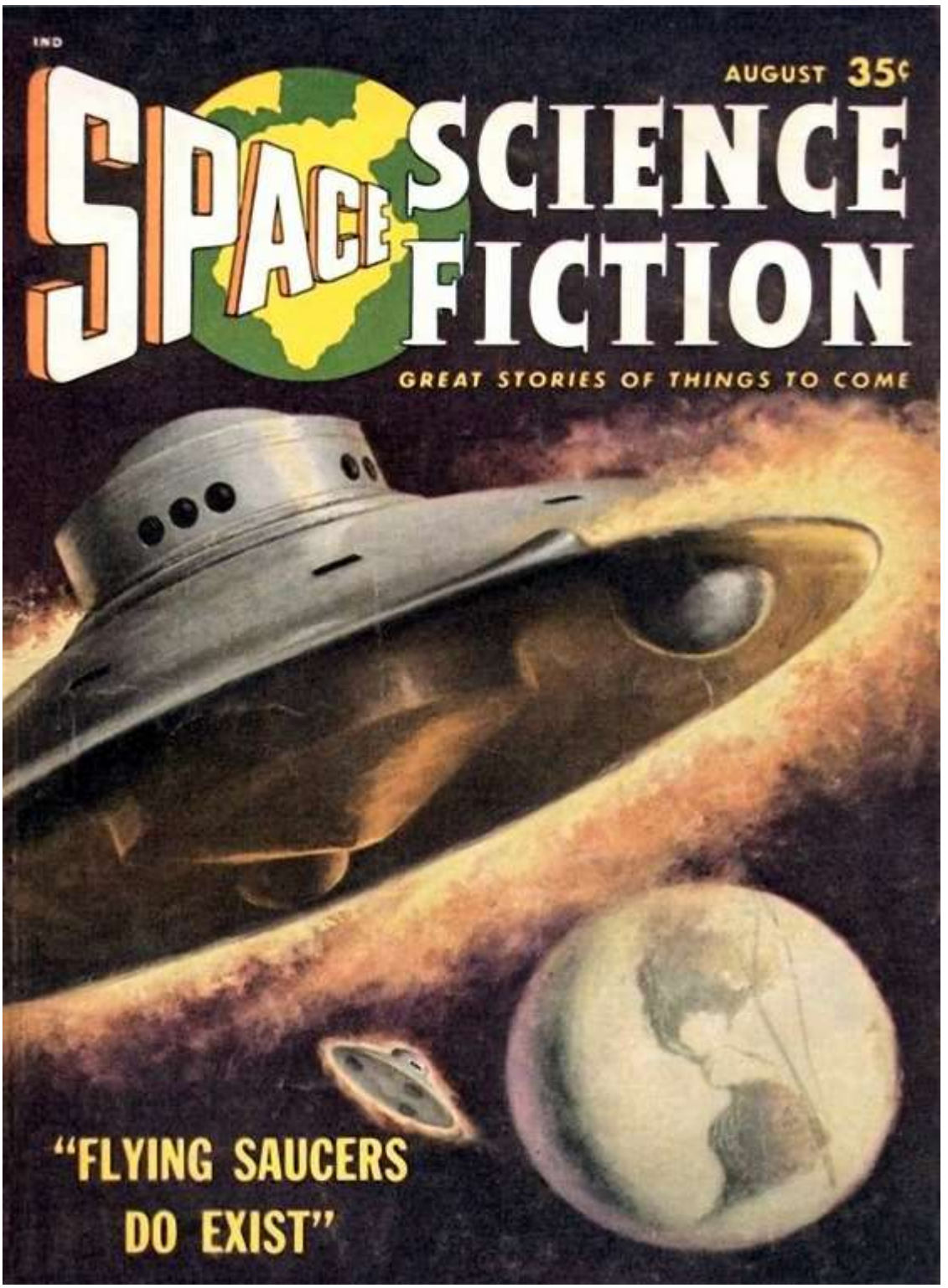
MY SERVANTS will not allow me to kill myself. I have sought self-extinction by every method, from throat-cutting to the intricate routines of Yoga, but so far they have thwarted my most ingenious efforts.

I grow ever more annoyed. What is more personal, more truly one's own, than a man's own life? It is his basic possession, to retain or relinquish as he sees fit. If they continue to frustrate me, someone other than myself will suffer. I guarantee this.

My name is Henry Revere. My appearance is not remarkable, my intelligence is hardly noteworthy, and my emotions run evenly. I live in a house of synthetic shell, decorated with wood and jade, and surrounded by a pleasant garden. The view to one side is the ocean, to the other, a valley sprinkled with houses similar to my own. I am by no means a prisoner, although my servants supervise me with the most minute care. Their first concern is to prevent my suicide, just as mine is to achieve it.

It is a game in which they have all the advantages—a detailed knowledge of my psychology, corridors behind the walls from which they can observe me, and a host

Jack Vance comes up this time with a neo-Freudian masterpiece. This isn't quite the Earth you may know. A strange story—that you will remember for years.



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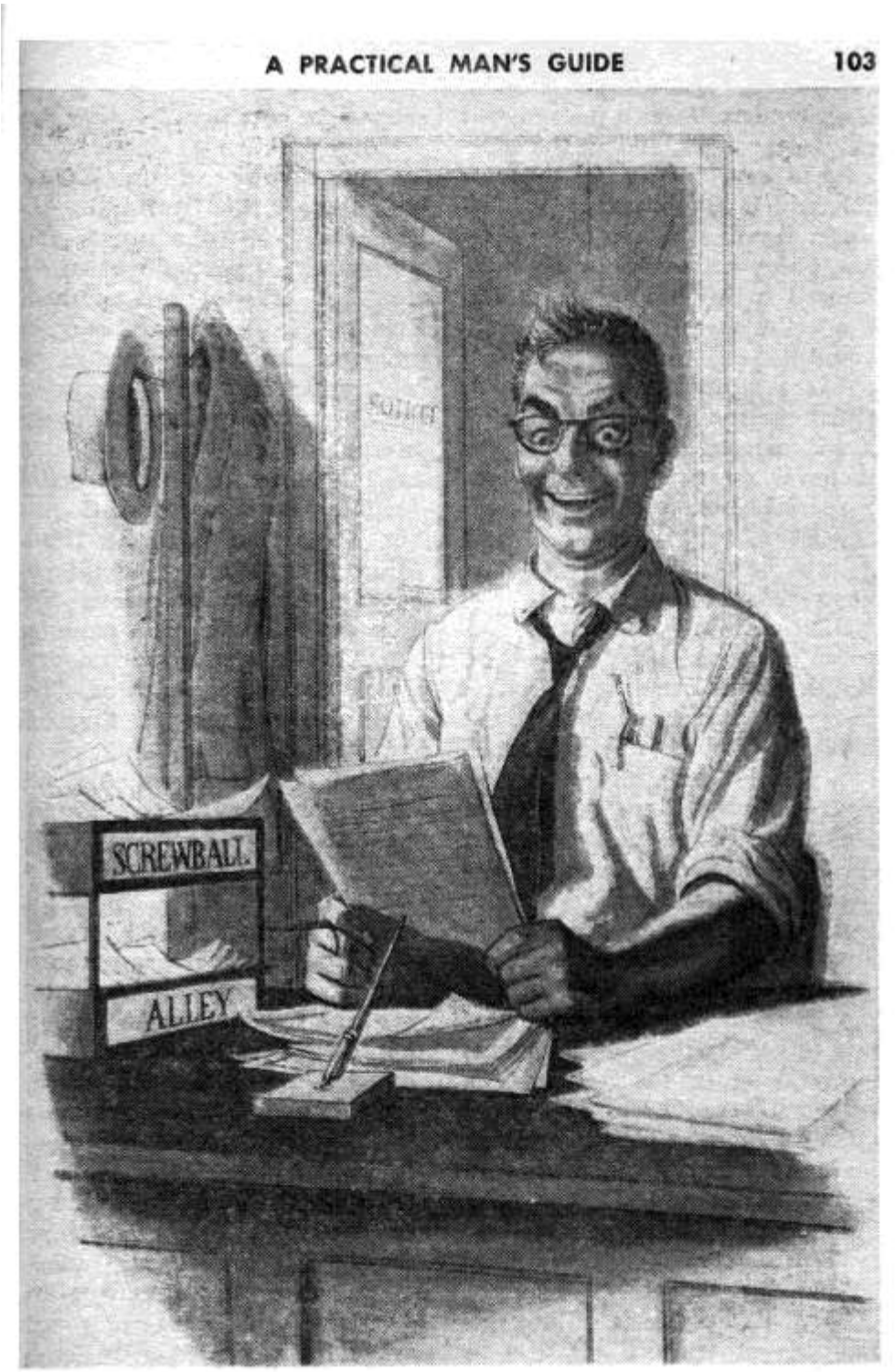

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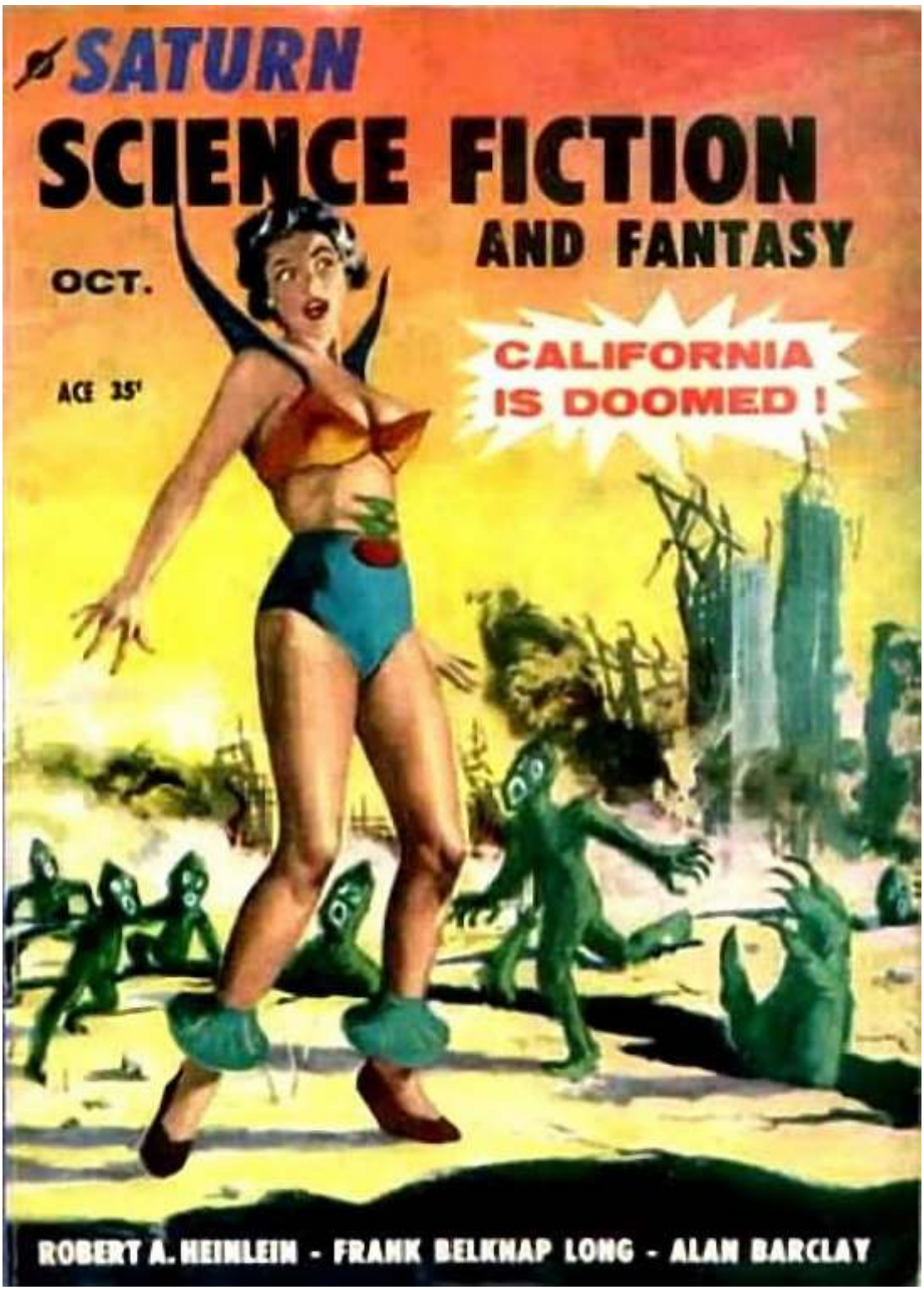

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THE HOUSE LORDS

The inhabitants of that planet in Argo Navis were not only human, they were English-speaking, Earth-type humans! But instead of making it easier to get along with them, their culture was the most incomprehensible in the universe—until the explorers returned home!

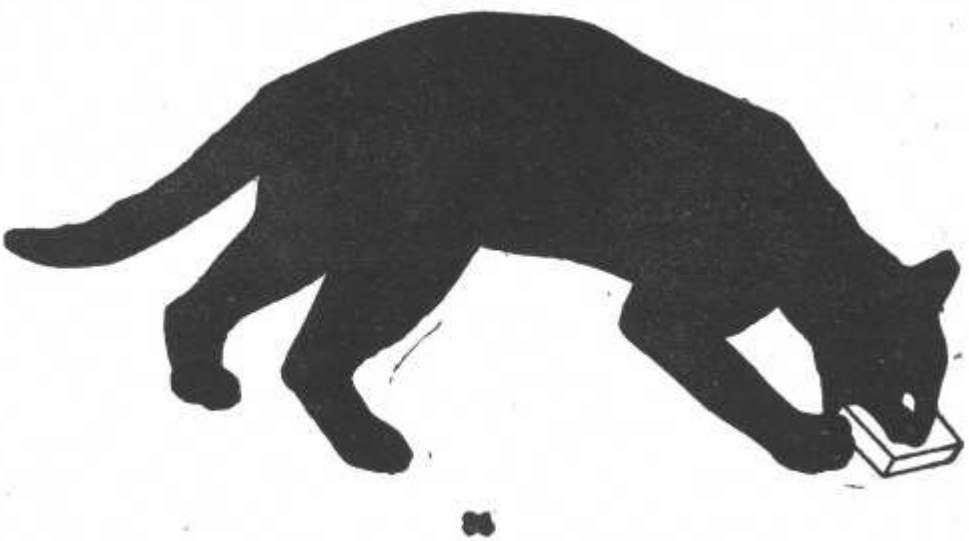
by JACK VANCE

THE TWO men, with not a word spoken, had become very disturbed. Caffridge, the host, rose to his feet, took quick steps back and forth across the room. He went to the window, looked into the sky, toward the distant star BGD 1169. The guest, Richard Emerson, was affected to an even greater degree. He sat back in his chair, face white, mouth loose, eyes wide and glistening.

Nothing had been said and there was nothing visible to explain their emotion. They sat in an ordinary suburban living room, notable only for a profusion of curios, oddities and trinkets hanging on the walls.

At a scratching sound, Caffridge turned from the window. He called sharply, "Sarvis!"

The black and white cat,



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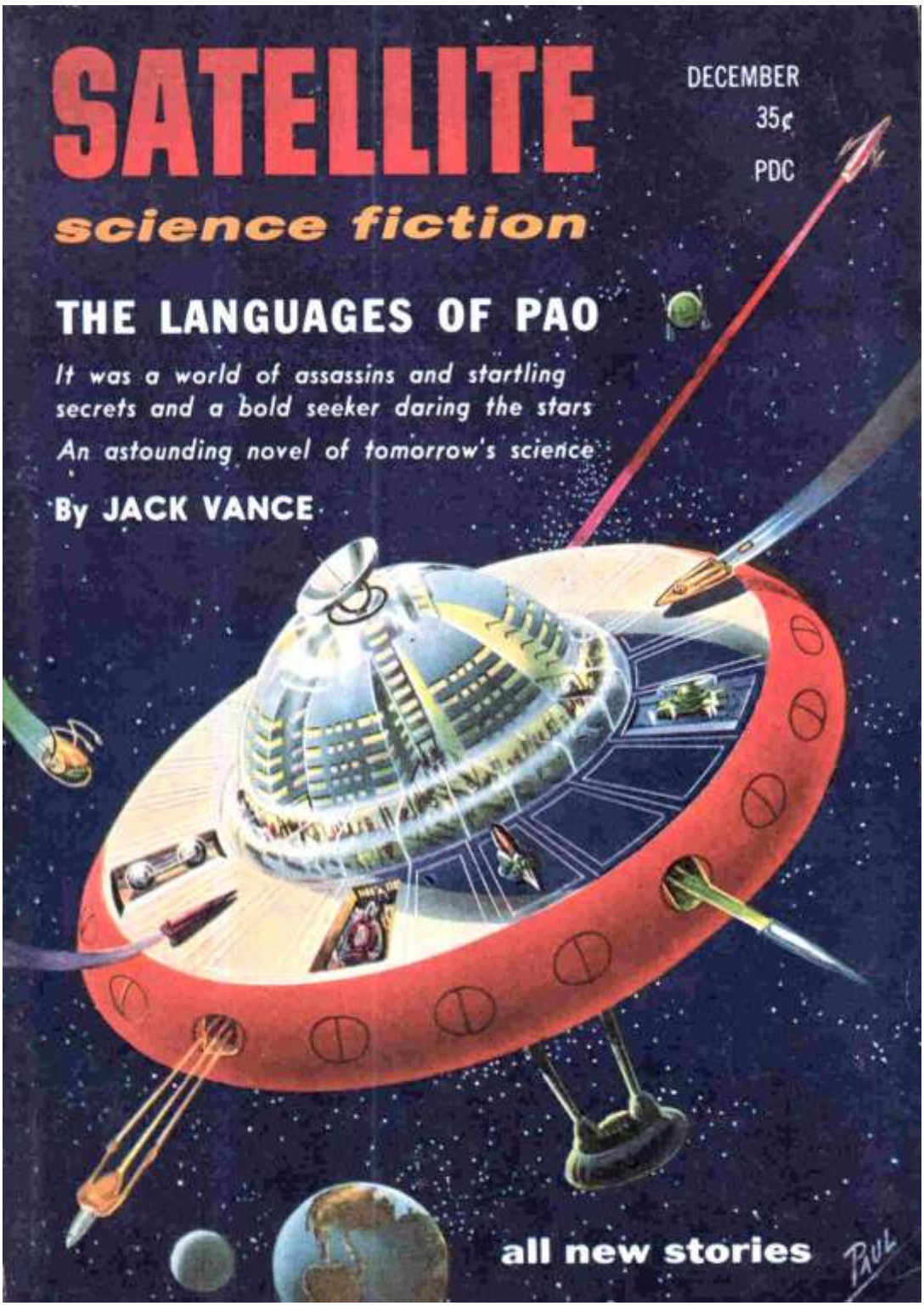

1957-12 The Languages of Pao-A-1957-12 ill. Frank R Paul - Satellite

The Ultimate Space Station

This month's cover illustration is an artist's interpretation of what the *ultimate* Earth satellite station will look like, done by a man who is generally regarded as "The Dean of Science Fiction Illustrators"—FRANK R. PAUL.

It is singularly appropriate that he should have selected this theme, since the first full-color painting of an Earth satellite in history—it appeared on the cover of the August, 1929 issue of *Science Wonder Stories*—was also the work of Mr. Paul. That early painting was based on the history-making theories of Herman Oberth as interpreted by Captain Hermann Norrdung in his book, "The Problems of Space Flying." The present illustration is designed to coincide with the most advanced theories of today, projected by the power of Paul's remarkable imagination and creative ability into the far future.

Born in Vienna, in 1884, Frank R. Paul studied art in Vienna, Paris, and London and also completed courses as a mechanical and architectural draftsman.

Editors have claimed that the machines Paul drew were so carefully designed that they would actually function if built, and it is his own astonishing claim that of the thousands of spaceships he has drawn in his long career, he has never used the same design twice! Paul's drawings have appeared frequently in LIFE magazine, and he designed the Johnson & Johnson building in New Brunswick, N. J., which is generally regarded as a classic of modern industrial architecture.

But in calling attention to the cover illustration—and we're quite frankly more than proud of it—we mustn't forget this month's complete novel—THE LANGUAGES OF PAO by Jack Vance. We haven't too much space left to tell you just how great a novel we think it is. But that doesn't matter too much, really, for a story as magnificently imaginative as this one maintains its hold on the reader on every unfolding page.

LEO MARGULIES
Publisher

SATELLITE
science fiction

DECEMBER, 1957 Vol. 2, No. 2.

A COMPLETE NOVEL

THE LANGUAGES OF PAO

by JACK VANCE

The men and women of the Planet Pao were cruelly imprisoned in a gigantic anthill of human inertia. Could the creative genius of one lonely youth kindle a tiny spark of hope to . . . soaring flame?

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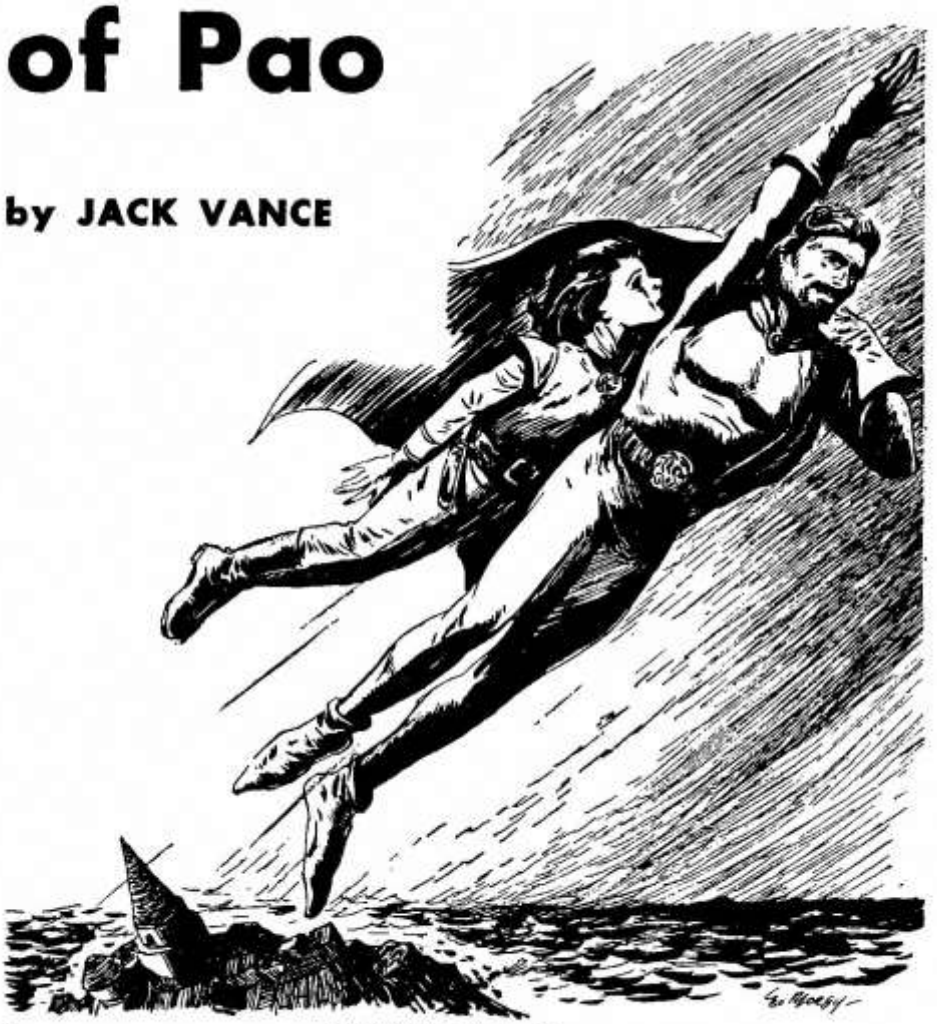
DEC. 1957, Printed in U. S. A.

A COMPLETE NOVEL OF WORLDS IN CONFLICT

The Languages of Pao

by JACK VANCE



4

© 1957, by Jack Vance

1957-12 The Languages of Pao-C-1957-12 ill. Leo morgy Satellite

Palafox remained contemptuously calm, and Bustamonte at last acceded to his terms.

The bargain was recorded upon film and the two parted, if not amicably, at least in common accord.

VII

A YEAR OR two after puberty, a youth of the Institute might expect to be presented with a girl by his sire. In expectation of this occasion, the pubescent youths spent considerable time at the space terminal where they might inspect the broods of incoming women.

In solemn groups they stood to the side, making grave appraisals, speculating on the planet of origin of some particular individual, calling to mind the sexual customs of the particular planet, and occasionally, if language permitted, verifying their speculations by putting a series of searching questions.

Beran, now in his fifteenth

1957-12 The Languages of Pao-D-1957-12 ill. Leo morgy SatellitE

Beran raised his hand. From his finger darted blue energy.

The affair was accomplished. Beran stepped over the corpse, unsealed the glass doors, flung them aside.

The Mamarone looked around, sprang back, squinted in wonder.

"I am Beran Panasper, Panarch of Pao."

PAO celebrated the accession of Beran in a frenzy of joy. Everywhere, except in the Valiant camps, along the shore of Zelambre Bay, at Pon, there was rejoicing of so orgiastic a nature as to seem non-Paonese.

During the next few days Beran pondered at great length. Palafox seemed to regard him as a predictable quantity, one which would automatically react in a direction favorable to Palafox. This consideration moved him to caution and he delayed immediate action against the three non-Paonese enclaves. In any event there was sufficient other scope for his energy.

Bustamonte's splendid harem he sent packing, and began the formation of his own. It was expected of him; a Panarch without suitable concubines would be regarded with suspicion and his masculinity called to question.

Beran felt no disinclination on this score, and since he was young, well-favored, and a popular hero, his problem was not so

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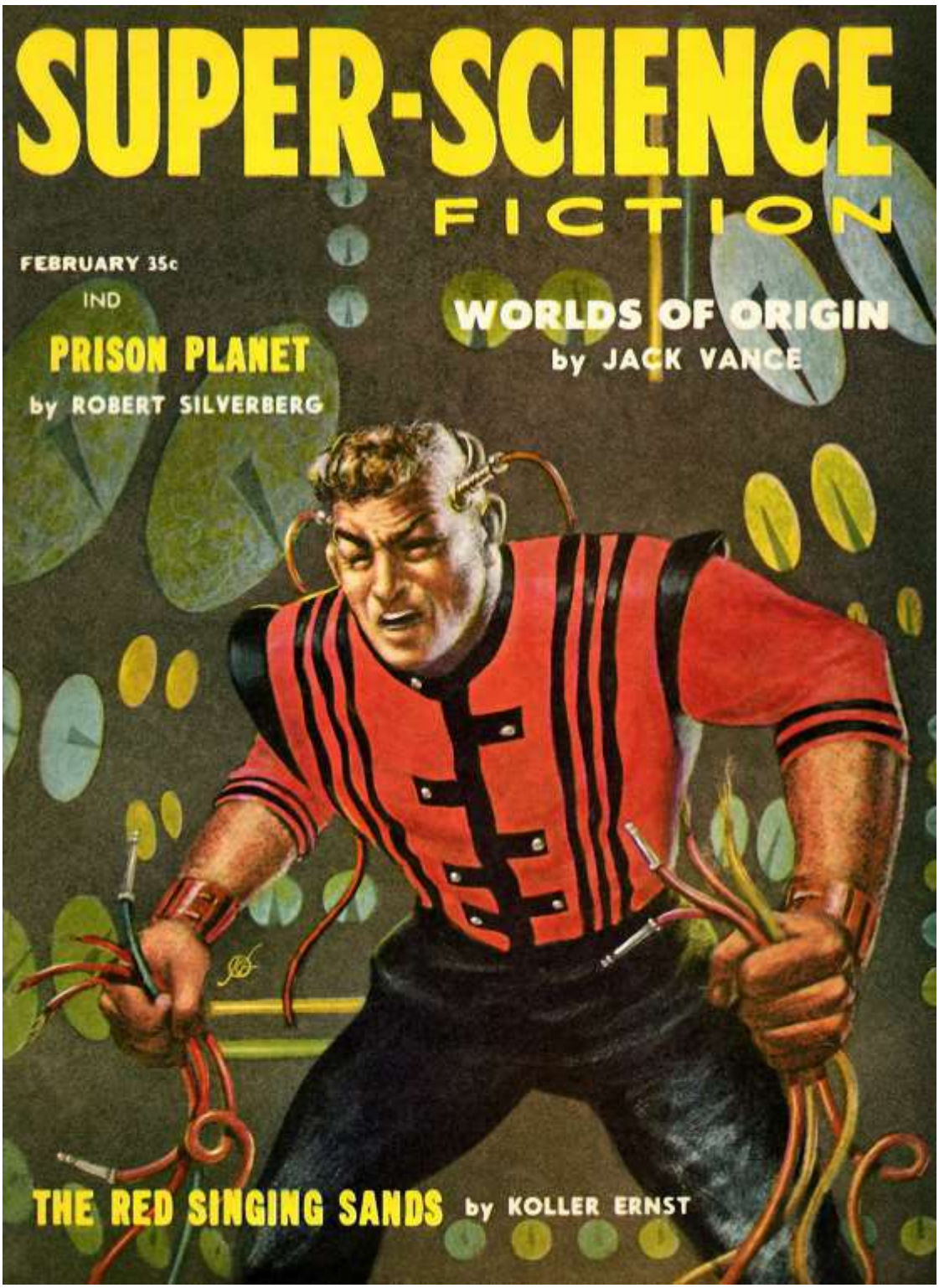


1958-02 Worlds of Origin-A-1958-02 ill. Kelly Freas, Super Science F

WORLDS OF ORIGIN

by JACK VANCE

NOVELETTE

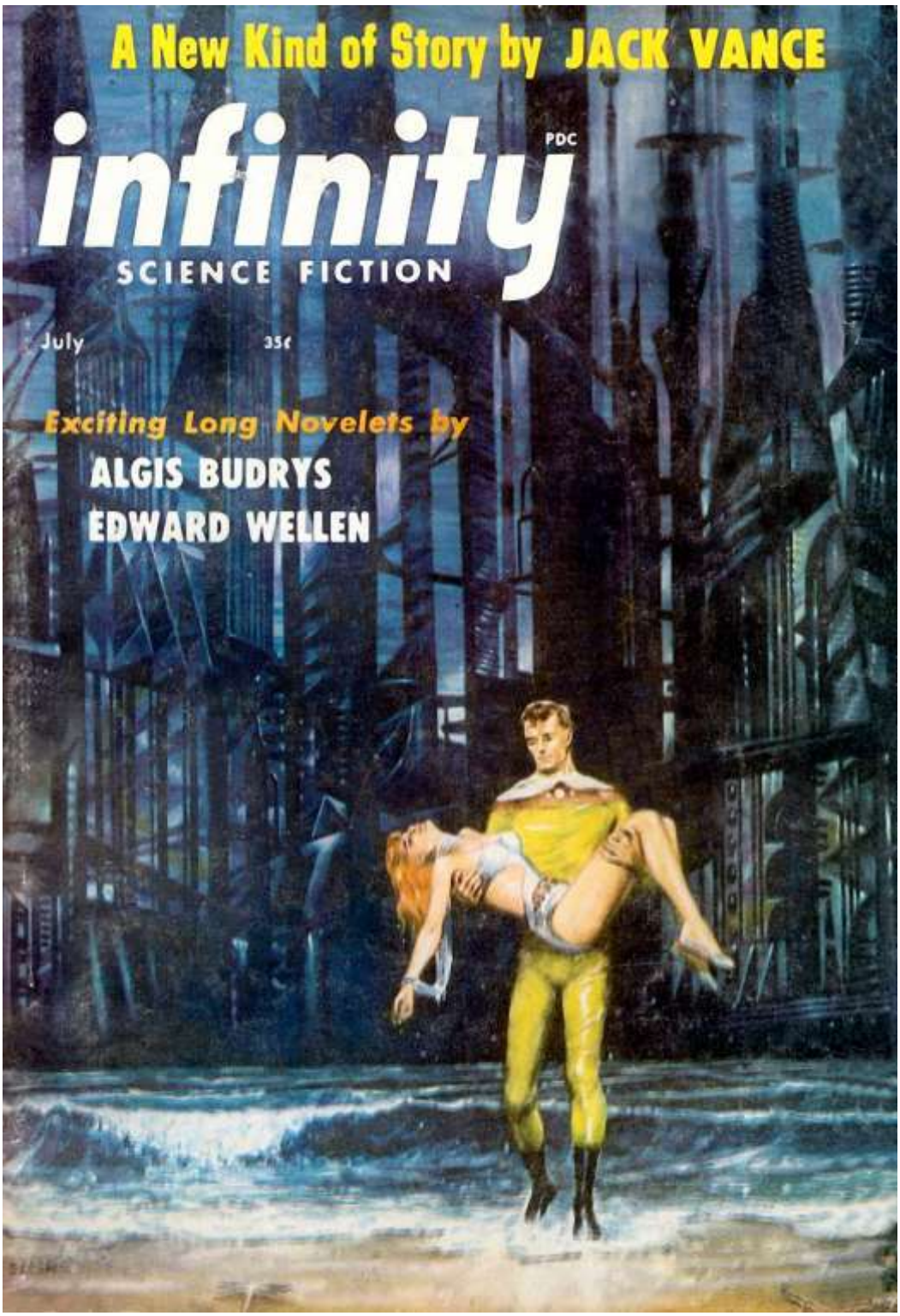
illustrated by EMSH

Who done the murder? It made quite a difference from which world each suspect came. Interplanetary crimes might well be solved by a complete cultural analysis

THE Hub, a cluster of bubbles in a web of metal, hung in empty space, in that region known to Earthmen as Hither Sagittarius. The owner was Pan Pascoglu, a man short, dark and energetic, almost bald, with restless brown eyes and a thick mustache. A man of ambition, Pascoglu hoped to develop the Hub into a fashionable resort, a glamor island among the stars—something more than a mere stopover depot and junction point. Working to this end, he added two dozen bright new bubbles —"cottages", as he called them—around the outer meshes of the Hub, which already resembled the model of an extremely complex molecule.

The cottages were quiet and comfortable; the dining salon offered an adequate cuisine; a remarkable diversity of company met in the public rooms. Magnus Ridolph found the Hub at once soothing and stimulating. Sitting in the dim dining salon, the naked stars serving as chandeliers, he contemplated his fellow-guests. At a table to his left, partially obscured by a planting of dendrons, sat four figures. Magnus Ridolph frowned. They ate in utter silence and three

1958-02 Worlds of Origin-C-1958-02 art. EMSH Super Science fiction



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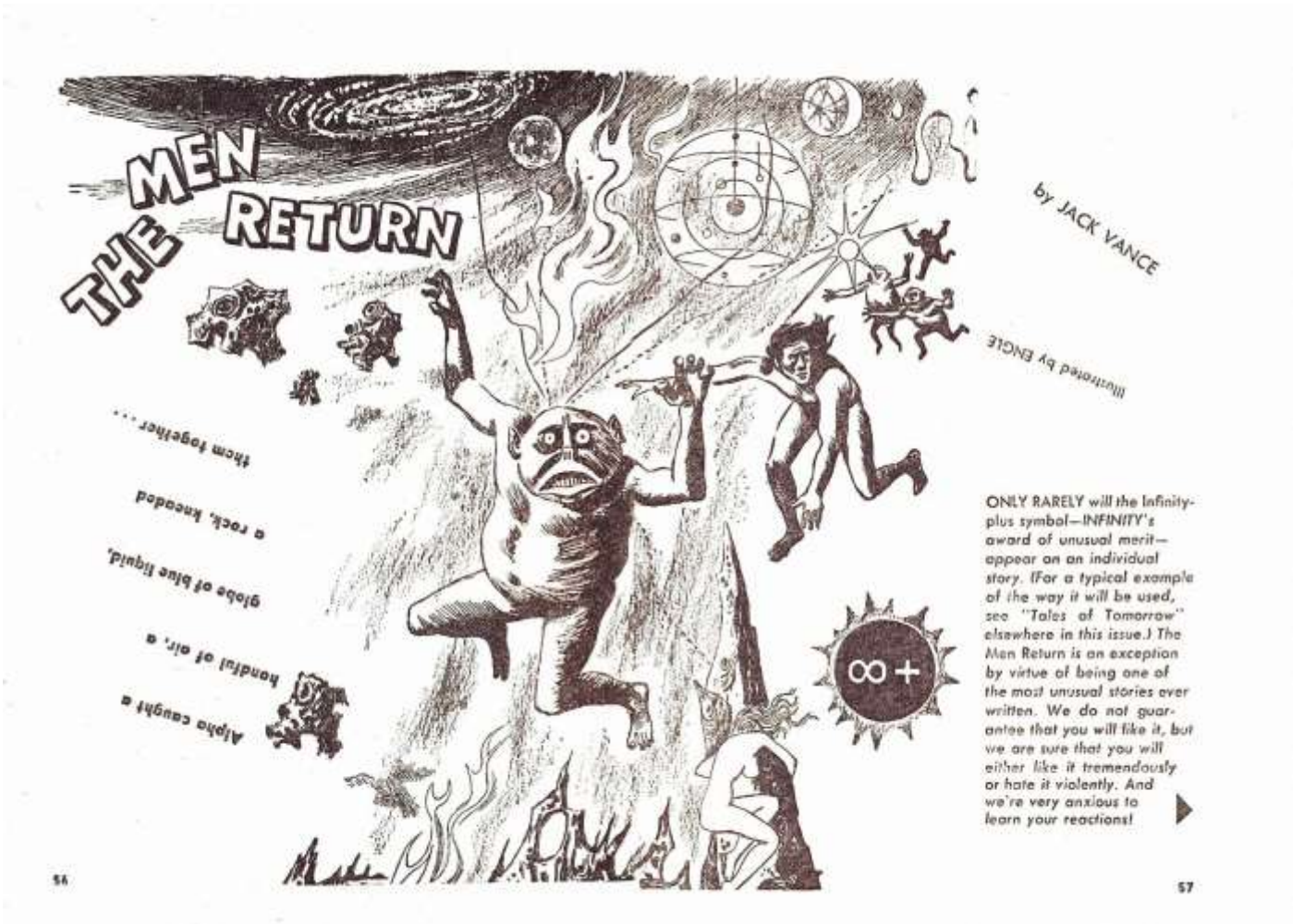

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∞ Infinity

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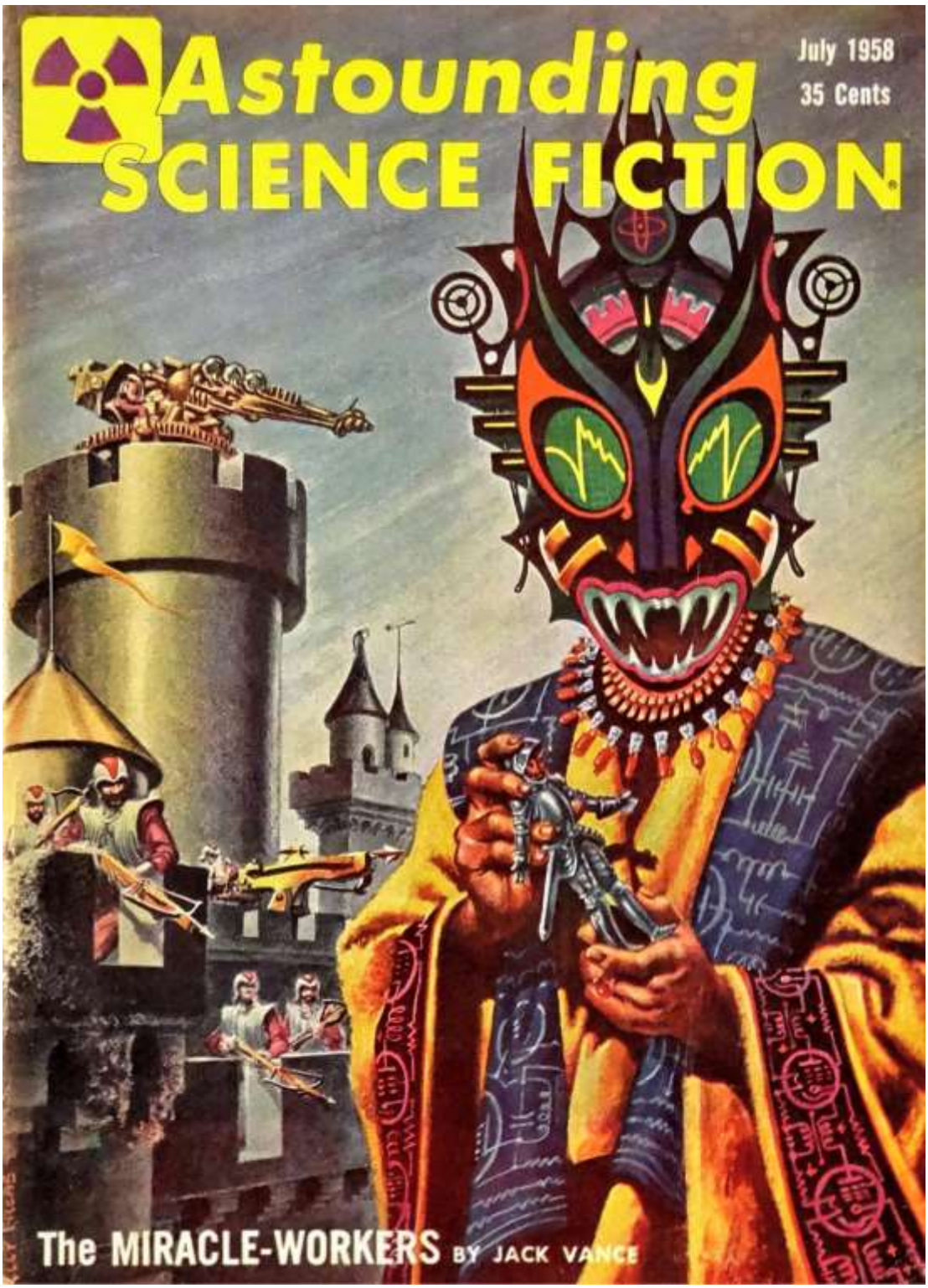

1958-07 The Miracle-Workers-D-1958-07 art. Kelly Freas- astounding

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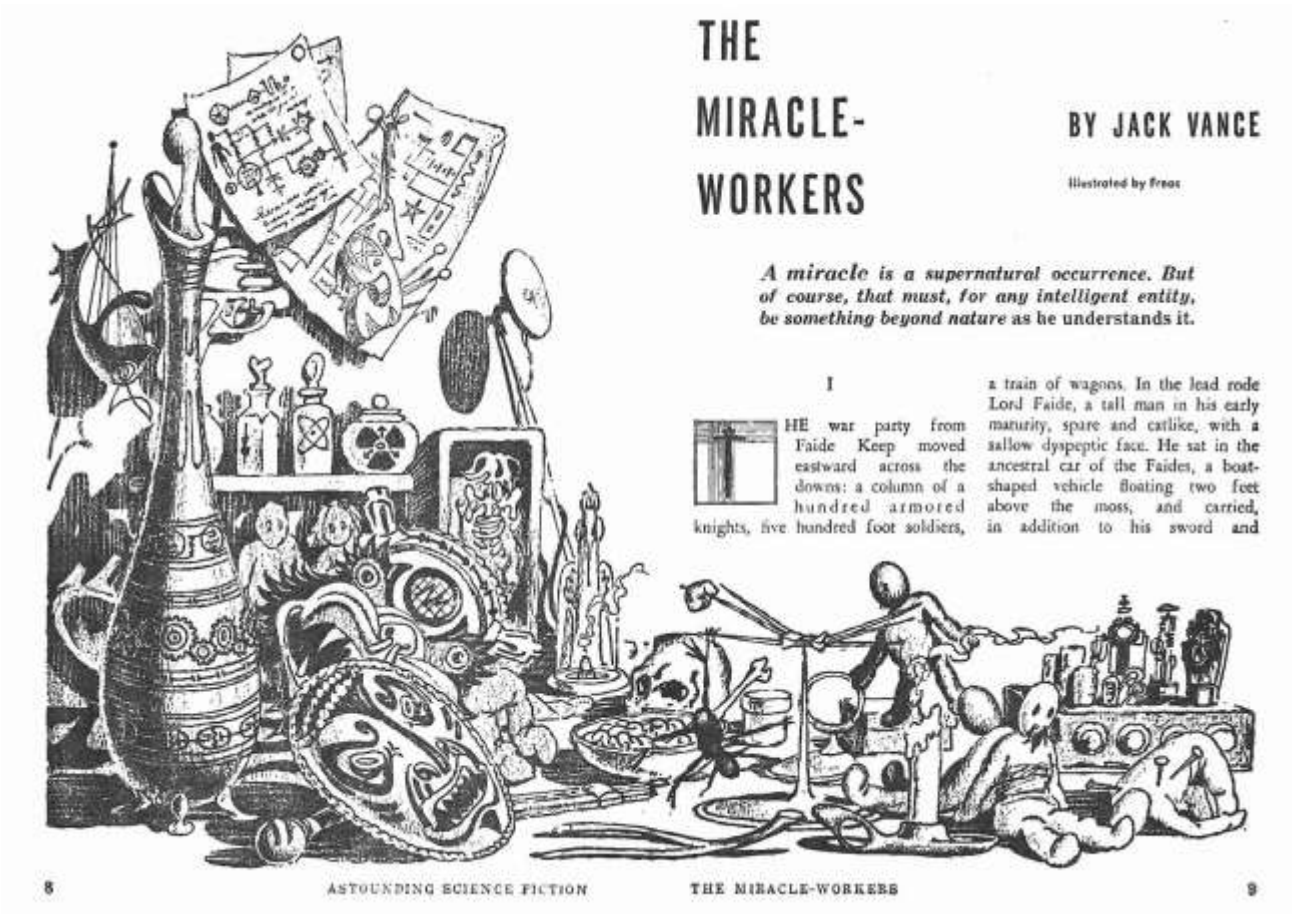

THE MIRACLE-WORKERS

BY JACK VANCE

Illustrated by Freas

A miracle is a supernatural occurrence. But of course, that must, for any intelligent entity, be something beyond nature as he understands it.

I

THE war party from Faide Keep moved eastward across the downs: a column of a hundred armored knights, five hundred foot soldiers, a train of wagons. In the lead rode Lord Faide, a tall man in his early maturity, spare and catlike, with a sallow dyspeptic face. He sat in the ancestral car of the Faides, a boat-shaped vehicle floating two feet above the moss, and carried, in addition to his sword and

1958-07 The Miracle-Workers-F-1958-07 ill. Freas Astounding SF

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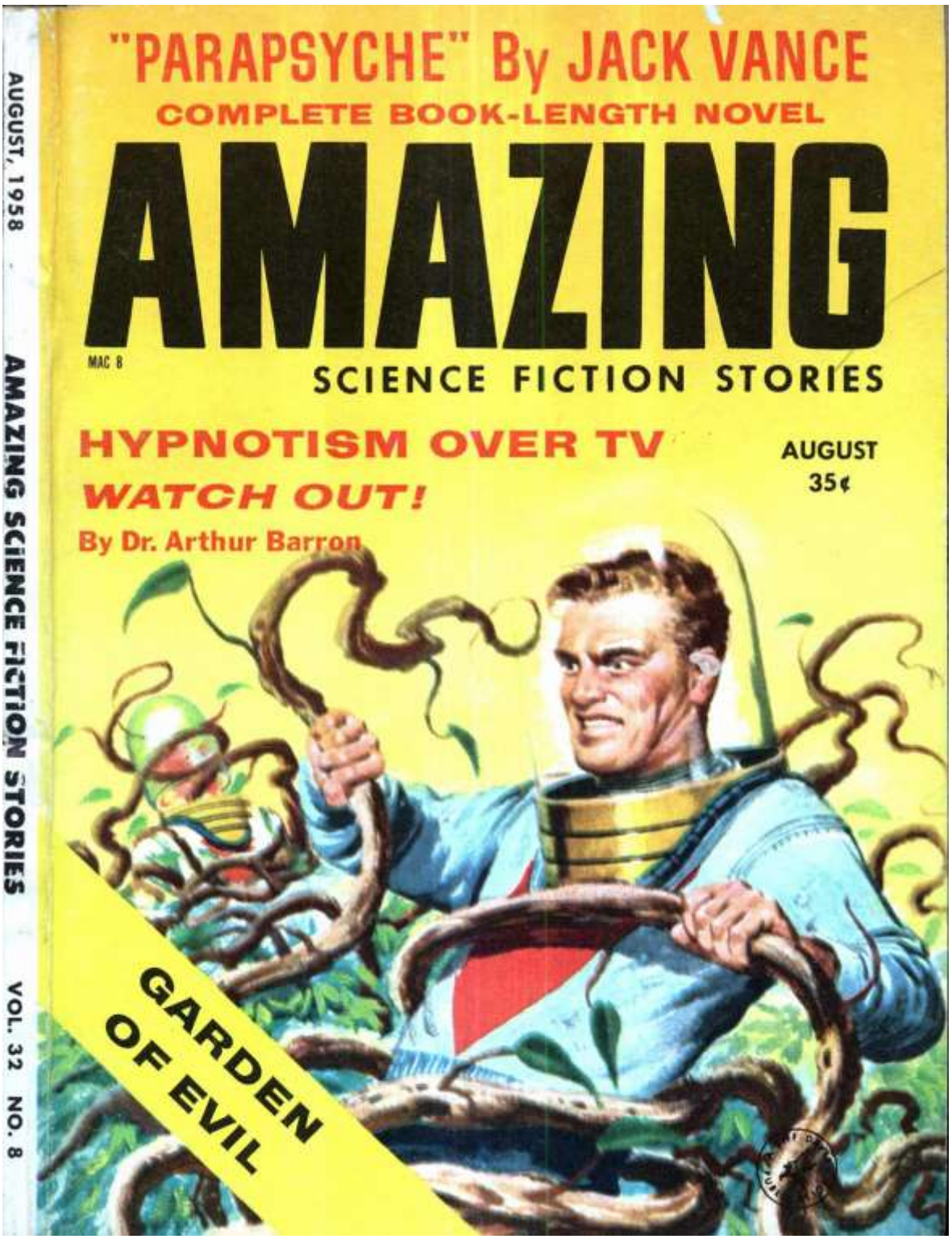

1958-08 Parapsyche-A-1958-08 art Edward Valigursky Amazing SF

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AMAZING STORIES

SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL

PARAPSYCHE

BY

JACK VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY KWESKIN

BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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YOU WILL MEET—

Don Berwick. He searched for Truth beyond the grave.

Art Marsile. Faith rather than understanding guided his footsteps.

Jean Marsile Berwick. To her, death was a point of no return.

Hugh Bronny. A thundering combination of greed, brutality, and fanaticism.

Iva Lee Trembath. Her powers bridged the gap between life and death.

Vivian Hallsey. A newspaper woman who reported Truth as she saw it.

Dr. James Cogswell. A scientific light in the foggy half-world.

1958-08 Parapsyche-C-1958-08 Amazing SF

All events, personalities, and places in this novel are fictitious, with the exception of Los Angeles. The seance sequences are modeled after actual occurrences; the general tone of spirit communication as described accords with actual instances. Theories and speculations are the author's own, although he assumes that other people, considering the same subject, have drawn similar inferences.

The author is no enemy of Christian ethical doctrine, as he has tried to make clear. But he cannot disguise his opinion of certain forms of evangelism. Hugh Bronny represents an unfortunate possibility of the "hard sell" technique in that direction, rather than any specific case. Thus a similarity exists here with Sinclair Lewis' "Elmer Gantry."

Captious readers may raise their eyebrows at the last few pages. Even the author's credulity is strained. Still—on the other hand—who knows? Perhaps such things happen all the time. Stranger things do.

Jack Vance

1. Spook Party

JEAN MARSILE, fifteen years old, blonde and pretty, jumped at the chair where her father sat. "Boo!"

Art Marsile turned his head with provoking calmness. "I thought you were going out on a date."

Jean tugged at her blue jeans, smoothed the seams of her pale blue sweater. "I am."

"Where you going?"

"Out on a weenie-roast. We're going to the haunted house, because it's Hallowe'en."

From across the room came a snort of derision and contempt. Jean ignored the sound.

Art Marsile, tall, tough as harness-leather, parched and coffee-brown from years of Southern California sunlight, looked Jean up and down with unconvincing sternness. "What haunted house is this?" he asked curiously while Jean finished getting ready.

"The old Freelock house."

"So now it's haunted."

"That's what everybody says. Ever since Mr. Freelock killed his wife."

"What everybody *says*, eh? Has anyone seen anything?"

Jean nodded. "Lots of people. The Mexicans who live down the hill. They say there's lights and noises."

From across the room came a mocking bray of laughter. "Stupid bunch of wetbacks."

Art Marsile turned a brief glance toward his son Hugh, the child of his first wife, then looked back to Jean. "You're not scared?"

Real or unreal, the shocking sight would be long remembered.

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1958-08 Parapsyche-F-1958-08 art. Kweskin Amazing SF

The phantoms fought their bitter fight unseen, unknown.

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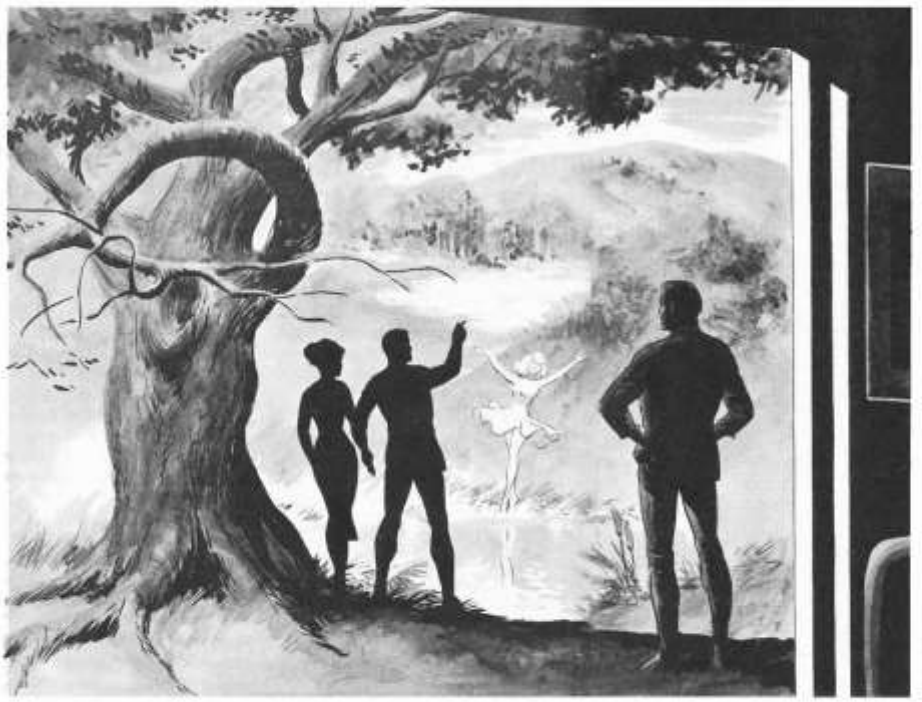
Ullward's Retreat

A big man in every way, Ullward just wasn't satisfied to be an island unto himself . . . it had to be either a whole planet or nothing!

By JACK VANCE

Illustrated by WOOD



BRUHAM Ullward had invited three friends to lunch at his ranch: Ted and Ravelin Seehoe, and their adolescent daughter Iugenae. After an eye-bulging feast, Ullward offered around a tray of the digestive pastilles which had won him his wealth.

"A wonderful meal," said Ted Seehoe reverently. "Too much, really. I'll need one of these. The algae was absolutely marvelous."

Ullward made a smiling easy gesture. "It's the genuine stuff."

Ravelin Seehoe, a fresh-faced, rather positive young woman of eighty or ninety, reached for a pastille. "A shame there's not more of it. The synthetic we get is hardly recognizable as algae."

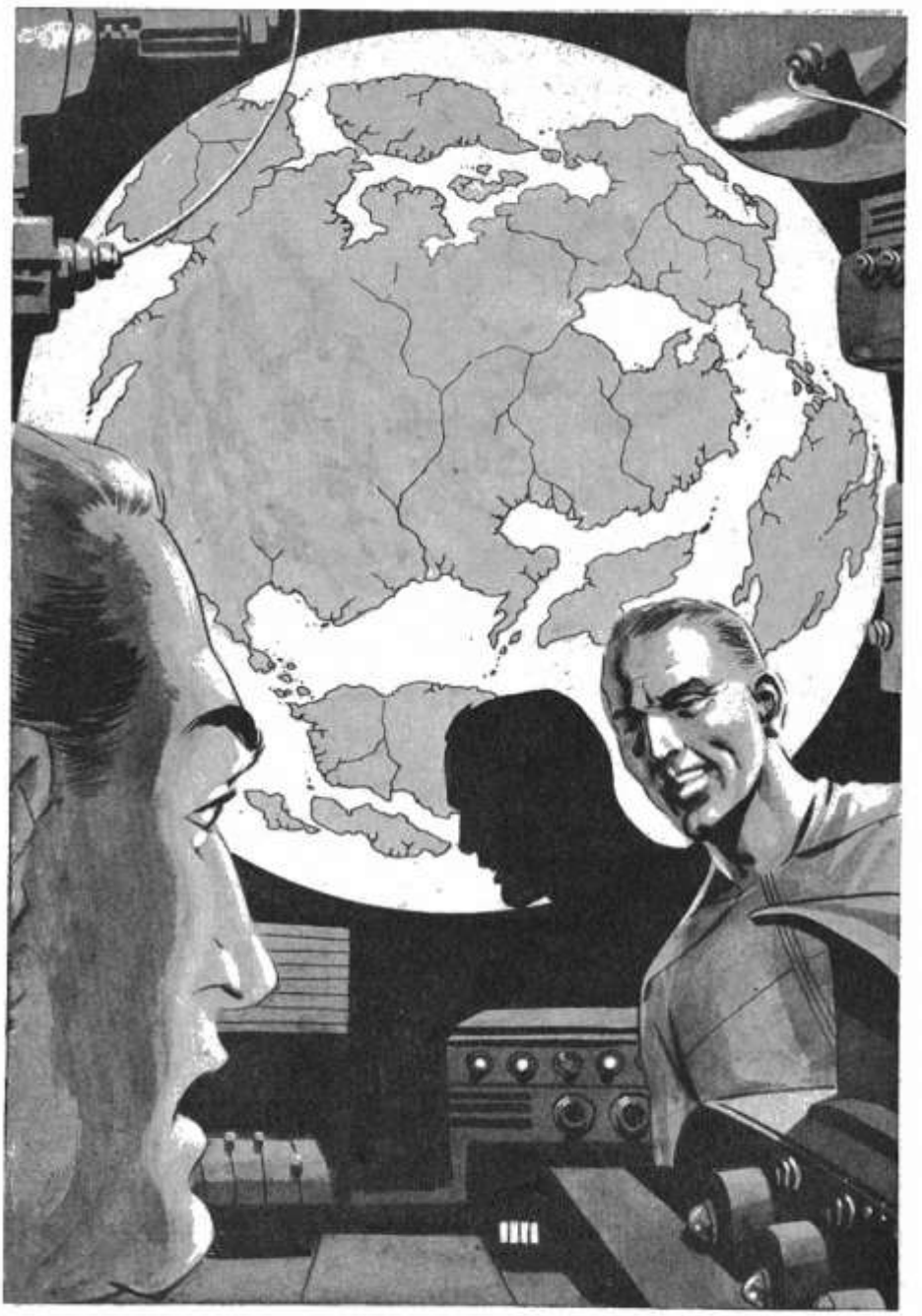
"It's a problem," Ullward admitted. "I clubbed up with some friends; we bought a little mat in the Ross Sea and grow all our own."

"Think of that," exclaimed Ravelin. "Isn't it frightfully expensive?"

Ullward pursed his lips whimsically. "The good things in life come high. Luckily, I'm able to afford a bit extra."

"What I keep telling Ted—" began Ravelin, then stopped as Ted

1958-12 Ullward's retreat-C-1958-12 Galaxy



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with a shake of her head. "Illusion-pane surf is always so gentle. This could lift you right up and give you a good shaking!"

"I expected nothing quite so vehement," Harris Cabe admitted.

Ravelin beckoned to Iugenae. "You keep well away, Miss Puss. I don't want you swept out to sea. You'd find it Lonesome Ocean indeed!"

Runy approached the water, waded gingerly into a sheet of retreating foam. A comber thrashed down at him and he danced quickly back up the shore.

"The water's cold," he reported.

ULLWARD poised himself. "Well, here goes! I'll show you how it's done!" He trotted forward, stopped short, then flung himself into the face of a great white comber.

The party on the beach watched.

"Where is he?" asked Hyla Cabe.

Iugenae pointed. "I saw part of him out there. A leg, or an arm."

"There he is!" cried Ted. "Woof! Another one's caught him. I suppose some people might consider it sport . . ."

Ullward staggered to his feet, lurched through the retreating wash to shore. "Hah! Great! Invigorating! Ted! Harris! Juvenal! Take a go at it!"

Harris shook his head. "I don't think I'll try it today, Bruham."

"The next time for me too," said Juvenal Aquister. "Perhaps it won't be so rough."

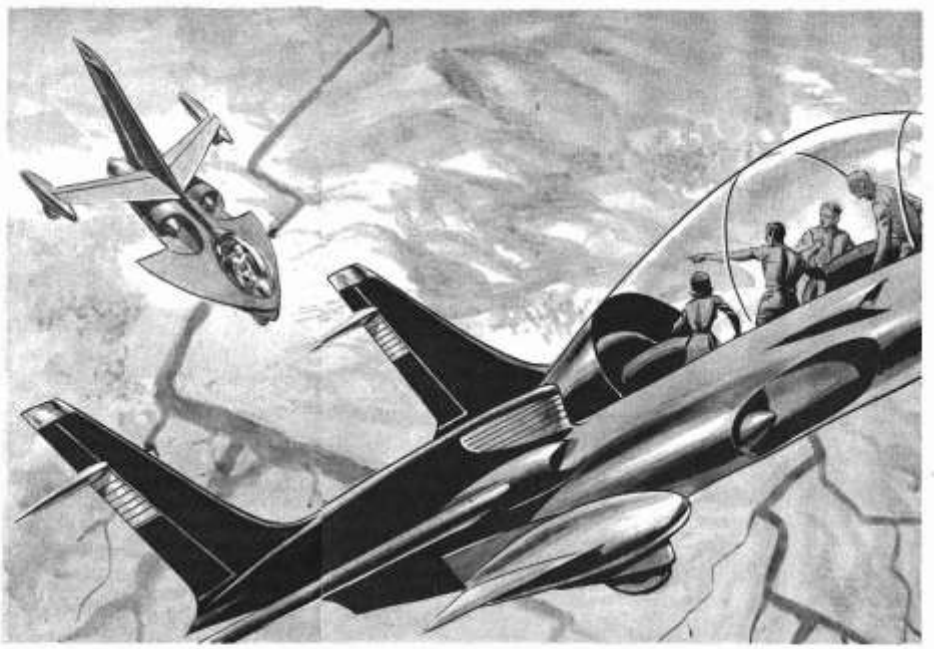
"But don't let us stop you!" urged Ted. "You swim as long as you like. We'll wait here for you."

"Oh, I've had enough for now," said Ullward. "Excuse me while I change."

When Ullward returned, he found his guests seated in the aircar. "Hello! Everyone ready to go?"

"It's hot in the sun," explained Liornetta, "and we thought we'd enjoy the view better from inside."

"When you look through the



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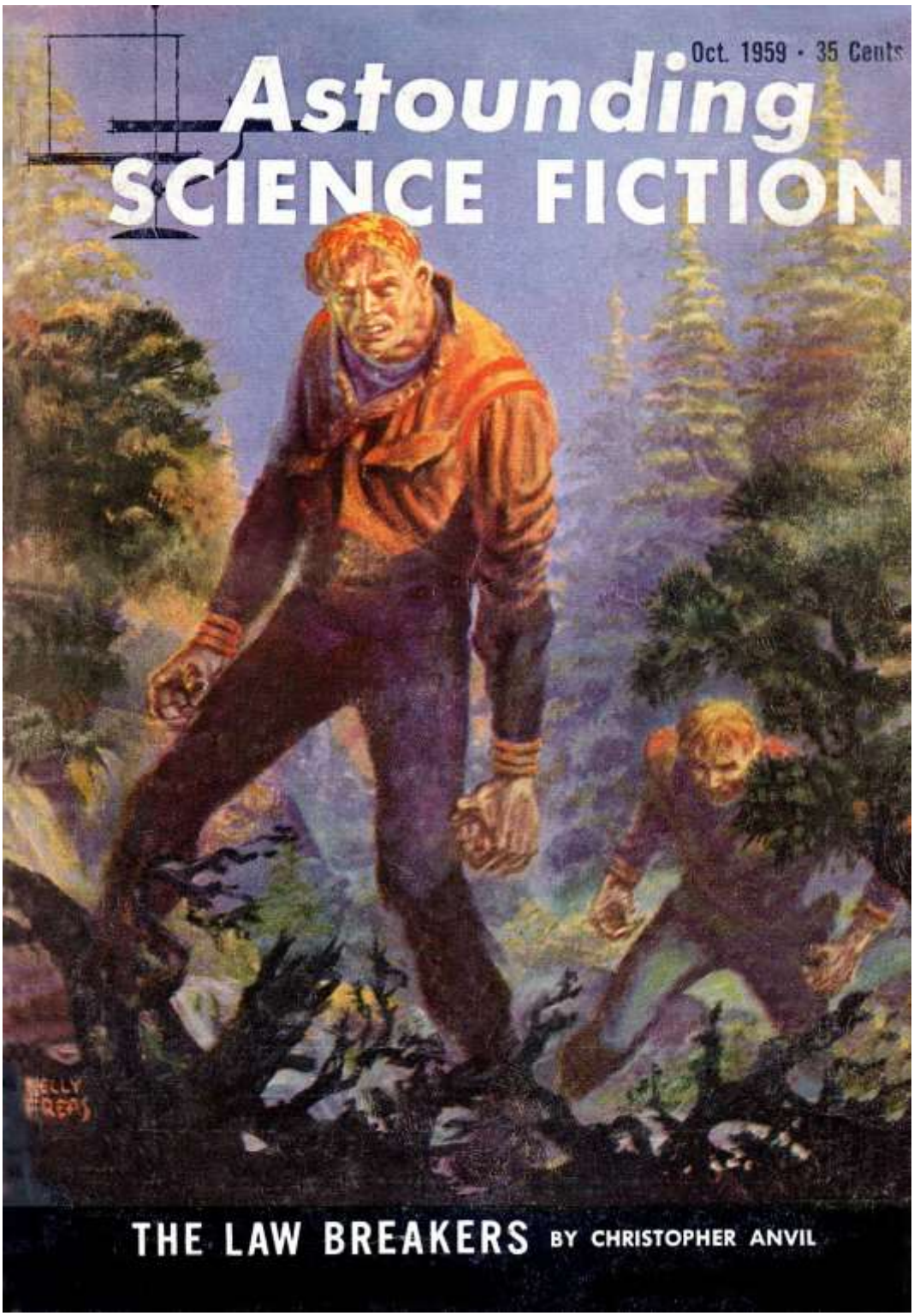

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1959-10 Dodkin's Job-B-1959-10 TOC Astounding sf

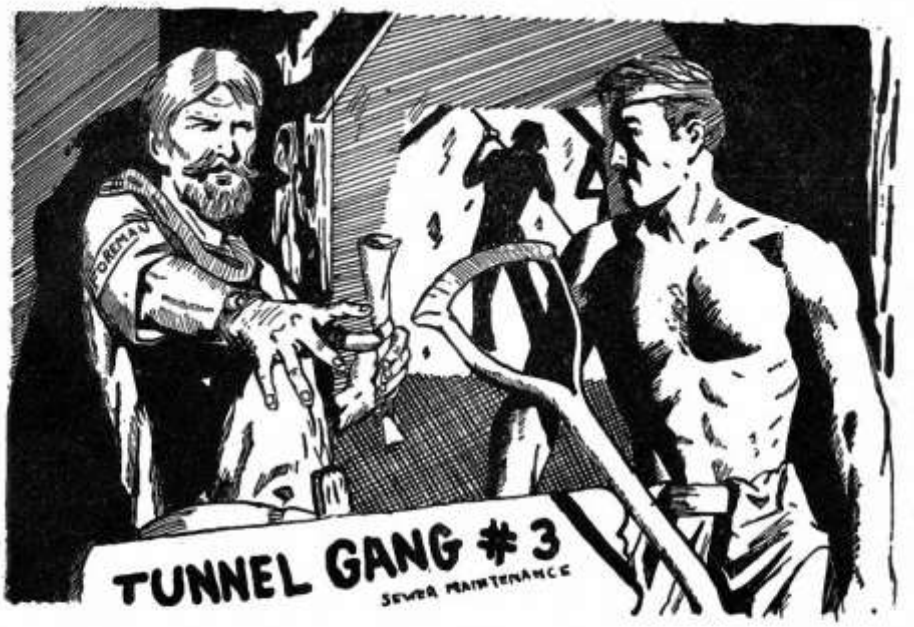
DODKIN'S JOB

BY JACK VANCE

The really essential question was, "Who's runnin' this shebang, anyhow?" The rough part of that question is, of course, that one man may think he is—while a quite different man does. So who do you ask?

Illustrated by Bernklau

1959-10 Dodkin's Job-C-1959-10 ill. Bernklau Astounding SF



"An hour and a half," intoned Luke. "That's how long it's taking me to park this shovel. Just because somebody up the list has a nightmare. And we poor hoodlums at the bottom suffer."

"I'm not at the bottom of the list. I'm a Technical Tool Operator."

"No difference," said Luke. "The hour and a half is the same. Just for somebody's silly notion."

"It's not really so silly," said the moon-faced man. "I fancy there is a good reason for the policy."

Luke shook the handle of the shovel. "And so I have to carry this back and forth along the man belt three hours a day?"

The moony little man pursed his lips. "The author of the directive undoubtedly knows his business very well. Otherwise he'd not hold his classification."

"Just who is this unsung hero?" sneered Luke. "I'd like to meet him. I'd like to learn why he wants me to waste three hours a day."

The short man now regarded Luke as he might an insect in his victual ration. "You talk like a Nonconformist. Excuse me if I seem offensive."

"Why apologize for something you can't help?" asked Luke and turned his back.

He flung his shovel to the clerk behind the wicket and received a check. Elaborately Luke turned to the moon-faced man, tucked the check into his breast pocket. "You keep this; you'll be using that shovel before I will."

worn teeth to and from the warehouse.

Luke stood moping in the passage for five minutes, then escalated to the surface, which at this point, by virtue of Bramblebury Park, could clearly be distinguishable as the surface and not just another level among co-equal levels. He walked slowly along the level paths, ignoring the open sky for the immediacy of his problems. He faced a dead end. There was no further scope of action. Judiath Ripp mockingly had suggested that he consult the Commissioner of Public Utilities. Even if by some improbable circumstance he secured an appointment with the commissioner, what good would ensue? Why should the commissioner revoke a policy directive of such evident importance? Unless he could be persuaded—by some instrumentality Luke was unable to define or even imagine—to issue a special directive exempting Luke from the provisions of the policy . . .

Luke chuckled hollowly, a noise which alarmed the pigeons strutting along the walk. Now what? Back to the dormitory. His dormitory privileges included twelve hours use of his cot per day, and he was not extracting full value from his expense account unless he made use of it. But Luke had no desire for sleep. As he glanced up the perspective of the towers surrounding the park he felt a melancholy exhilaration. The sky, the wonderful clear open sky, blue and brilliant! Luke shivered, for the sun here was hidden by the Morgenthau Moonspike, and the air was brisk.

1959-10 Dodkin's Job-E-1959-10 ill. Bernklau Astounding SF p69

Luke's questions with a stony face of indifference. "I really have no idea, sir. We file, index, and cross index material into the Information Bank, but concern ourselves very little with outgoing data. My duties in fact are mainly administrative. I'll call in one of the under clerks; he can tell you more than I can."

status. He referred to himself as a "line-tender" rather than a "file clerk," the latter apparently a classification of lesser prestige. His "line tending" consisted of sitting beside a panel which glowed and blinked with a thousand orange and green lights. "The orange lights indicate information going down into the bank," said

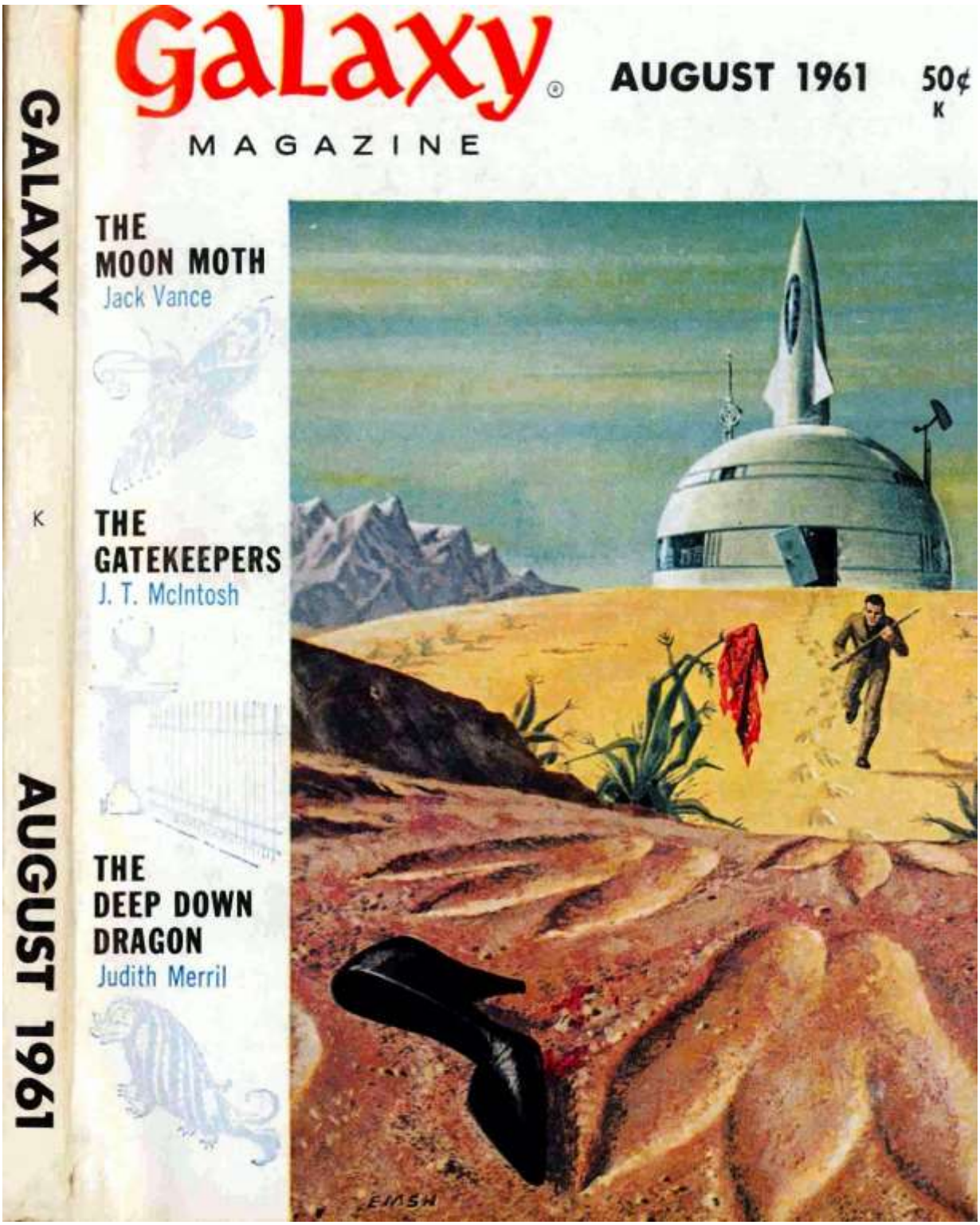
The under clerk who answered Boatridge's summons was a short turnip-faced man with matted red hair. "Take Mr. Grogatch into the outer office," said the Chief File Clerk testily. "He wants to ask you a few questions."

In the outer office, out of the Chief File Clerk's hearing, the under clerk became rather surly and pompous, as if he had devined the level of Luke's

the file clerk. "The green lights show where somebody up-level is drawing information out—generally at the Bureau of Abstracts."

Luke observed the orange and green flickers for a moment. "What information is being transmitted now?"

"Couldn't say," the file clerk grunted. "It's all coded. Down in the old office we had a monitoring machine



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1961-08 The Moon Moth-B-1961-08 TOC Galaxy

By JACK VANCE Illustrated by DICK FRANCIS

Thissell was all set. He would capture the wanted man the second he showed his face. Trouble was, he wouldn't show it!

THE MOON MOTH

THE houseboat had been built to the most exacting standards of Sirenese craftsmanship — which is to say, as close to the absolute as human eye could detect. The planking of waxy dark wood showed no joints. The fastenings were platinum rivets countersunk and polished flat. In style, the boat was massive, broad-beamed, steady as the shore itself, without ponderosity or slackness of line. The bow bulged like a swan's breast, the stem rising high, then crooking forward to support an iron lantern. The doors were carved from slabs of a mottled black-green wood. The windows were many-sectioned, paned with squares of mica that were stained rose, blue, pale green and violet. The bow was given to service facilities and quarters for the slaves; amidships were a pair of sleeping cabins, a dining saloon and a parlor saloon, opening upon an observation deck at the stern.

Such was Edwer Thissell's houseboat, but ownership of it brought him neither pleasure nor pride. The houseboat had become shabby. The carpeting had lost its pile; the carved screens were shipped; the iron lantern at the bow sagged with rust. Seventy years ago the first owner, on ac-

1961-08 The Moon Moth-C-1961-08 ill. Dick Francis Galaxy

cepting the boat, had honored the builder and had been likewise honored. The transaction (for the process represented a great deal more than simple giving and taking) had augmented the prestige of both. That time was far gone. The houseboat now commanded no prestige whatever.

Edwer Thissell, resident on Sirene only three months, recognized the lack but could do nothing about it: this particular houseboat was the best he could get. He sat on the rear deck practising the *ganga*, a zither-like instrument not much larger than his hand. A hundred yards inshore surf defined a strip of white beach. Beyond rose jungle, with the silhouette of craggy black hills against the sky. Mireille shone hazy and white overhead, as if through a tangle of spider-web; the face of the ocean pooled and puddled with mother-of-pearl luster. The scene had become as familiar, though not as boring, as the *ganga*, at which he had worked two hours, twanging out the Sirenese scales, forming chords, traversing simple progressions. Now he put down the *ganga* for the *zachinko*, this a small soundbox studded with keys, played with the right hand. Pressure on the keys forced air through reeds in the keys themselves, producing a concertina-like tone. This-

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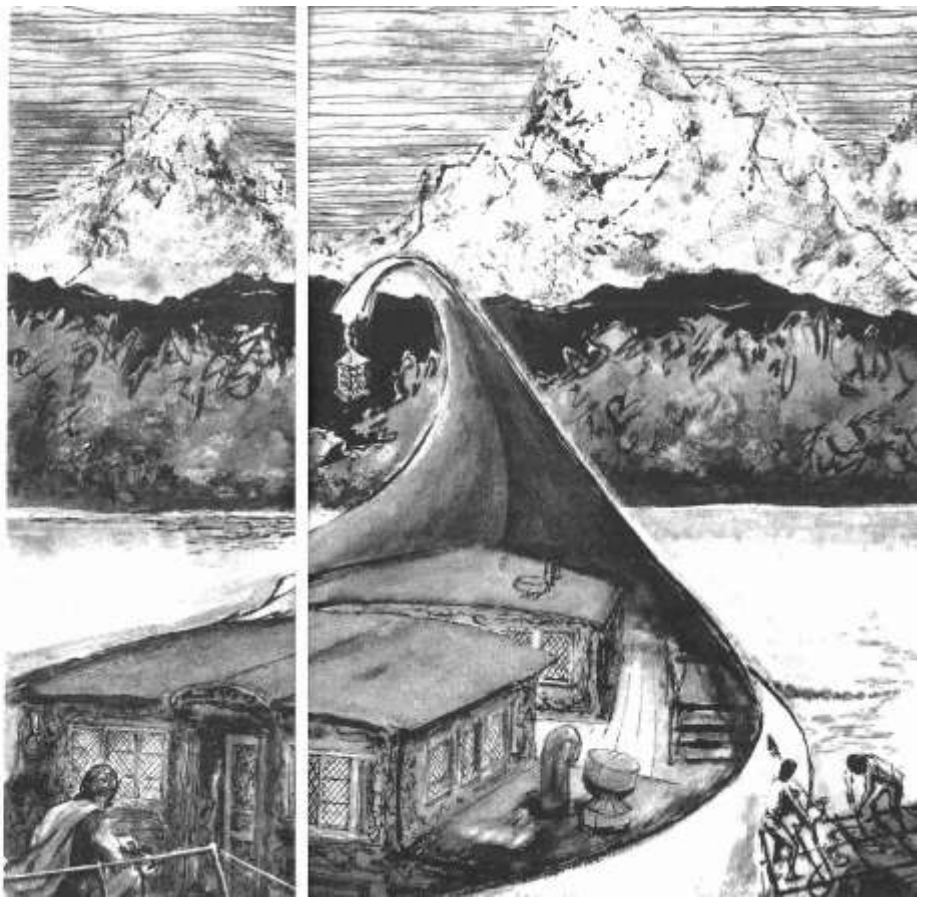

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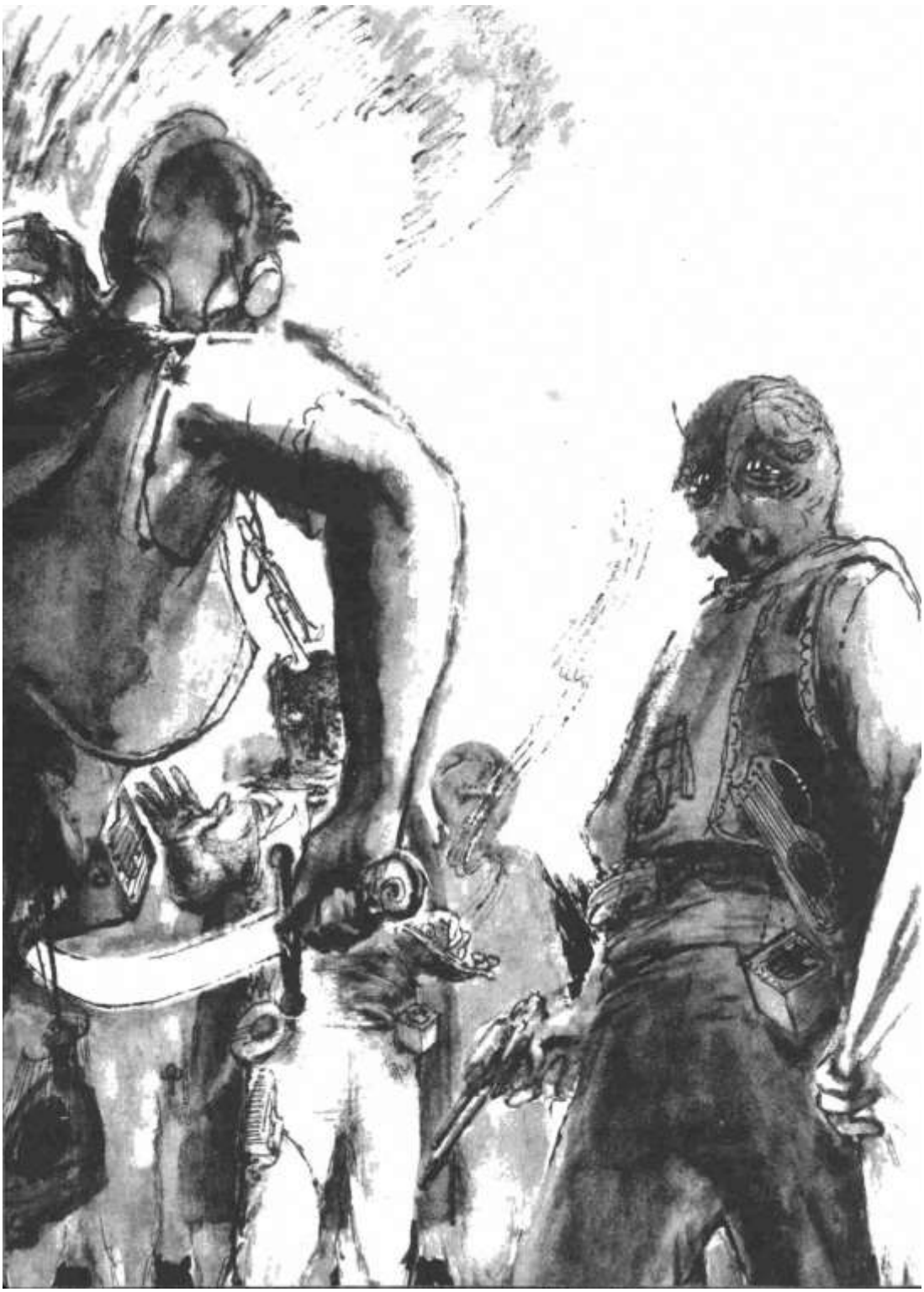

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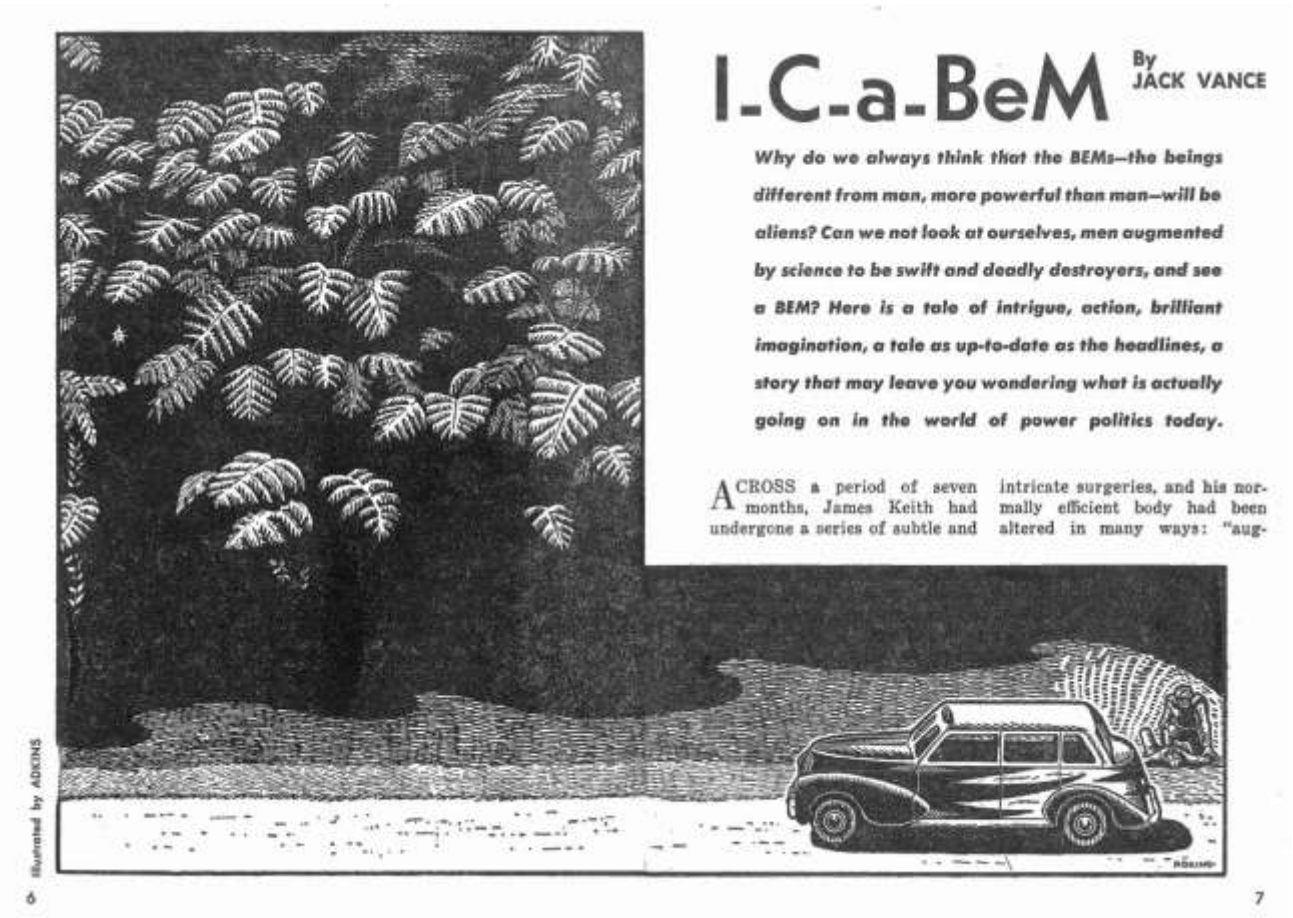

I-C-a-BeM

By JACK VANCE

Why do we always think that the BEMs—the beings different from man, more powerful than man—will be aliens? Can we not look at ourselves, men augmented by science to be swift and deadly destroyers, and see a BEM? Here is a tale of intrigue, action, brilliant imagination, a tale as up-to-date as the headlines, a story that may leave you wondering what is actually going on in the world of power politics today.

ACROSS a period of seven months, James Keith had undergone a series of subtle and intricate surgeries, and his normally efficient body had been altered in many ways: "aug-

illustrated by ADKINS

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1961-10 I.C.a.B.e.M-D-1961-10 ill. Adkins Amazing stories

"If true," said Hashembe, "it is monstrous. And Shgawe, who would tolerate none of this, is dead."

"Therefore," said Keith, "we must replace Shgawe with a leader who will pursue the same goals."

"Where shall we find such a leader?"

"Here. I am such a leader. You control the army; there can be no opposition."

Hashembe sat for two minutes looking into space. Then he rose to his feet. "Very well. You are the new premier. If necessary, we shall dissolve the Parliament. In any event it is no more than a pen for cackling chickens."

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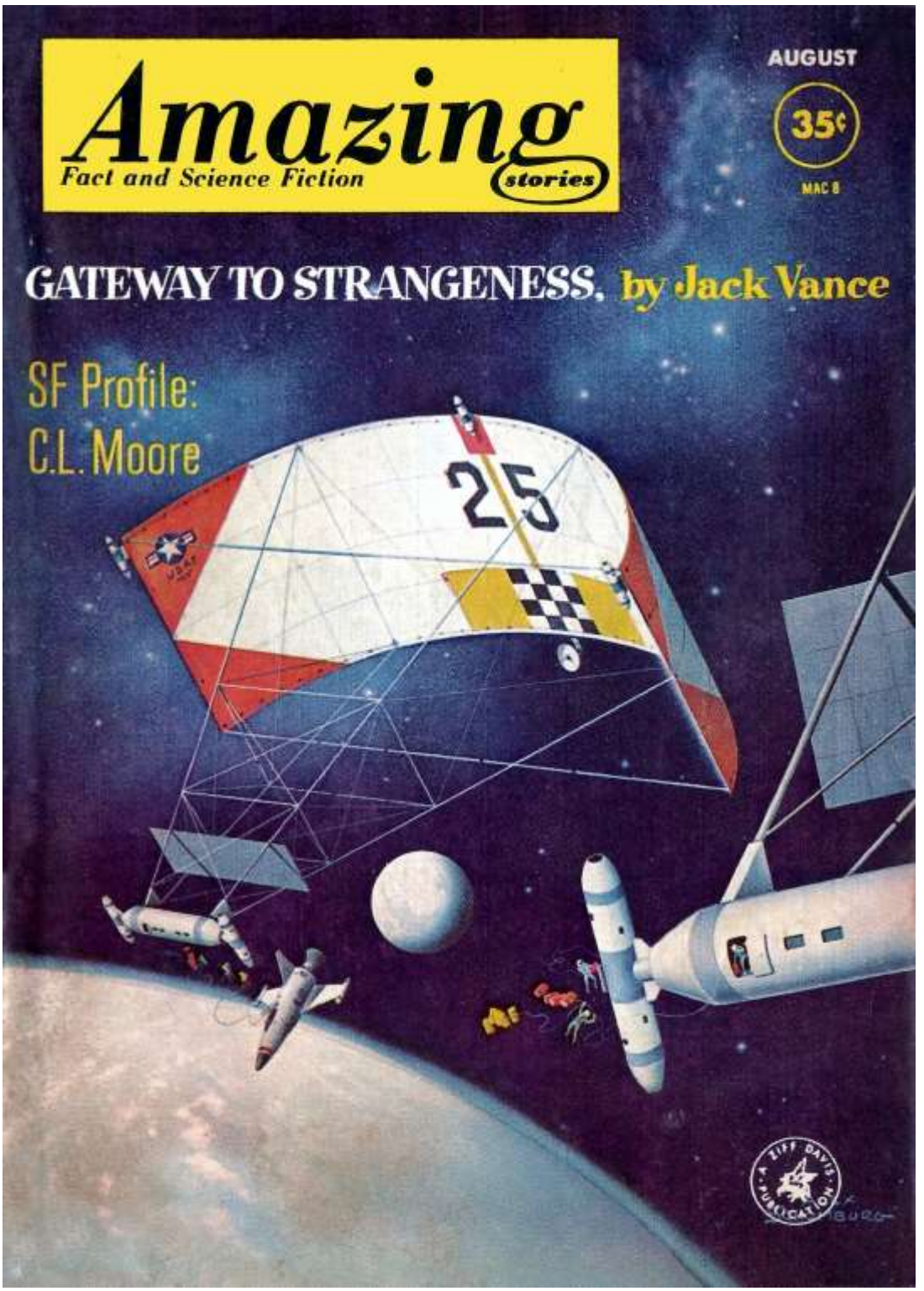

1962-08 Gateway to Strangeness-A-1962-08 cover Alex Schomburg
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Illustrating *Gateway to Strangeness*

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Gateway to Strangeness

By JACK VANCE

The ship, its great sail spread to the fading sunlight, fled through space like a ghost—out, always out. There were still a billion miles to travel . . . a billion miles before they'd know whether they would ever come back.

Illustrated by FINLAY

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CHAPTER 1

HENRY BELT came limping into the conference room mounted the dais, settled himself at the desk. He looked once around the room: a swift bright glance which, focusing nowhere, treated the eight young men who faced him to an almost insulting disinterest. He reached in his pocket, brought forth a pencil and a flat red book, which he placed on the desk. The eight young men watched in absolute silence. They were much alike: healthy, clean, smart, their expressions identically alert and wary. Each had heard legends of Henry Belt, each had formed his private plans and private determinations.

Henry Belt seemed a man of a different species. His face was broad, flat, roped with cartilage and muscle, with skin the color and texture of bacon rind. Coarse white grizzle covered his scalp, his eyes were crafty slits, his nose a misshapen lump. His shoulders were massive, his legs short and gnarled.

"First of all," said Henry Belt, with a gap-toothed grin, "I'll make it clear that I don't expect you to like me. If you do I'll be surprised and displeased. It will mean that I haven't pushed you hard enough."

He leaned back in his chair,

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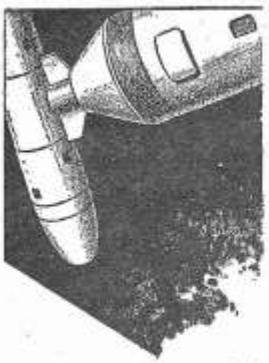


once; we are well aware of the risks of this, our chosen occupation. There will be no practical jokes. You may fight, so long as you do not disturb me or break any instruments; however I counsel against it, as it leads to resentment, and I have known cadets to kill each other. I suggest coolness and detachment in your personal relations. Use of the micro-film projector is of course at your own option. You may not use the radio either to despatch or receive messages. In fact I have put the radio out of commission, as is my practice. I do this to emphasize the fact that, sink or swim, we must make do with our own resources. Are there any questions? . . . Very good. You will find that if you all behave with scrupulous correctness and accuracy, we shall in due course return safe and sound, with a minimum of demerist and no casualties. I am bound to say, however, that in twelve previous voyages this has failed to occur. Now you select your cubicles, stow your gear. The carrier will bring up the new sail tomorrow, and you will go to work."

CHAPTER 3

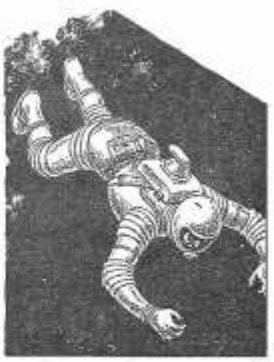
THE carrier discharged a great bundle of three-inch tubing: paper-thin lithium hardened with beryllium, reinforced with filaments of mono-crystalline iron—a total length of eight miles. The cadets fitted the tubes end to end, cementing the joints. When the tube extended a quarter-mile it was bent bow-shaped by a cord stretched between two ends, and further sections added. As the process continued the free end curved far out and around, and presently began to veer back in toward the hull. When the last tube was in place the loose end was hauled down, socketed home, to form a great hoop two miles and a half in diameter.

Henry Belt came out occasionally in his space suit to look on, and occasionally spoke a few words of sardonic comment, to which the cadets paid little heed. Their mood had changed; this was exhilaration, to be weightlessly afloat above the bright cloud-marked globe, with continent and ocean wheeling massively below. Anything seemed possible, even the training voyage with Henry Belt! When he came out to inspect their work, they grinned at each other with indulgent amusement. Henry Belt suddenly seemed a rather pitiful creature, a poor vagabond suited only for drunken bluster. Fortunate indeed that they were less naive than Henry Belt's previous classes! They had taken Belt seriously; he had cowed them, reduced them to nervous pulp. Not this crew, not by a long shot! They saw through Henry Belt! Just keep your nose clean, do your work, keep cheerful. The training voyage won't last but a few months, and then real life begins. Gut it out, ignore Henry Belt as much as possible. This is the sensible attitude; the best way to keep on top of the situation.

Already the group had made a composite assessment of its members, arriving at a set of convenient labels. Culpepper: smooth, suave, easy-going. Lynch: excitable, argumentative, hot-tempered. Von Gluck: the artistic temperament, delicate with hands and sensibilities. Ostrander: prissy, finicky, over-tidy. Sutton: moody, suspicious, competitive. Verona: the plugger, rough at the edges, but persistent and reliable.

AROUND the hull swung the gleaming hoop, and now the carrier brought up the sail, a great roll of darkly shining stuff. When unfolded and unrolled, and unfolded many times more it became a tough gleaming film, flimsy as gold leaf. Unfolded to its fullest extent it was a shimmering disk, already rippling and bulging to the light of the sun. The cadets fitted the film to the hoop, stretched it taut as a drum-head, cemented it in place. Now the sail must carefully be held edge on to the sun, or it would quickly move away, under a thrust of about a hundred pounds.

From the rim braided-iron threads were led to a ring at the back of the parabolic reflector, dwarfing this as the reflector



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1962-08 The Dragon Masters-A-1962-08 ill. Gaughan Galaxy

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AUGUST, 1962 • VOL. 20 NO. 6

M-33 in Triangulum. Is this a younger galaxy than our own? It has many bright, blue-white stars —too hot to live long, and thus recently formed. The spiral shape seems just to be taking form.

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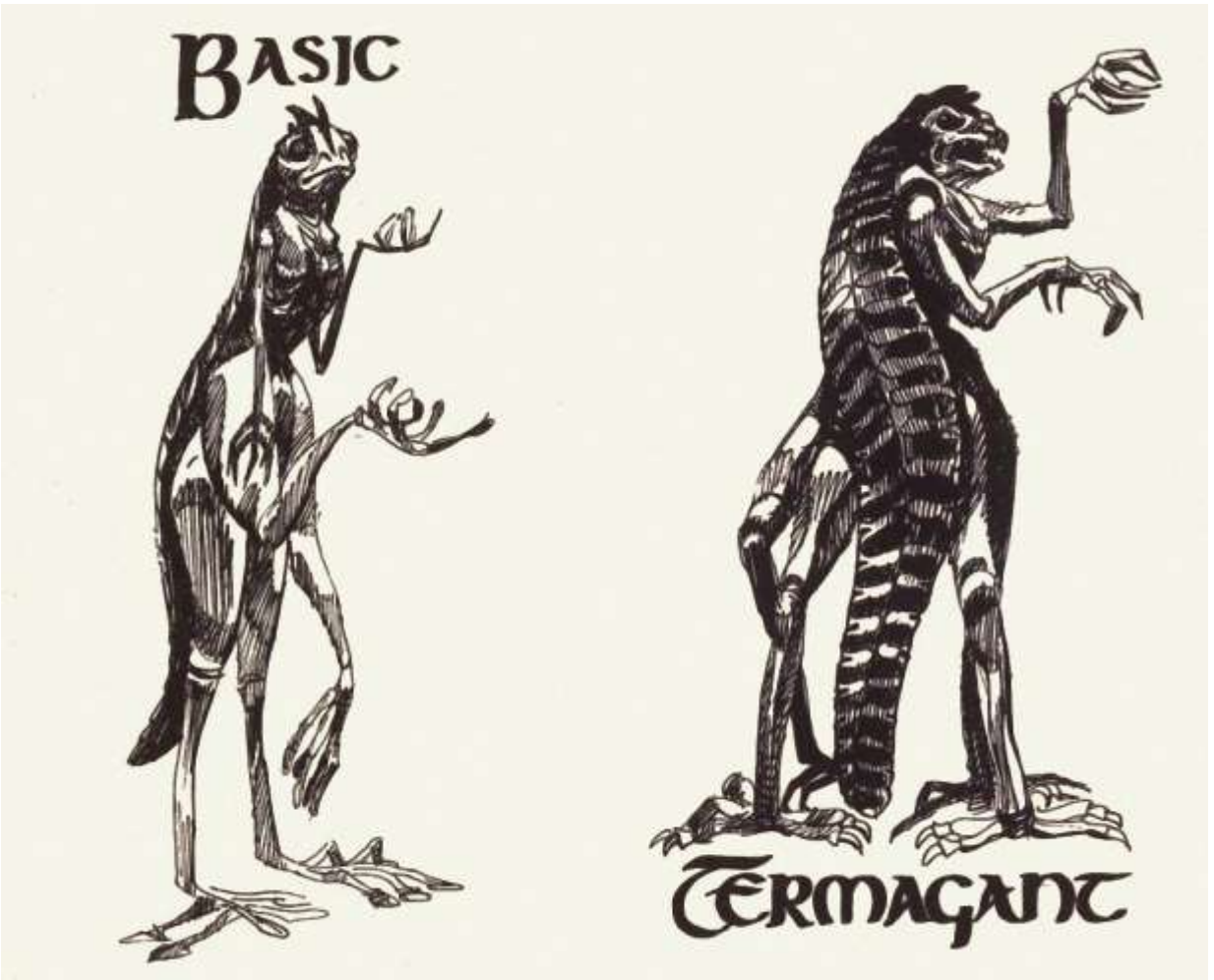

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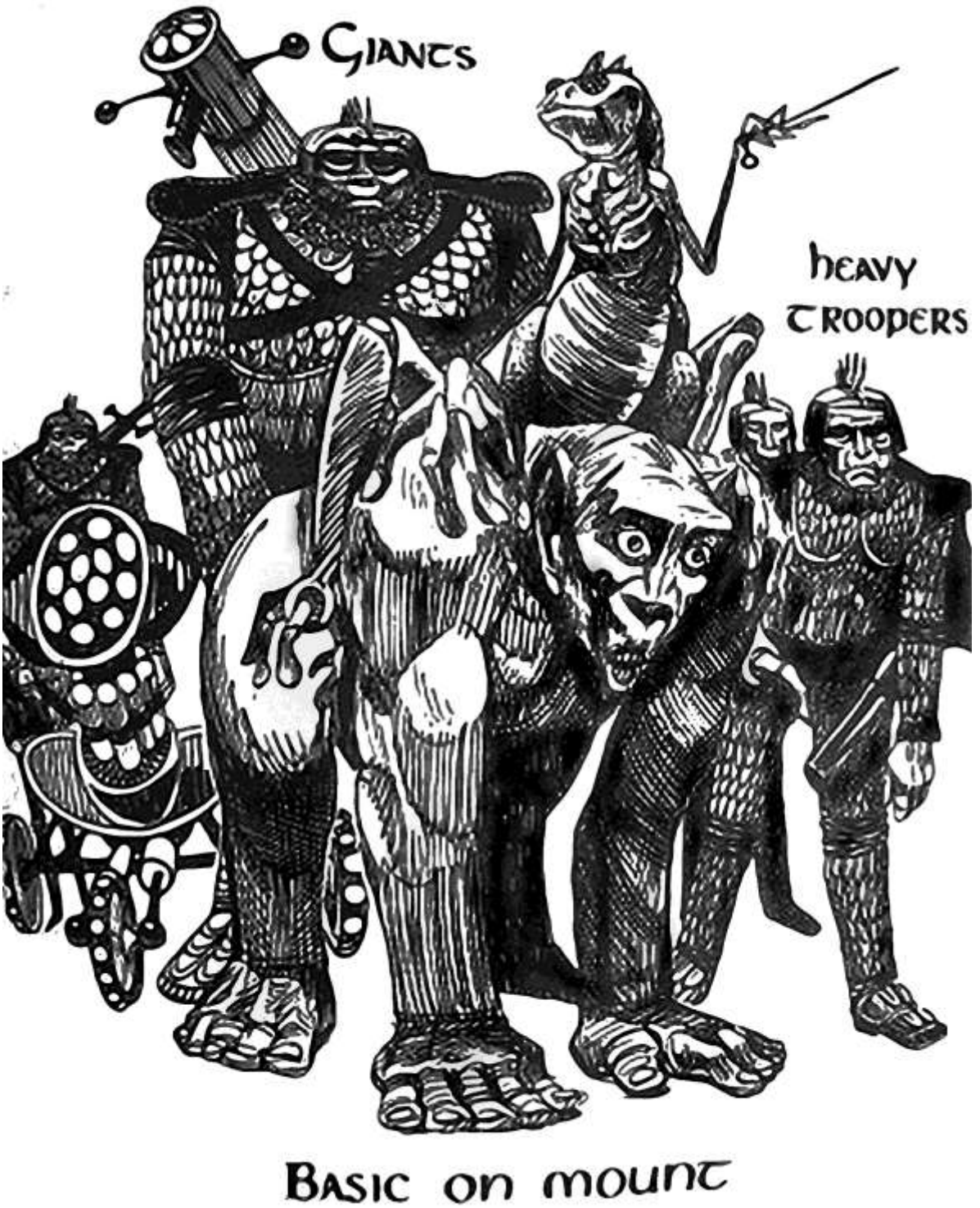

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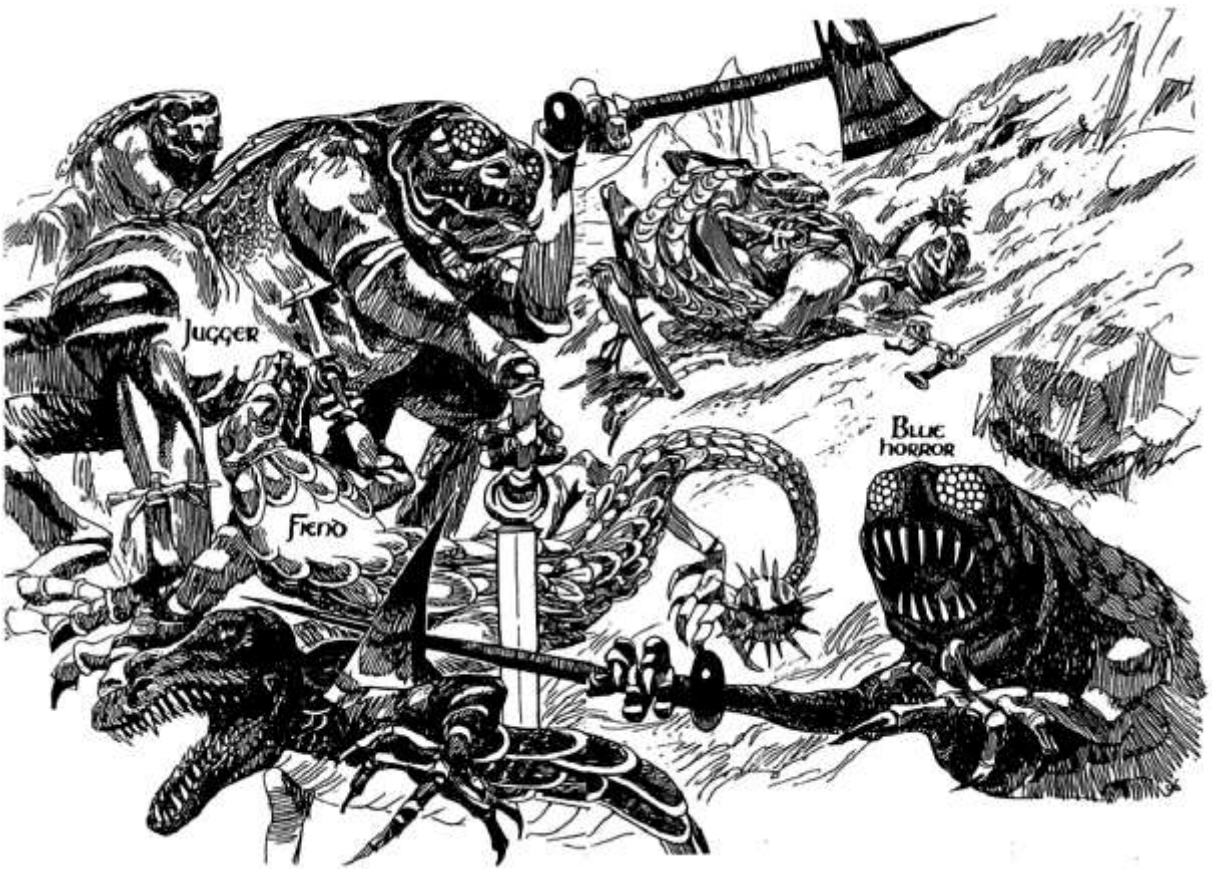

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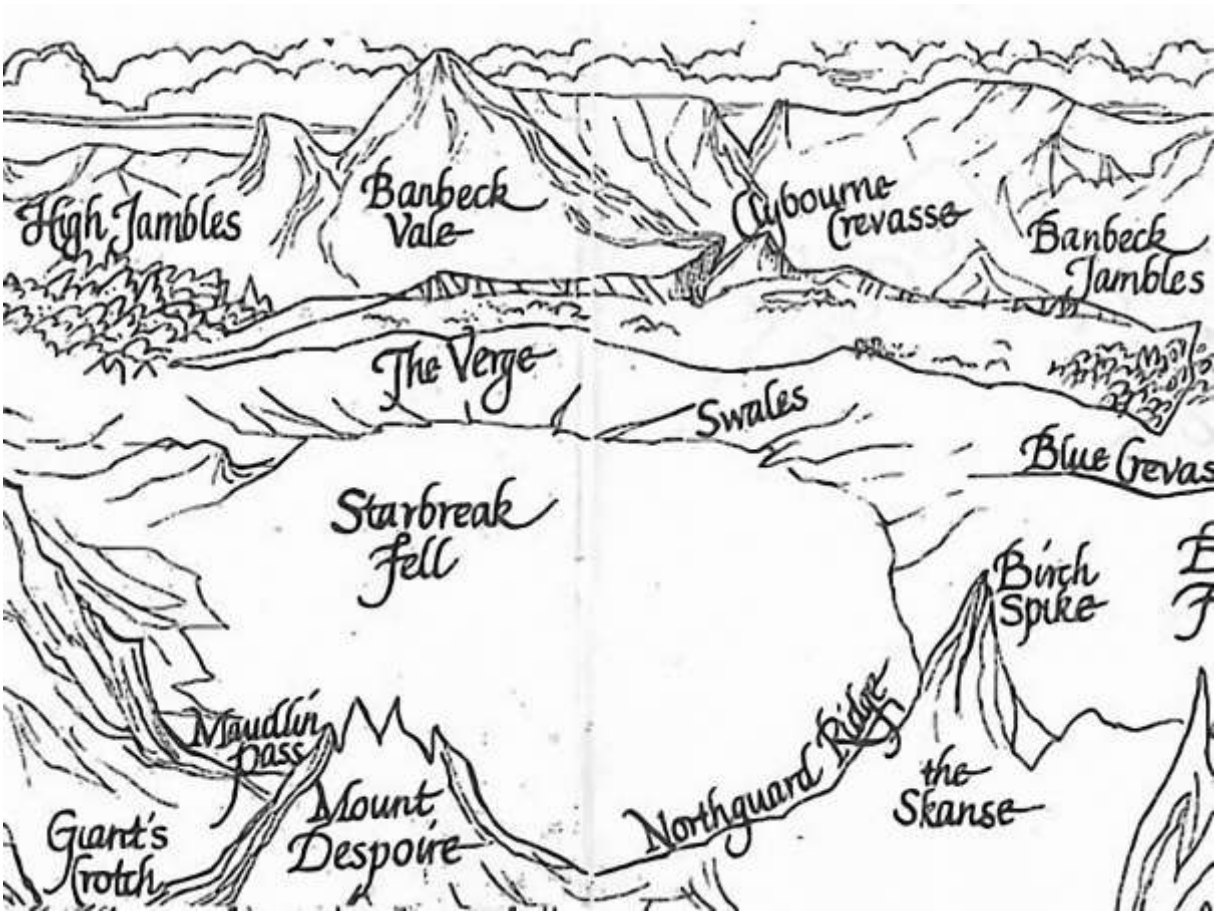

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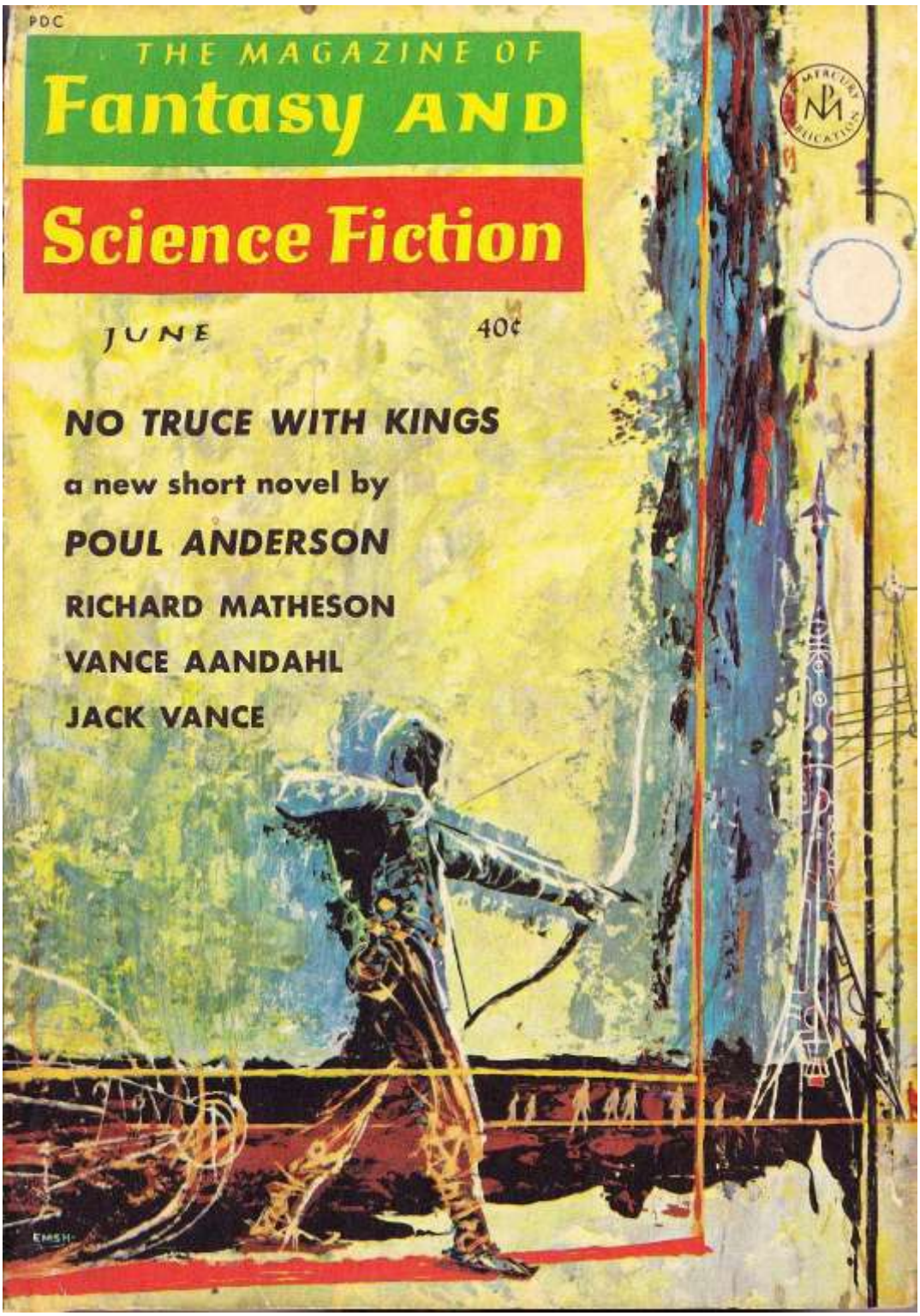

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1963-06 Green Magic-B-1963-06 TOC FSF

Introduction to Jack Vance's GREEN MAGIC

Among the pleasures and treasures of the past calendar year we include our discovery of Jack Vance. True, others discovered him before us, discovered him to us. We would not have it otherwise—bad enough it unaccountably took this long for us, good that others have been enjoying him whilst we remained in ignorance. The preference of a Mrs. Grania Davidson for California as the scene of her slightly delayed honeymoon enabled us to meet the pleasant Mr. Vance, pleasant wife and pleasant boy-child; and to obtain this story from him. Vances span the state in space and time: one great-great-grandfather arriving 11 years before the Gold Rush; Jack born in San Francisco, raised in the San Joaquin-Sacramento Delta, high-schooled in Los Angeles, attended U. of C.—picked fruit, hopped bells, canned, mined, constructed, rigged, fared at sea, played jazz band cornet—lives in an old house in the Oakland Hills, defies storms and tempests in building the famous houseboat with Frank Herbert and Poul Anderson . . . None of which explains the talent behind his writing. At its simplest, you have in this story the man who dwelt in Fairyland—minus any trace of saccharinity which that might imply—plus a sophistication and a polish hard to parallel. We would like to know more about merrihews, sandestins, *and* magners, *creatures benign and malign, which Jack Vance merely mentions in passing. We would like to know more about the Egg of Innocence, which Harold Fair broke open, disturbing among the spiral towers. But it may be just as well that we do not. Jack Vance, he who is not content with magics merely white or black, says he is in favor of ". . . feasting and festivity, sailing, ceramics, books, Scotch, Bourbon, beer, gin and wine" and is against ". . . modern architecture, psychiatry, confusion, Picasso, Muzak, progressives and reactionaries, tobacco, sin and corruption." so be it.*

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GREEN MAGIC

by Jack Vance

HOWARD FAIR, LOOKING OVER the relics of his great uncle Gerald McIntyre, found a large ledger entitled:

WORKBOOK & JOURNAL
Open at Peril!

Fair read the journal with interest, although his own work went far beyond ideas treated only gingerly by Gerald McIntyre.

"The existence of disciplines concentric to the elementary magics must now be admitted without further controversy," wrote McIntyre. "Guided by a set of analogies from the white and black magics (to be detailed in due course), I have delineated the basic extension of purple magic, as well as its corollary, Dynamic Nomism."

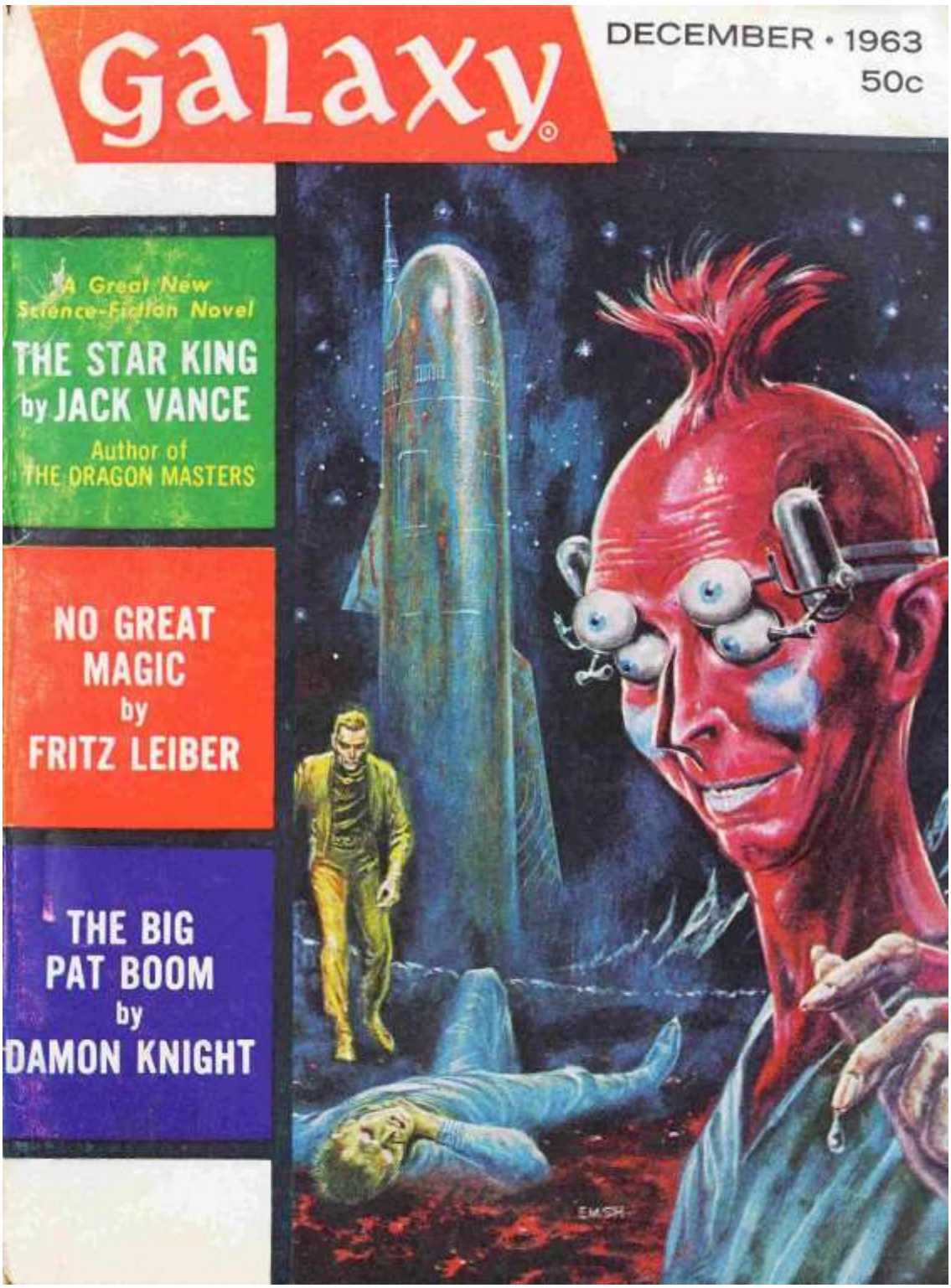
Fair read on, remarking the careful charts, the projections and expansions, the transpolations and transformations by which Gerald McIntyre had conceived his systemology. So swiftly had the technical arts advanced that McIntyre's expositions, highly controversial sixty years before, now seemed pedantic and overly rigorous.

"Whereas benign creatures: angels, white sprites, merrihews, sandestins—are typical of the white cycle; whereas demons, magners, trolls and warlocks are evinced by black magic; so do the purple and green cycles sponsor their own particulars, but these are neither good nor evil, bearing, rather, the same relation to the black and white provinces that these latter do to our own basic realm."

Fair re-read the passage. The "green cycle?" Had Gerald McIntyre wandered into regions overlooked by modern workers?

He reviewed the journal in the light of this suspicion, and discovered additional hints and references. Especially provocative was a bit of scribbled marginalia: "More concerning my latest researches I may not state, having been promised an infinite reward for this forbearance."

The passage was dated a day before Gerald McIntyre's death, which had occurred on March 21, 1898, the first day of spring. McIntyre had enjoyed very little of his "infinite reward," whatever had been its nature . . . Fair returned to a consideration of the journal,



1963-12 The Star King-A1-1963-12 ill. Emsh Galaxy

ALL STORIES NEW

Galaxy

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1963-12 The Star King-A2-1963-12 TOC Galaxy

1963-12 The Star King-A3-1963-12 ill. Emsh Galaxy

him by Lugo Teehalt, opened it and extracted three photographs, which he examined for the better part of an hour.

The fire burnt low. Smade took himself to bed, leaving a son dozing behind the bar. Outside the night rains began to thrash down, lightning crackled, the ocean groaned.

Gersen sat in deep thought. Presently from his pocket he brought a sheet of paper, which listed five names:

Grendel (the Monster)
Howard Alan Treesong
Viole Falushe
Kokor Hekkus (the Killing Machine)
Lens Larque

From his pocket he brought a pencil, but still he deliberated. If he continually added names to his list he would never finish. Of course there was no real need to write. There was no real need for a list: Gersen knew the five names as well as he knew his own. He compromised. To the right and below the last name of the original list he appended a sixth name: Hildemar Dasce.

For a space he sat looking at the names, with two sides to his mind: the one so alive and passionate that the other, the cerebral detached observer, felt a trace of amusement.

ILLUSTRATED BY EMSH

The flames settled low, chunks of fossilized moss glowed scarlet. The sea-sound was slower and lower in pitch. Gersen rose to his feet and climbed the stone stairs to his room.

During his life Gersen had known little other than a succession of strange beds. Nevertheless sleep came slowly, and he lay staring into the dark. Visions passed before him, from as early as he could remember: a landscape which, as he recalled, seemed wonderfully pleasant and bright. There were tawny mountains, a village painted in faded pastel colors along the banks of a wide tawny river. But this picture, as always, was followed by another even more vivid: the same landscape, littered with hacked and bleeding bodies. Men and women and children shuffled into the holds of five long ships under the weapons of two score men in what seemed strange and outlandish costumes. With an old man who was his grandfather, Gersen watched horrified from across the river, concealed from the slavers by the bulk of an old barge. When the ships had lifted, they returned across the river. Then his grandfather told him, "Many things your father had planned for you. Learning and useful work and a life of satisfaction and peace. Do you recall this?"

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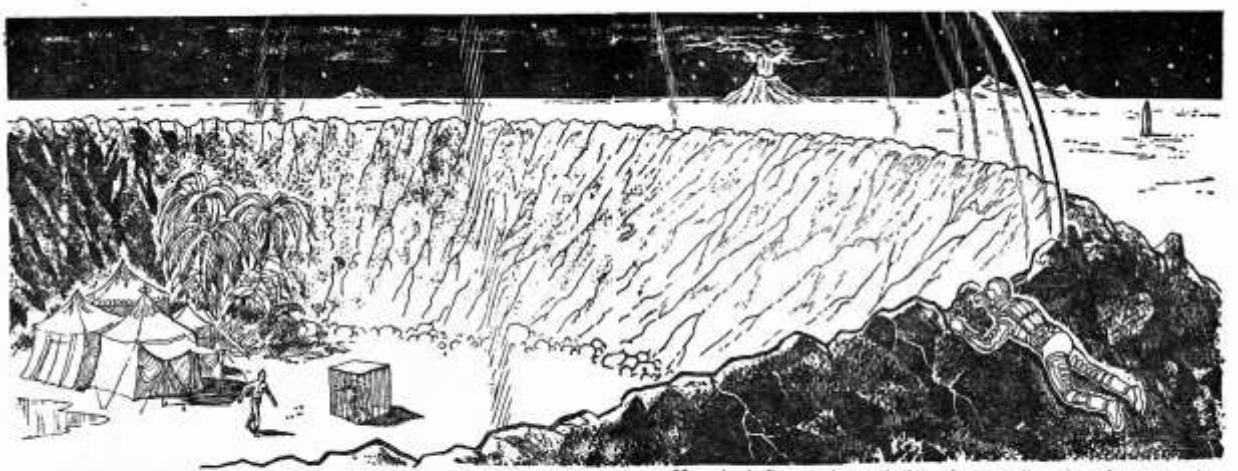


ple," said Gersen. "I met her the first day I visited the university and asked her out for the evening. For sheer malice, Hildemar Dasce struck me down and kidnaped her. I felt it was my duty to rescue her."

Kelle smiled thinly. "I suppose we can't fault you for this."

Warweave spoke in the driest of voices: "Presumably we will now make for our original destination."

"Yes," grumbled Detteras. "The sooner we put a term to this fantastic voyage the better."

The dark star and its feeble red companion became one with space. In the hold Hildemar Dasce, recovering consciousness, swore a low vile mutter and tested his bonds with insensate ferocity. He tore and twisted at the clamps till the skin peeled from his fingers; he plucked at the metal strands in the cable till his fingernails broke. Then he tried a new procedure. Thrusting against the floor, lunging from side to side, he tried to pull the cable loose from where it was fastened at the walls: first to the right, then to the left. He succeeded only in bruising his neck.

Assured that he was in fact helpless, though hands and feet were free, he relaxed, panting. His mind seethed with emotion.

How had Gersen located the dark star? No one alive knew the location but himself . . . and Grendel. Dasce reviewed the occasions on which he had circumvented, cheated or failed Grendel and wondered if one of these occasions might not have come home to roost.

In the saloon Gersen sat brooding on a settee. The three men from the university — one of whom was not a man — stood together far forward. There was Kelle: suave, fastidious, compact in physique; Warweave: ectomorphic, saturnine; Detteras: large-bodied, restless, moody. Gersen eyed his suspect, probing his every act, word and gesture for corroboration, for some sign to provide the absolute assurance he needed. Pallis Atwrode sat quietly nearby, lost in reverie. From time to time her face twitched, her fingers clenched into her palms.

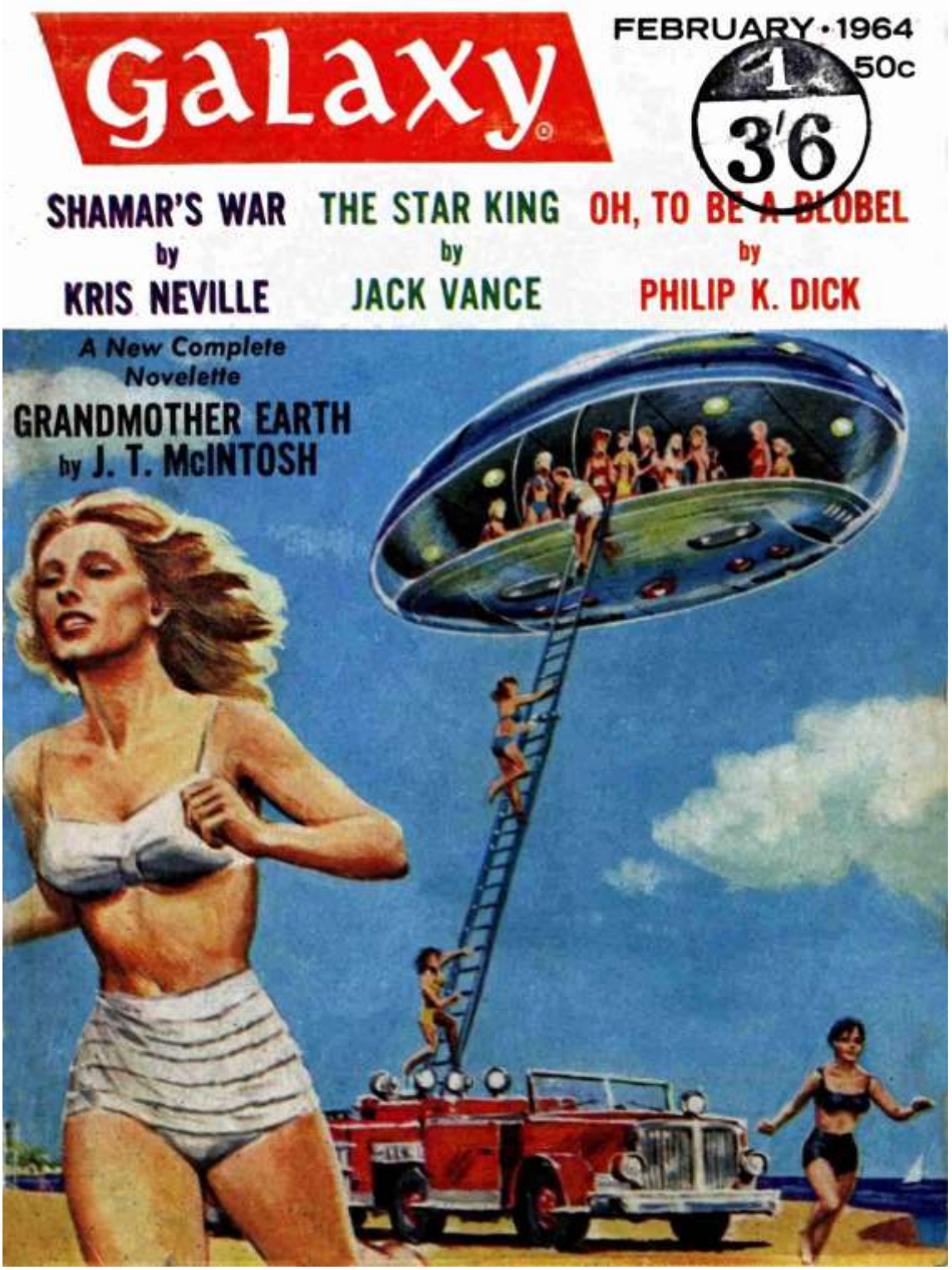
There would be no qualms to the killing of Hildemar Dasce.

Robin Rampold stood listlessly at the microfilm library, looking at the index, stroking his long bony chin. He turned, glanced toward Gersen, sidled across the room wolfishly. In a voice so polite as to seem servile he asked, "*He* — is *he* alive?"

"For the moment."

Rampold hesitated, opened his mouth, closed it again. Final-

1963-12 The Star King-A8-1963-12 ill. Emsh Galaxy 7



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THE STAR KING

Two were human. The third was a fearsome alien creature. Gersen gambled his life to decide which!

BY JACK VANCE

CONCLUSION

Synopsis

Gersen was a dedicated man.

As a child he had seen his family wiped out in the attack of a Star King, a human-seeming creature totally without morals or compassion. Gersen had been bred and trained ever since for one purpose: revenge. After decades of growing and learning he was at last on the track of the being who had ravaged his home. The trail began on a lonely outpost planet where a desperate space explorer, doomed to death, told him of a wonderful virgin world he had sighted . . . and told him that the Star King was intent on owning the planet for himself.

Gersen stole the dying explorer's coded control filament, which would enable him to locate the virgin planet. Tracking down the

Illustrated by EMSH

names of the men who had sponsored the explorer, Gersen found three persons, Kelle, Detteras and Warweave, all seeming solid citizens with a philanthropic interest in space exploration . . . but one of whom was a monster

Gersen was certain he was on the right track when Sarkoy assassins tried to waylay him. Born and bred to kill in a thousand ways, they were yet no match for Gersen, whose whole life had been devoted to countermeasures for any such attack. He made arrangements to interview the three men, one of whom was his enemy, and in the process met a girl, Pallis Atwrode, who touched the first human spark Gersen had felt in his whole life.

There had been no others.

In training himself to combat a monster, Gersen discovered he had become almost a sort of monster himself.

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1964 The Kragen-A-1964-07 ill. Emsh Fantastic

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Illustrating *The Kragen*

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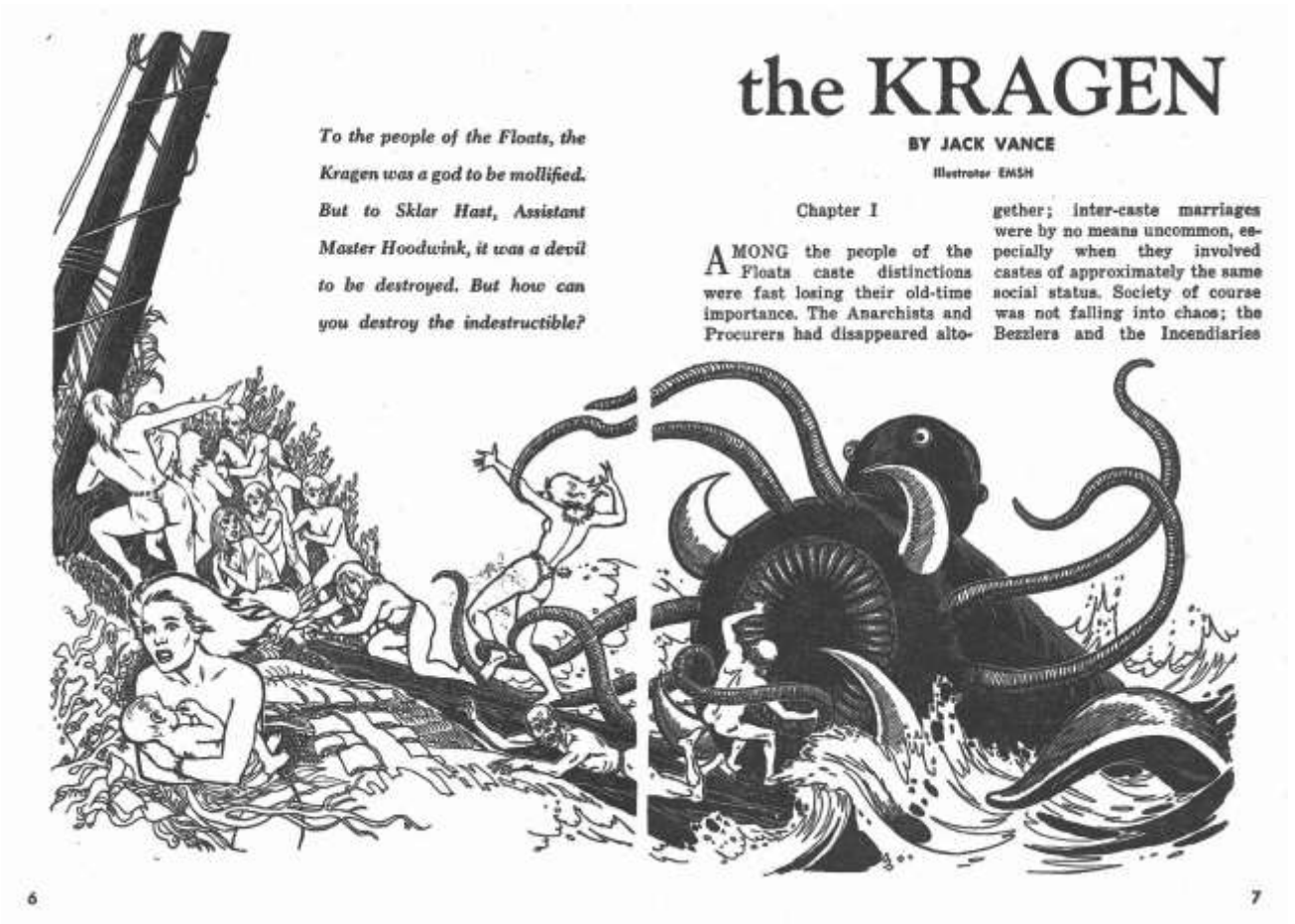

the KRAGEN

BY JACK VANCE

Illustrator EMSH

To the people of the Floats, the Kragen was a god to be mollified. But to Sklar Hast, Assistant Master Hoodwink, it was a devil to be destroyed. But how can you destroy the indestructible?

Chapter I

AMONG the people of the Floats caste distinctions were fast losing their old-time importance. The Anarchists and Procurers had disappeared altogether; inter-caste marriages were by no means uncommon, especially when they involved castes of approximately the same social status. Society of course was not falling into chaos; the Bezzlers and the Incendiaries

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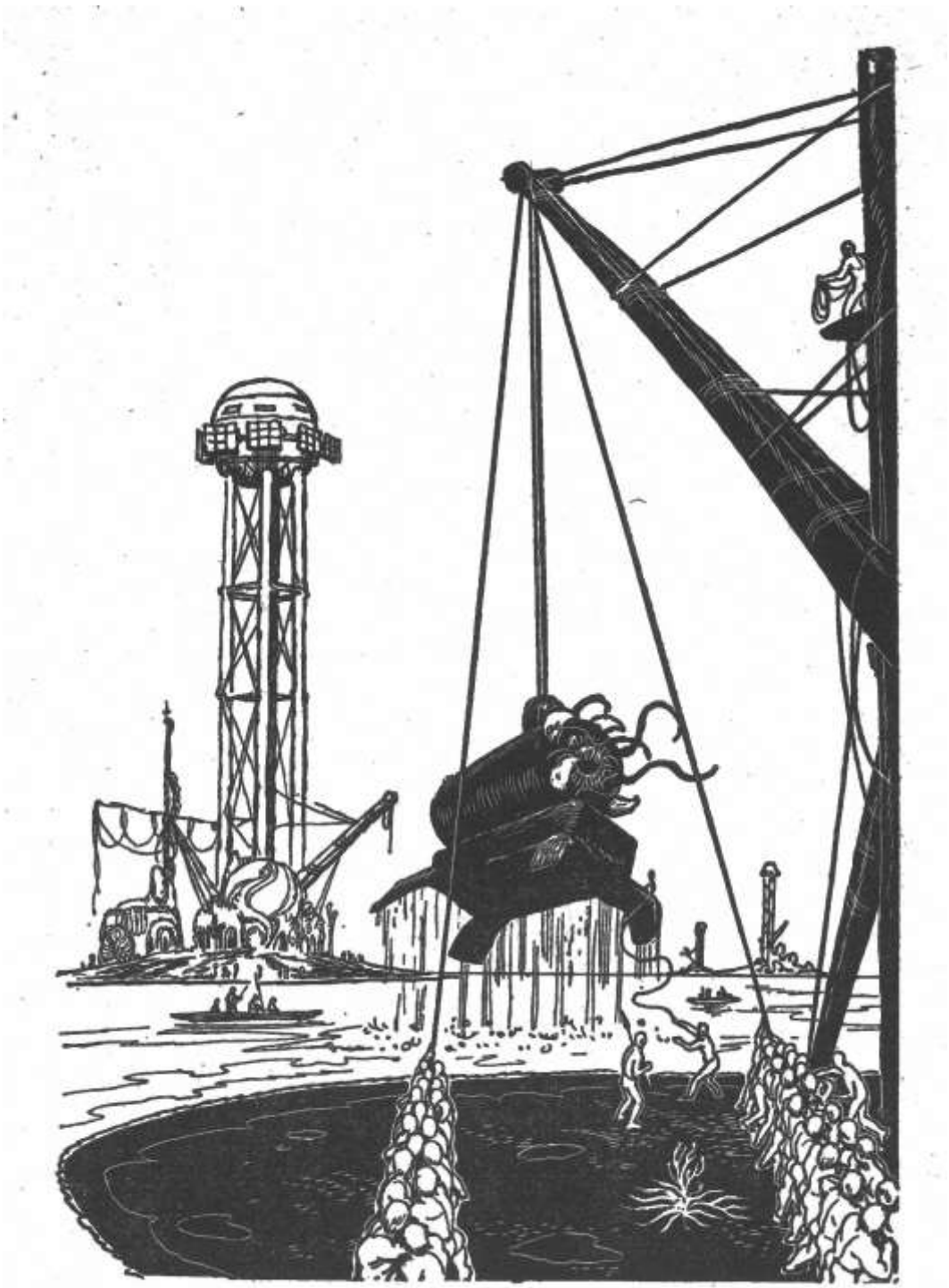

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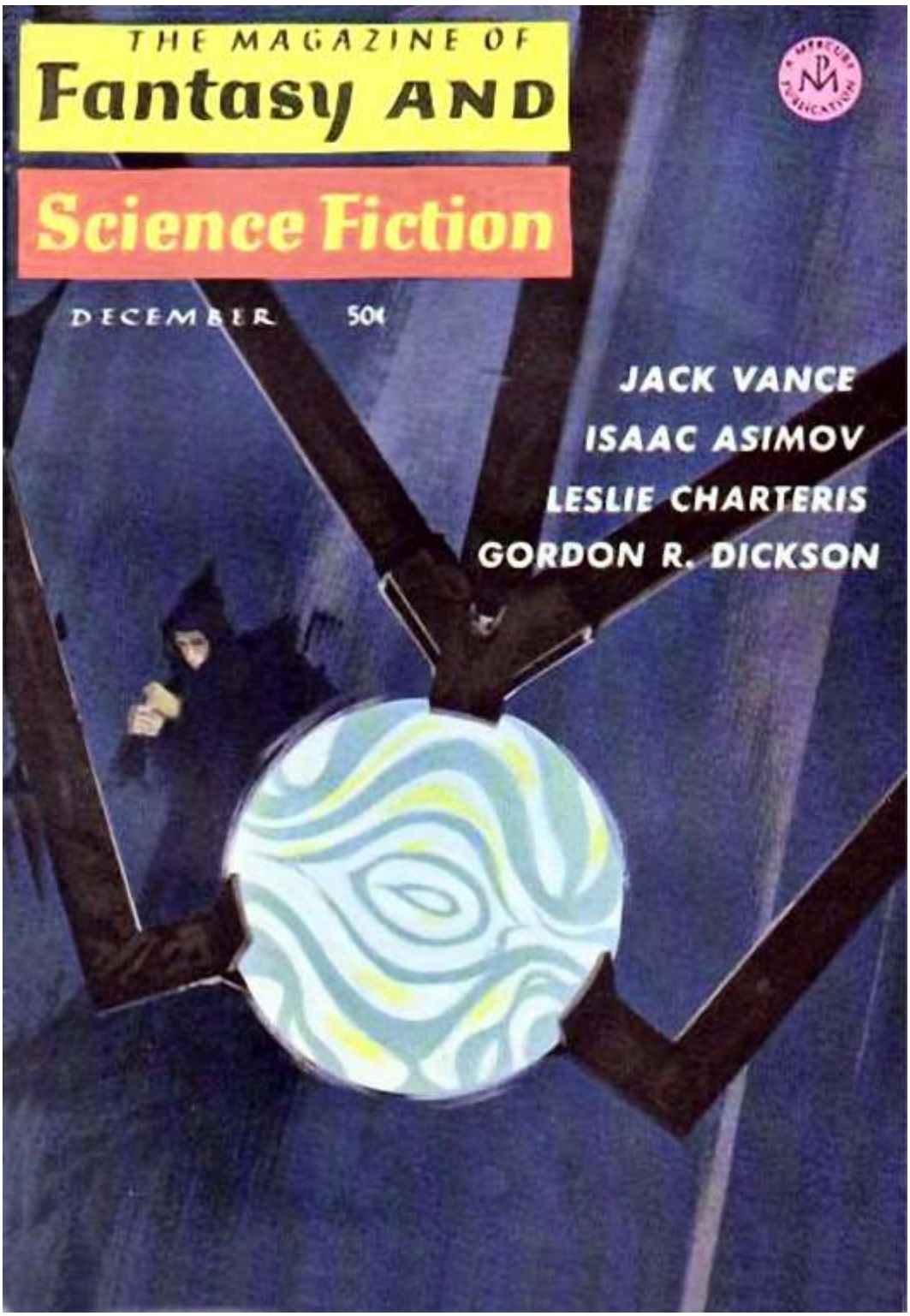

1965-07 the Overworld-A-1965-12 art.Bert Tanner The Magazine Of Fantasy And Science Fiction (Cugel the Clever)

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The successful creation of a Fantasy Other-World is a gift which too few writers possess. Jack Vance is one of those writers. He achieves what another, J. R. R. Tolkien, calls "the inner consistency of reality," the ability to keep a story true to itself. This story is about the adventures of Cugel the Clever. You will be transported to the strange land known as Almery, from there to the stranger land once known as Cutz. We are confident that it all will shortly become as familiar and comfortable as your living room—and probably a good deal more enchanting. For Mr. Vance is a master storyteller, and he has designed this tale with movement and humor and insight.

THE OVERWORLD

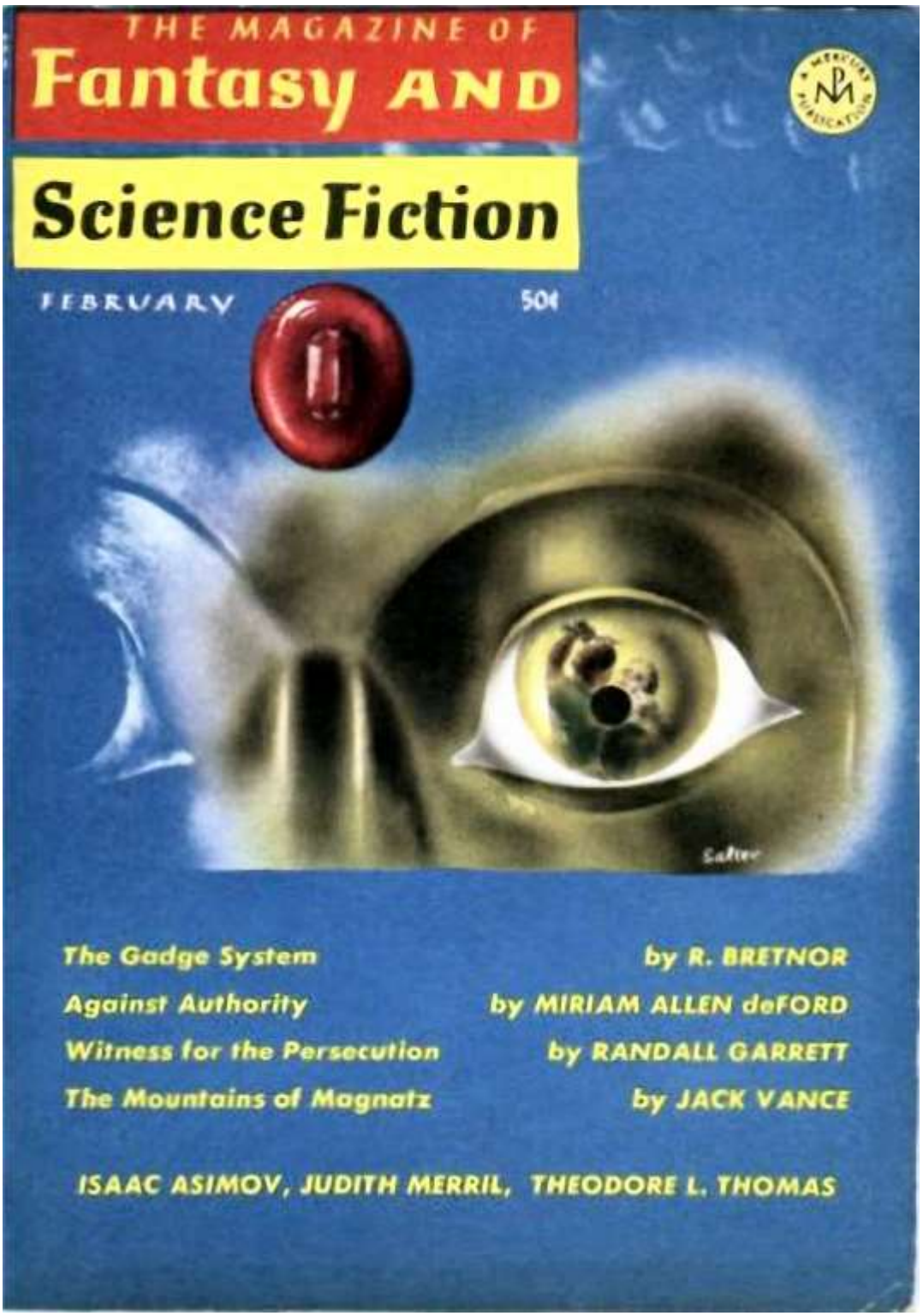
by Jack Vance

ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE river Xzan, at the site of certain ancient ruins, Iucounu the Laughing Magician had built a manse to his private taste: an eccentric structure of steep gables, balconies, sky-walks, cupolas, together with three spiral green glass towers through which the red sunlight shone in twisted glints and peculiar colors.

Behind the manse and across the valley, low hills rolled away like dunes to the limit of vision. The sun projected shifting crescents of black shadow; otherwise the hills were unmarked, empty, solitary. The Xzan, rising in the Old Forest to the east of Almery, passed below, then three leagues to the west made junction with the Scaum. Here was Azenomei, a town old beyond memory, notable now only for its fair, which attracted folk from all the region. At Azenomei Fair Cugel had established a booth for the sale of talismans.

Cugel was a man of many capabilities, with a disposition at once flexible and pertinacious. *He was long of leg, deft of hand, light of finger, soft of tongue. His hair was the blackest of black fur, growing low down his forehead, coving sharply back above his eyebrows. His darting eye, long inquisitive*

1965-07 the Overworld-C-1965-12 The Magazine Of Fantasy And SF (Cugel the Clever) p1



1966-02 The Mountains of Magnatz-A-1966-02 cover George Salter fantasy-and-science-fiction

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Jack Vance's epic narrative of Cugel the Clever began in our December issue. However, each novelet is complete and may be enjoyed without reference to the previous story. Having been forced to set out on an abominable quest by Iucounu the Laughing Magician, Cugel is now on his way south. In THE MOUNTAINS OF MAGNATZ he runs into some formidable obstructions, but our unusual hero is not one to be long detained by local customs.

THE MOUNTAINS OF MAGNATZ

by Jack Vance

SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE CUGEL crawled from the hillside byre where he had passed a dismal night. The sun, a wine-colored bubble behind high mist, cast no warmth; the air was damp and chill and carried a dank smoky reek. To stimulate his circulation Cugel clapped arms to thighs, jigged back and forth; then, blowing into his hands, he halted to survey the landscape which lay before him. To north and east spread a dense black forest; to the southeast mountains of a peculiar erratic configuration jutted into the sky; to the south lay the ocean. A cheerless, even forbidding landscape, with no hint of warmth, comfort or human habitation. Voicing a heartfelt curse against Iucounu the Laughing Magician, whose rancor had brought him to this northern wasteland, Cugel kindled a fire from furze and twigs, and settled to a savorless breakfast of black gallberries.

The meal at its end, Cugel leaned back to enjoy the warmth of the fire, but Firx, that agent of coercion implanted by Iucounu in Cugel's viscera, permitted no

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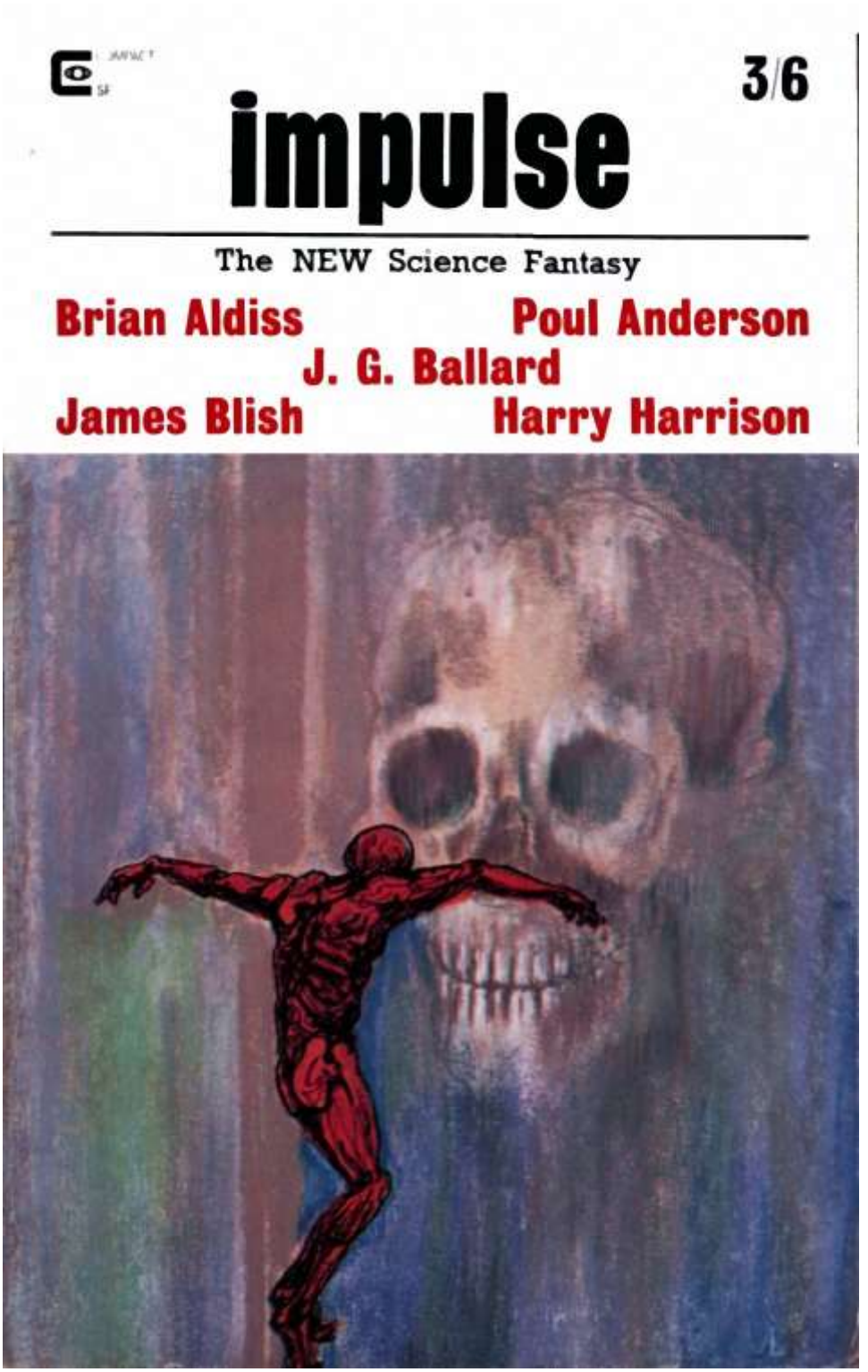

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MARCH 1966 Vol 1 No 1

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The NEW Science Fantasy

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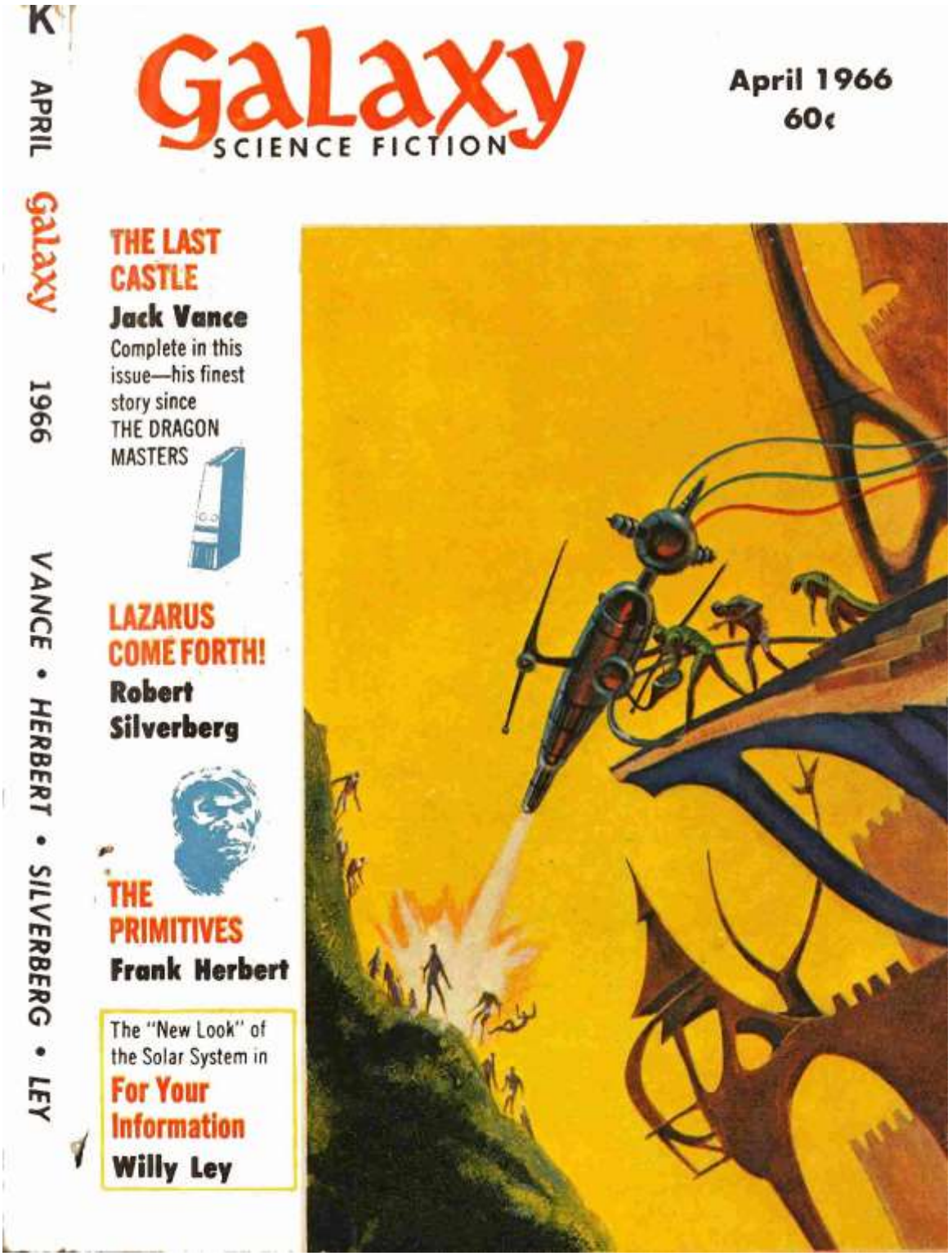
THE SECRET

by Jack Vance

Sun-beams slanted through chinks in the wall of the hut; from the lagoon came shouts and splashing of the village children. Rona ta Inga at last opened his eyes. He had slept far past his usual hour of arising, far into the morning. He stretched his legs, cupped hands behind his head, stared absently up at the ceiling of thatch. In actuality he had awakened at the usual hour, to drift off again into a dreaming doze—a habit to which lately he had become prone. Only lately. Inga frowned and sat up with a jerk. What did this mean? Was it a sign? Perhaps he should inquire from Takti-Tai. . . . But it was all so ridiculous. He had slept late for the most ordinary of reasons: he enjoyed lazing and drowsing and dreaming.

On the mat beside him were crumpled flowers, where Mai-Mio had lain. Inga gathered the blossoms and laid them on the shelf which held his scant possessions. An enchanting creature, this Mai-Mio. She laughed no more and no less than other girls; her eyes were like other eyes, her mouth like all mouths; but her quaint and charming mannerisms made her absolutely unique: the single Mai-Mio in all the universe. Inga had loved many maidens. All in some way were singular, but Mai-Mio was a creature delightfully, exquisitely apart from the others. There was considerable difference in their ages. Mai-Mio only recently had become a woman—even now from a distance she might be mistaken for a boy—while Inga was older by at least five or six seasons. He was not quite sure. It mattered little, in any event. It mattered very little, he told himself again, quite emphatically. This was his village, his island; he had no desire to leave. Ever!

The children came up the beach from the lagoon. Two or three darted under his hut, swinging on one of the poles, chanting nonsense-words. The hut trembled; the outcry



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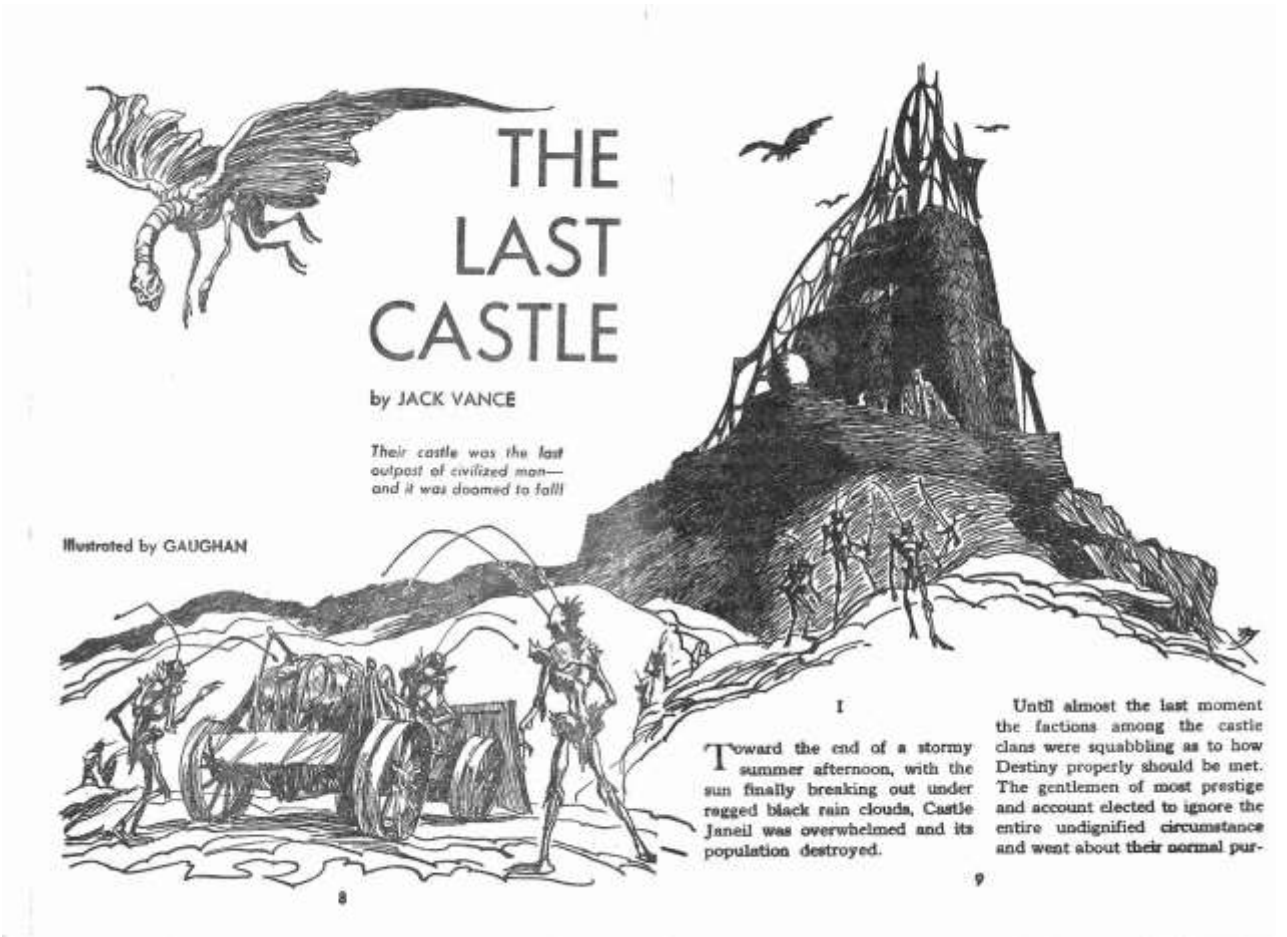

THE LAST CASTLE

by JACK VANCE

Their castle was the last outpost of civilized man—and it was doomed to fall!

Illustrated by GAUGHAN

I

Toward the end of a stormy summer afternoon, with the sun finally breaking out under ragged black rain clouds, Castle Janeil was overwhelmed and its population destroyed.

Until almost the last moment the factions among the castle clans were squabbling as to how Destiny properly should be met. The gentlemen of most prestige and account elected to ignore the entire undignified circumstance and went about their normal pur-

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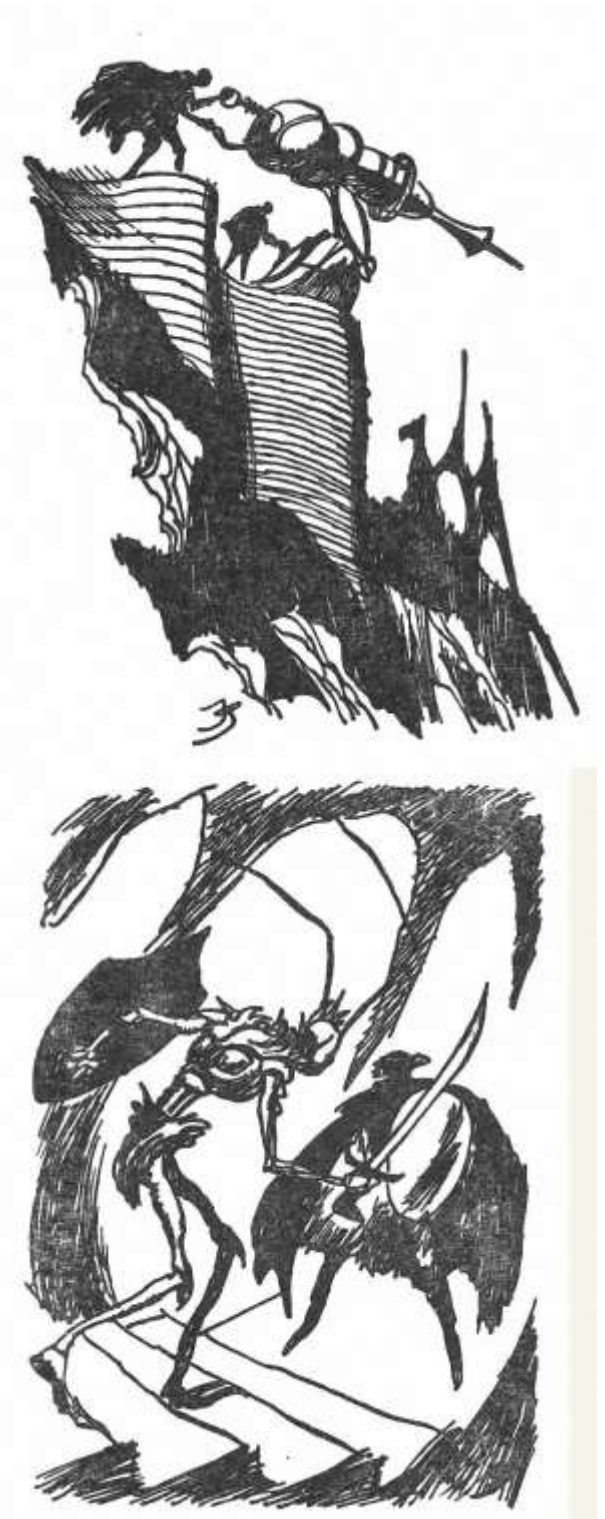

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Uegus in his report to the council. "Even the simplest useful system would require several technician-years. There is not even one single technician to hand. We must therefore await the availability of trained and willing labor."

"In retrospect," stated Isseth, the oldest of the clan chiefs, "it is clear that in many ways we have been less than provident. No matter that the men of the Home Worlds are vulgarians! Men of shrewder calculation than our own would have maintained inter-world connection."

"Lack of 'shrewdness' and 'providence' were not the deterring factors," stated Claghorn. "Communication was discouraged simply because the early lords were unwilling that Earth should be overrun with Home-World parvenus. It is as simple as that."

Isseth grunted, and started to make a rejoinder, but Hagedorn said hastily, "Unluckily, as Xanten tells us, the spaceships have been rendered useless. While certain of our number have a profound knowledge of the theoretical considerations, again who is there to perform the toil? Even were the hangars and spaceships themselves under our control."

O. Z. Garr declared, "Give me six platoons of Peasants and six power-wagons equipped with high-energy cannon, and I'll re-

Mek

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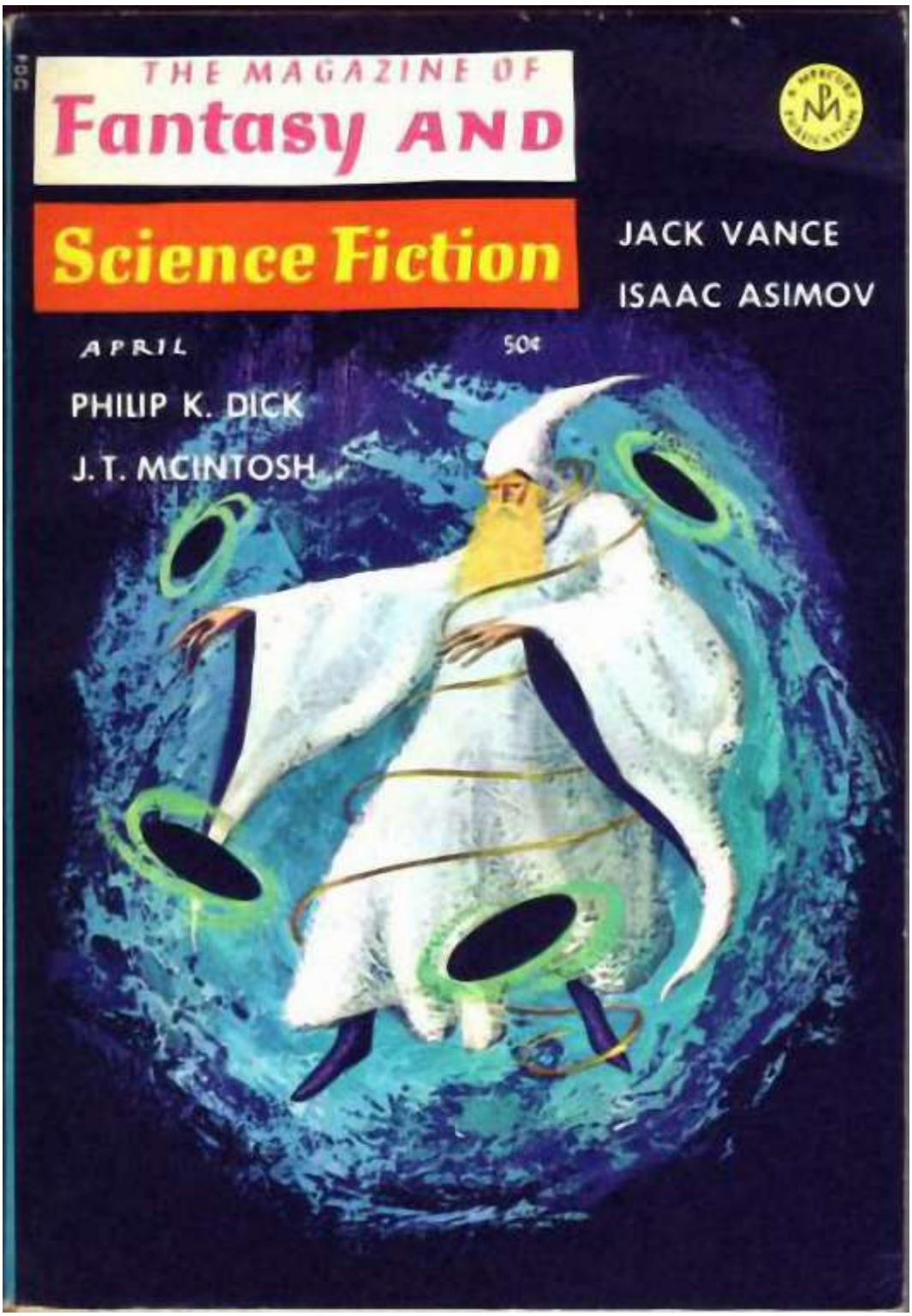

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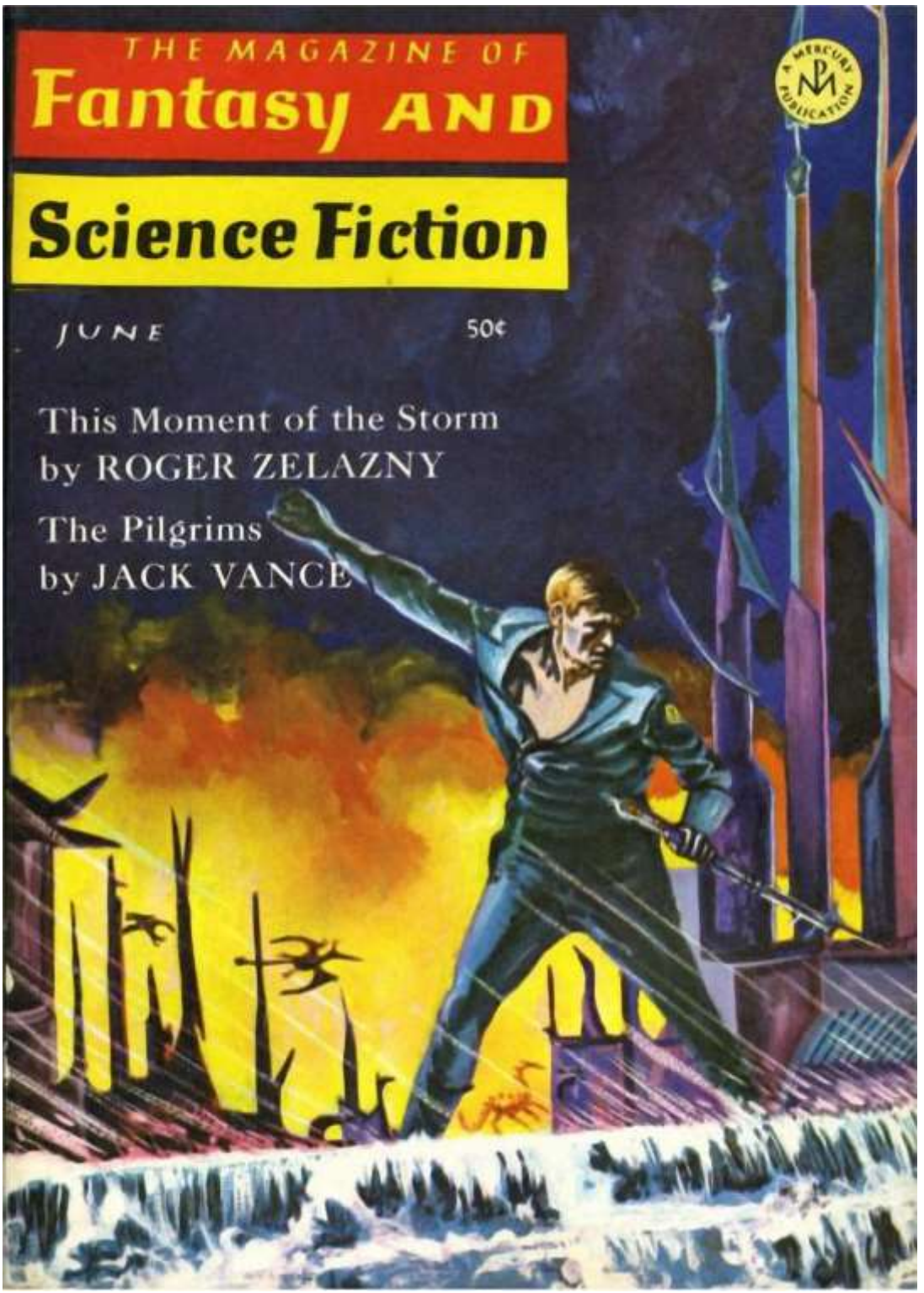
This is the third in Jack Vance's fascinating series about Cugel the Clever. (Each novelet is complete and may be enjoyed without reference to the preceding stories.) In this story, an ill advised meal leads to a terrifying encounter with the sorcerer Pharesm, in which Cugel is thrown back in time one million years to be faced with a situation which almost taxes his ingenuity past its limits. Almost.

THE SORCERER PHARESM

by Jack Vance

THE MOUNTAINS WERE BEHIND: the dark defiles, the tarns, the echoing stone heights—all now a sooty bulk to the north. For a time Cugel wandered a region of low rounded hills the color and texture of old wood, with groves of blue-black trees dense along the ridges, then came upon a faint trail which took him south by long swings and slants, and at last broke out over a vast dim plain. A half-mile to the right rose a line of tall cliffs, which instantly attracted his attention, bringing him a haunting pang of *deja-vu*. He stared mystified. At some time in the past he had known these cliffs: how? when? His memory provided no response. He settled himself upon a low lichen-covered rock to rest, but now Firx, the monitor which Iucounu the Laughing Magician had implanted in Cugel's viscera, became impatient and inflicted a stimulating pang. Cugel leapt to his feet, groaning with weariness and shaking his fist to the southwest, the presumable direction of Almery. "Iucounu, Iucounu! If I could repay a tenth of your offenses, the world would think me harsh!"

He set off down the trail, under the cliffs which had affected him with such poignant but impossible recollections. Far below spread the plain, filling three-quarters of



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1966-06 The Pilgrims-B-1966-06 TOC mag of fantasy-and-science-fiction

This is the fourth in Jack Vance's series about a unique and reluctant adventurer named Cugel the Clever. (Again, we emphasize that each novelet is complete and may be enjoyed without reference to the preceding stories.) If you have yet to encounter Cugel in these pages, you have missed a truly unusual and delightful reading experience. This omission may be immediately repaired by turning to the story below.

THE PILGRIMS

by Jack Vance

1: AT THE INN

FOR THE BETTER PART OF A DAY Cugel had traveled a dreary waste where nothing grew but salt-grass; then, only a few minutes before sunset, he arrived at the bank of a broad slow river, beside which ran a road. A half-mile to his right stood a tall structure of timber and dark brown stucco, evidently an inn. The sight gave Cugel vast satisfaction, for he had eaten nothing the whole of the day, and had spent the previous night in a tree. Ten minutes later he pushed open the heavy iron-bound door, and entered the inn.

He stood in a vestibule. To either side were diamond-paned casements, burnt lavender with age, where the setting sun scattered a thousand refractions. From the common room came the cheerful hum of voices, the clank of pottery and glass, the smell of ancient wood, waxed tile, leather and simmering cauldrons. Cugel stepped forward to find a score of men gathered about the fire, drinking wine and exchanging the large talk of travelers.

The landlord stood behind a counter: a stocky man hardly as tall as Cugel's shoulder, with a high-domed bald head, a black beard hanging a foot below his chin. His eyes were protuberant

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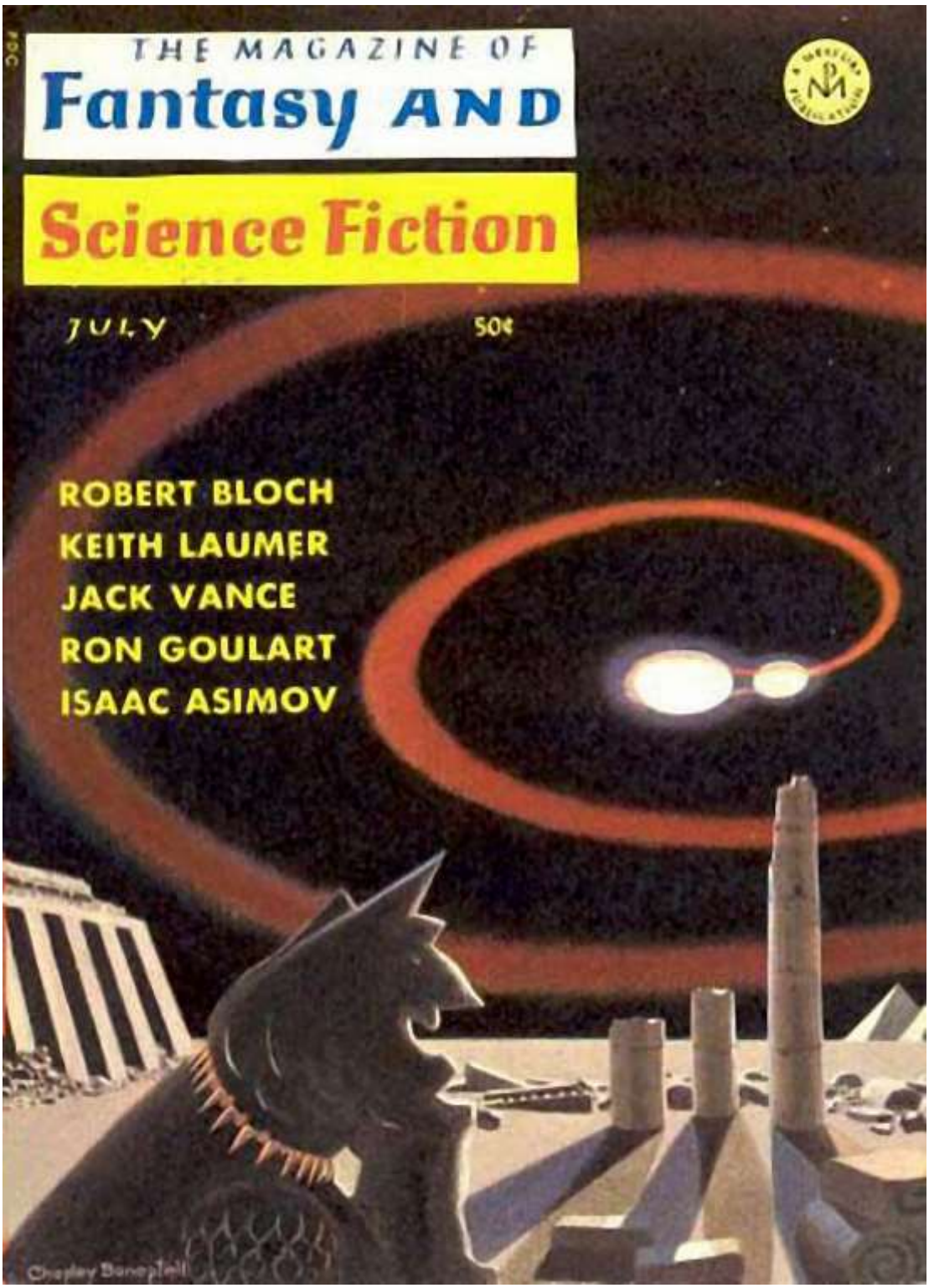

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Here is the fifth, and final adventure of Cugel the Clever, in which our resourceful hero finally returns to the manse of Iucounu the laughing magician. Brimming with malice for Iucounu, who had dispatched him on this foul mission, and still full of the hardships and terrors of the long journey, Cugel plots his revenge. [While familiarity with preceding stories is by no means a prerequisite for enjoyment of this one, a listing of others in the series follows: THE OVERWORLD, *Dec. 1965;* THE MOUNTAINS OF MAGNATZ, *Feb. 1966;* THE SORCERER PHARESM, *Apr. 1966;* THE PILGRIMS, *June 1966. The series will be collected in book form by Ace Books.]*

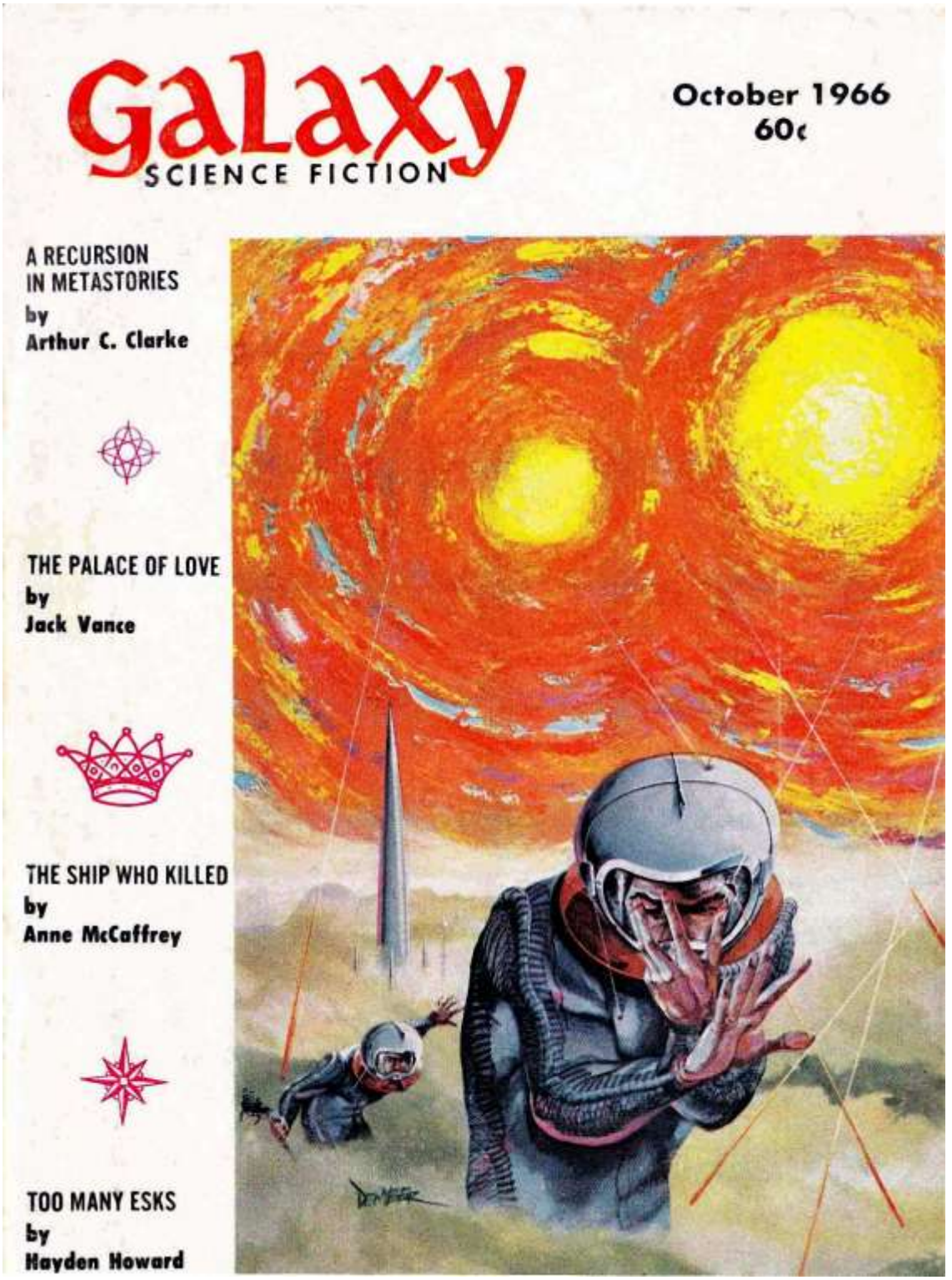
THE MANSE OF IUCOUNU

by Jack Vance

I: THE CAVE IN THE FOREST

THROUGH THE OLD FOREST came Cugel, step by furtive step, pausing often to listen for breaking twig or quiet footfall or even the exhalation of a breath. His caution, though it made for slow progress, was neither theoretical nor impractical; others wandered the forest with anxieties and yearnings greatly at odds to his own. All one terrible dusk he had fled and finally outdistanced a pair of deodands; on another occasion he had stopped short at the very brink of a glade where a leucomorph stood musing: whereupon Cugel became more diffident and furtive than ever, skulking from tree to tree, peering and listening, darting across open spaces with an extravagantly delicate gait, as if contact with the ground pained his feet.

During a middle afternoon he came upon a small dank glade surrounded by black mandouars, tall and portentous as hooded monks. A few red rays slanting into the glade illumined a single twisted quince tree, where hung a strip of parchment. Standing back in the shadows Cugel studied the glade at length, then stepping forward took the parchment. In



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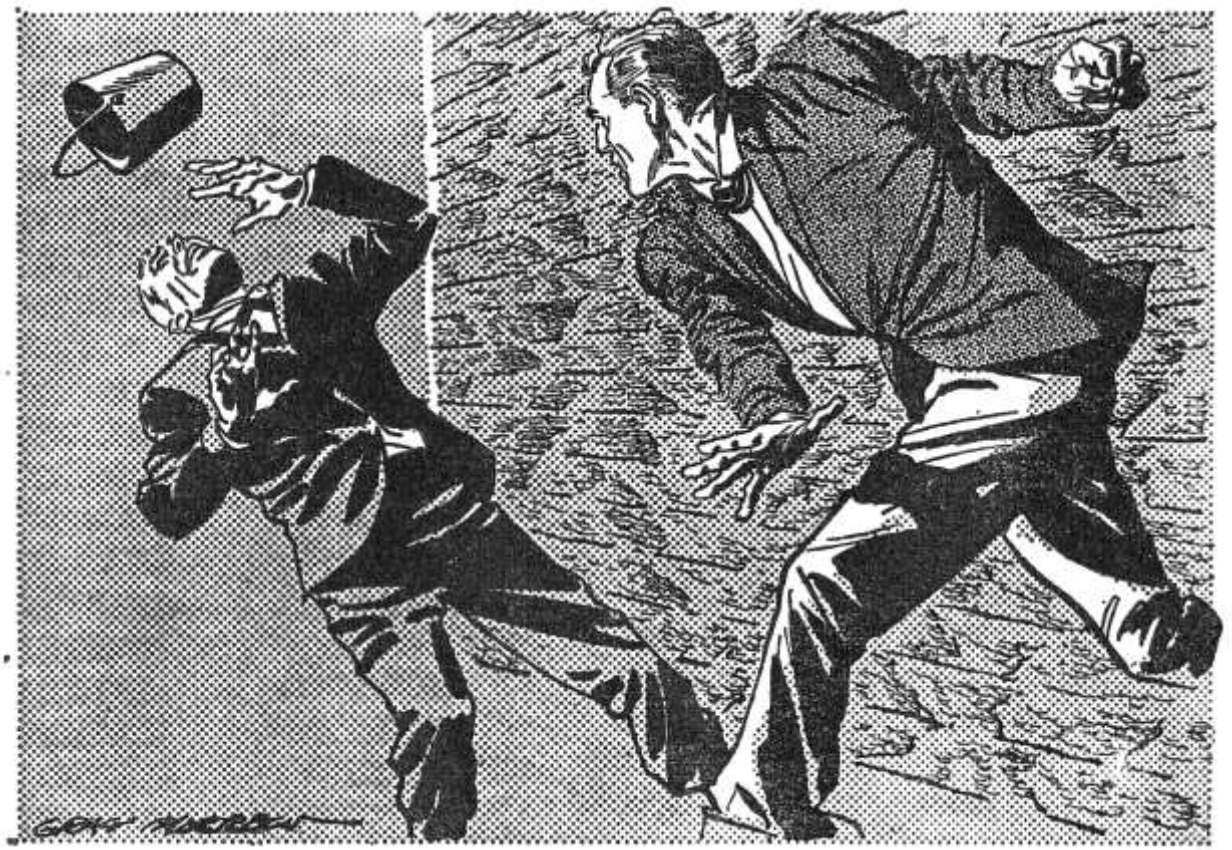

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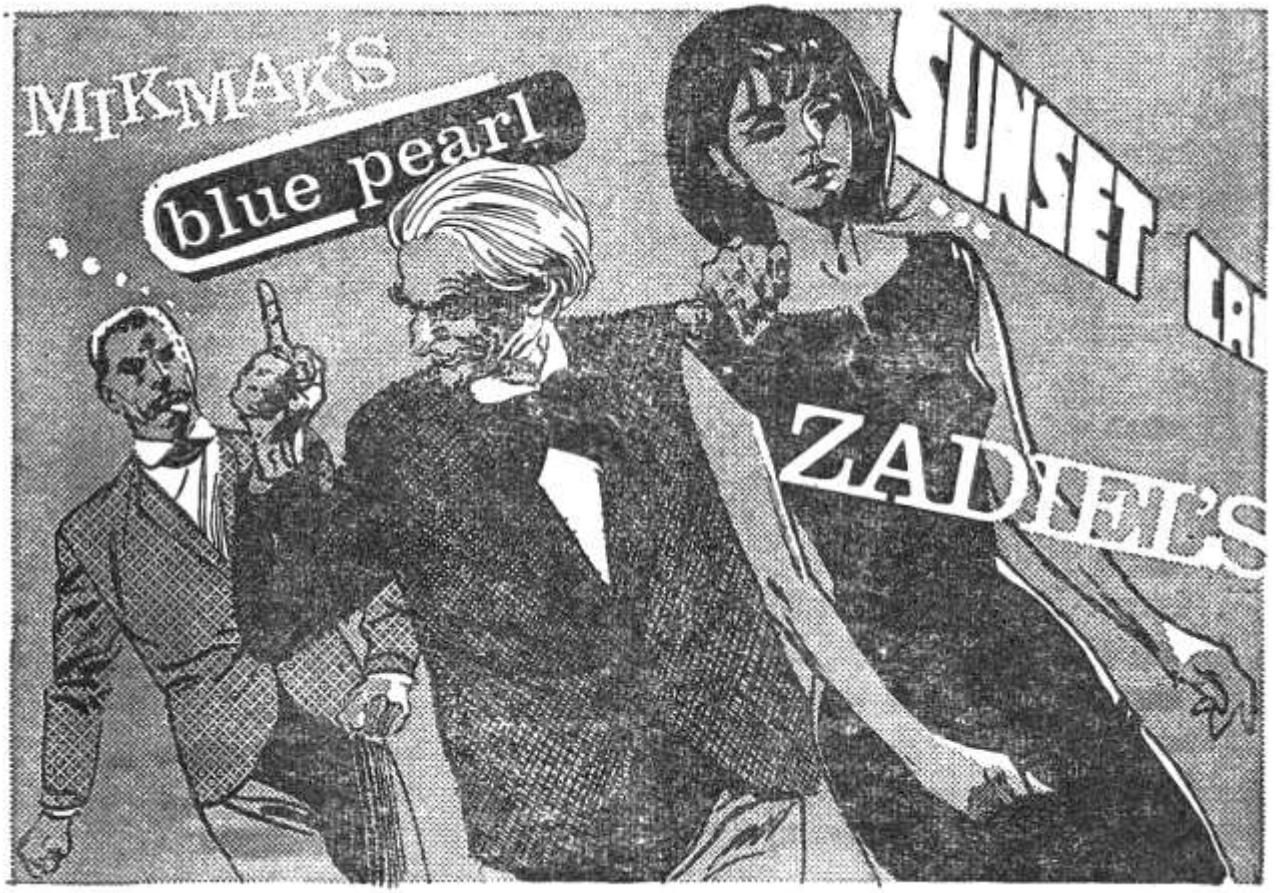

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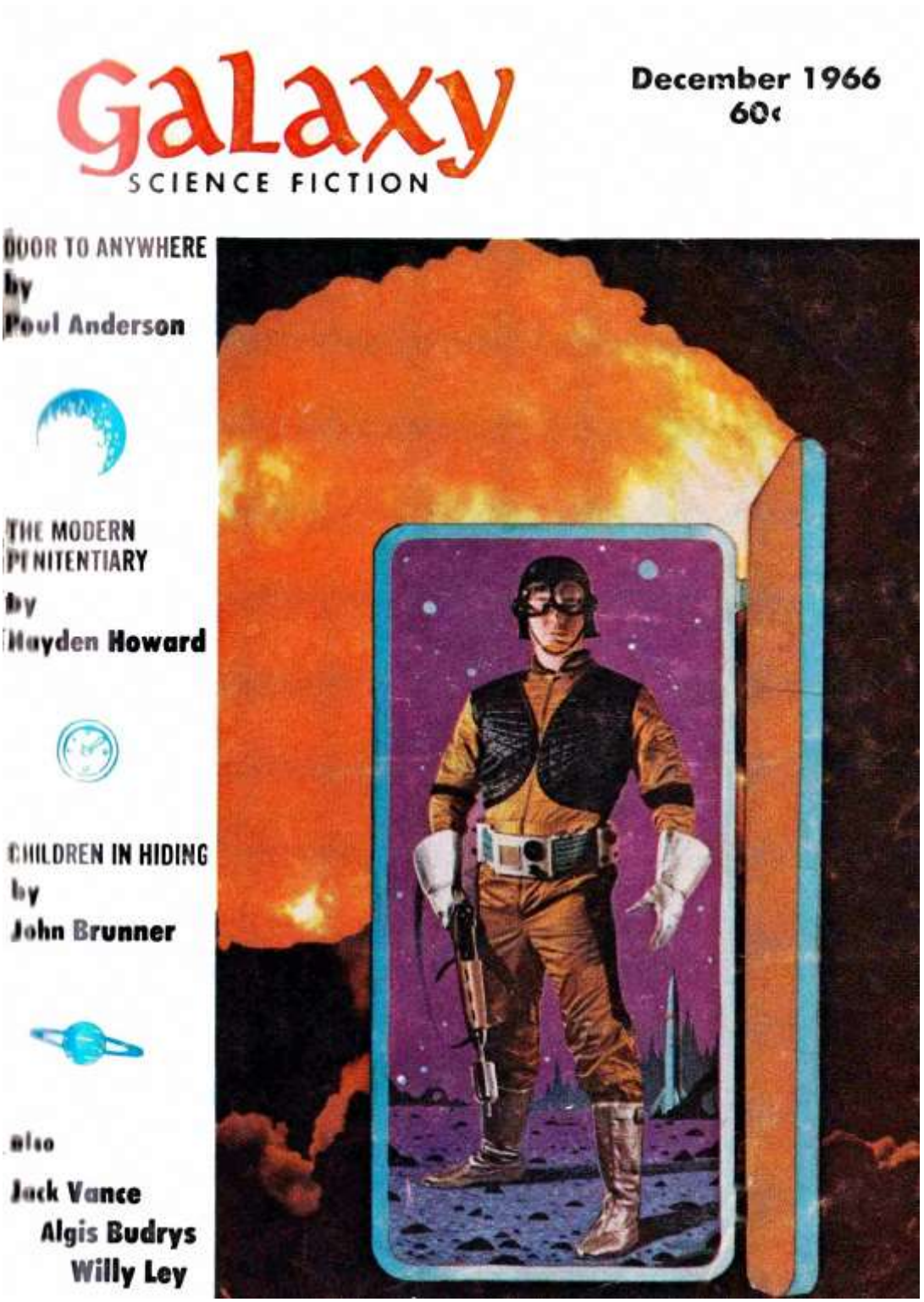

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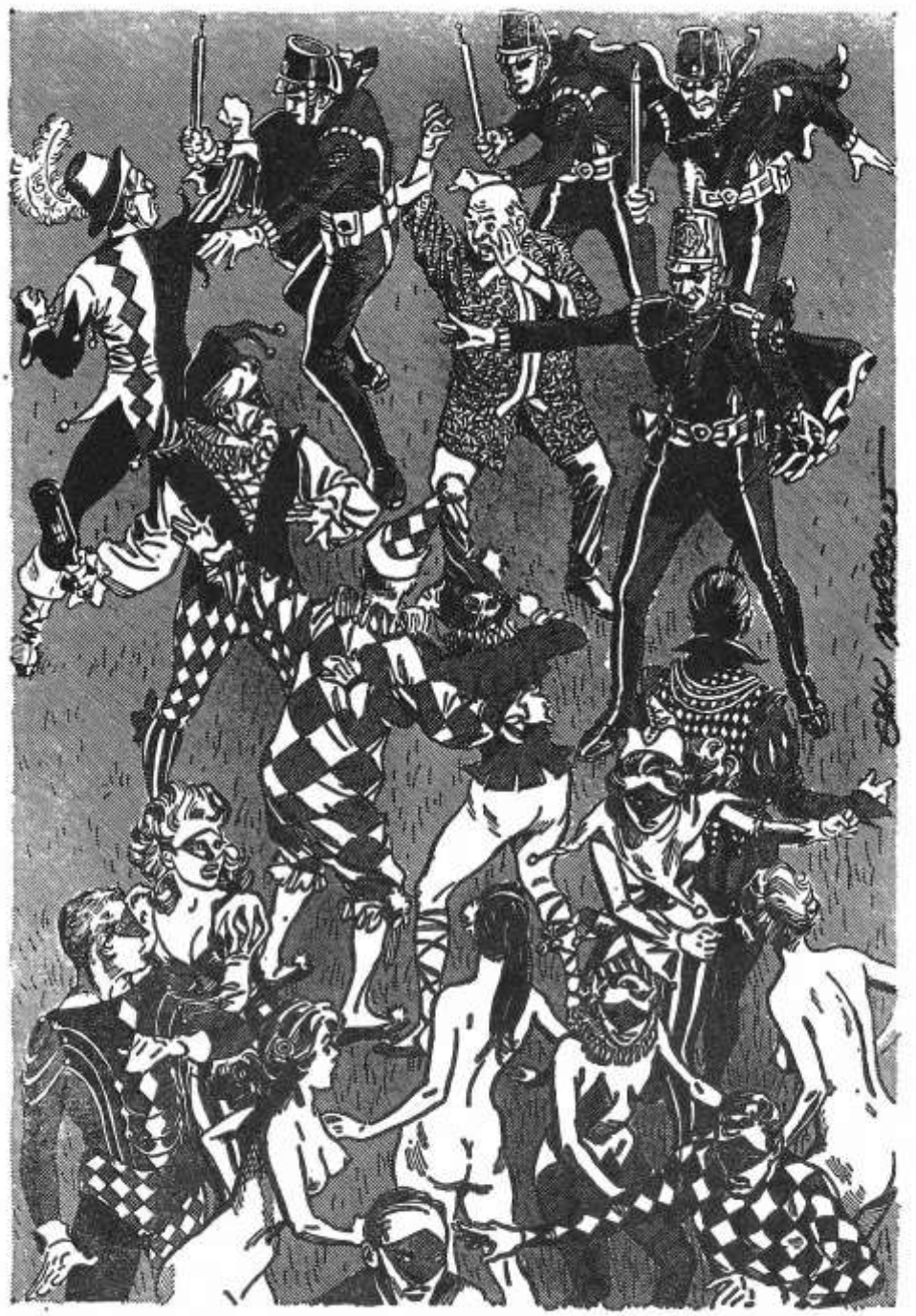

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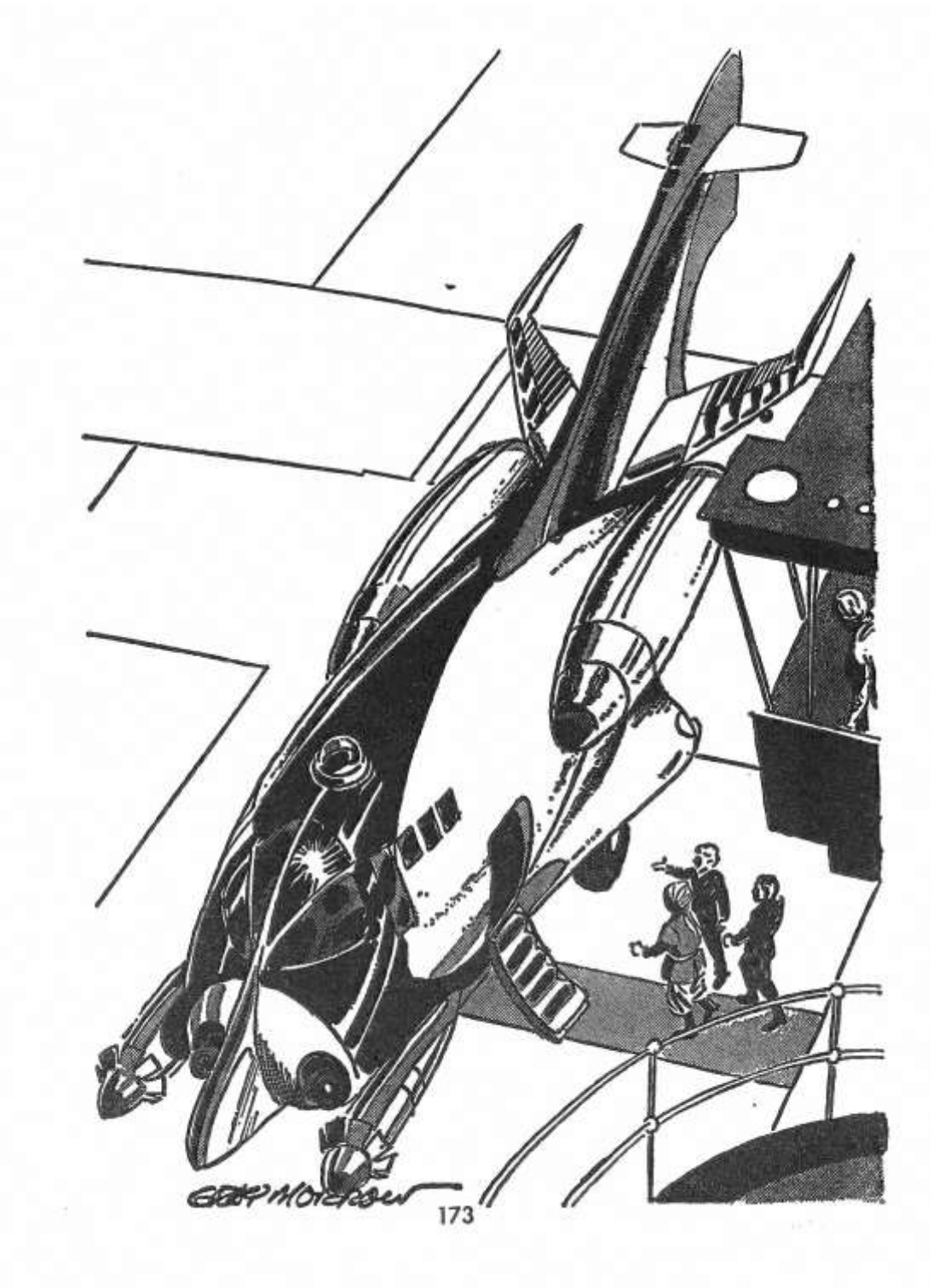

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Galaxy
MAGAZINE

ALL STORIES NEW

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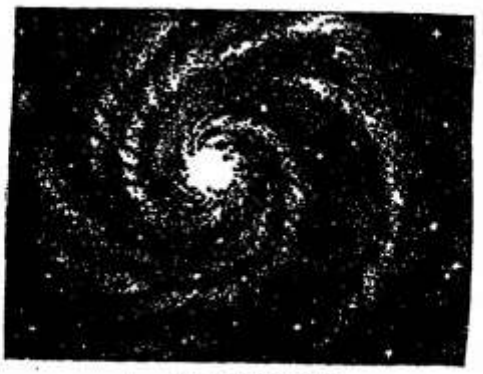

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OUR MAN IN PEKING

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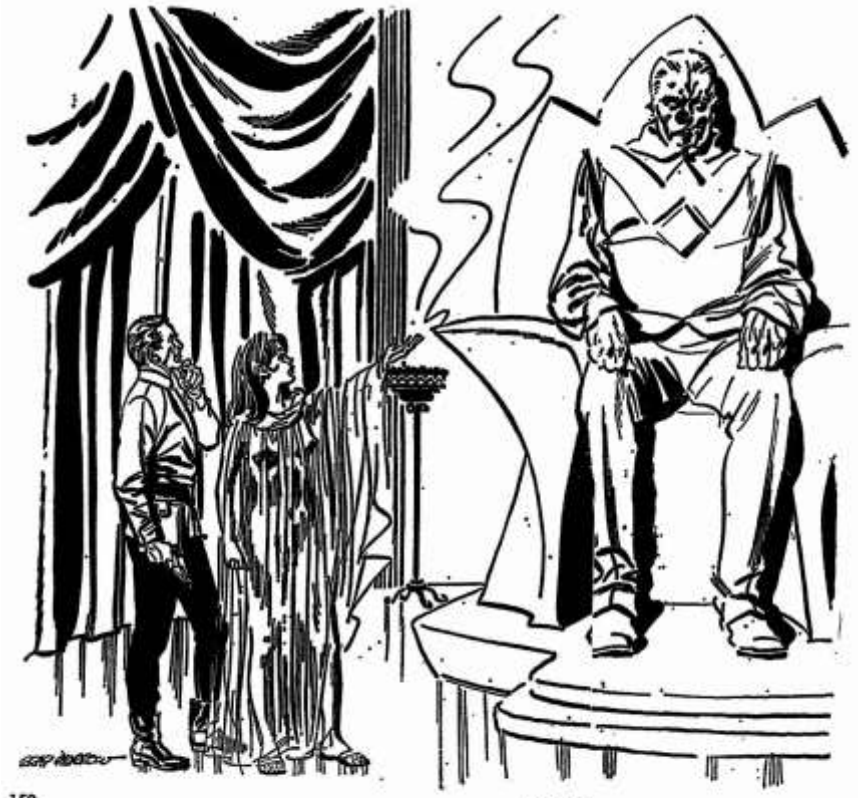

"Yes, this is the way. Enter then. Were you expected?"

"Of course we were expected! Is there lodging for us here?"

"Yes, yes," quavered the old woman. "I can give you beds, but this is the old castle. You should have gone by the other path. Enter then. I must look about. You have supped, I trust?"

"No," said Grote despondently, "we have not."

"Perhaps I can find gruel. What a shame the castle is so cold!"

The pilgrims passed into a bleak courtyard, lit by a pair of feeble lamps. The old woman conducted them one at a time to tall-ceilinged chambers in various quarters of the castle. These were austere, gloomy, decorated to the precepts of some long-forgotten tradition. Gersen's chamber contained a cot, a single lamp of red and blue glass. Three walls were black iron, relieved by patterns of rust. In one of the walls was a door. The fourth wall was paneled in dark, waxed wood and carved with enormous, grotesque masks. There was neither fire nor heating; the room was chill.

The old lady, breathless and anxious, told Gersen, "When food is ready you'll be summoned." She pointed to the door. "Yonder is the bath, with precious little warm water. One must make do." And she hurried away. Ger-

1966-10 12 1967-02 The Palace of Love-C3-1967-02 ill. Gray Morrow Galaxy 3

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1966-10 12 1967-02 The Palace of Love-C4-1967-02 ill. Gray Morrow Galaxy 3a

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final frenzy of passion. Others sat quietly, each in his private mood, and so passed the night. One by one the colored lights blinked and dimmed; the folk in white slipped away through the garden gloom; one by one the guests took themselves to their couches, alone or in the company that pleased them most.

The garden was quiet, and dew began to form on the grass. To each of the guests went a servant. "The time has come to leave."

To grumblings and protests the servants made but one reply: "These are our orders. The aircar waits; those who are not on hand must walk their way back to Kouhila."

The guests once more were provided new clothing: an austere costume of blue, black and dark green. They were then guided to an area somewhat south of the Palace where a large aircar waited. Gersen counted. All were here except Pruitt and Drusilla. Ethuen, Mario and Tanzel stood nearby. If one were Viole Falushe, it seemed that now he planned to return to the Oikumene with the others.

Gersen went forward, glanced into the pilot's compartment. Here sat Helaunce. The guests were filing into the aircar. Gersen took Navarth aside. "Wait."

"Why?"

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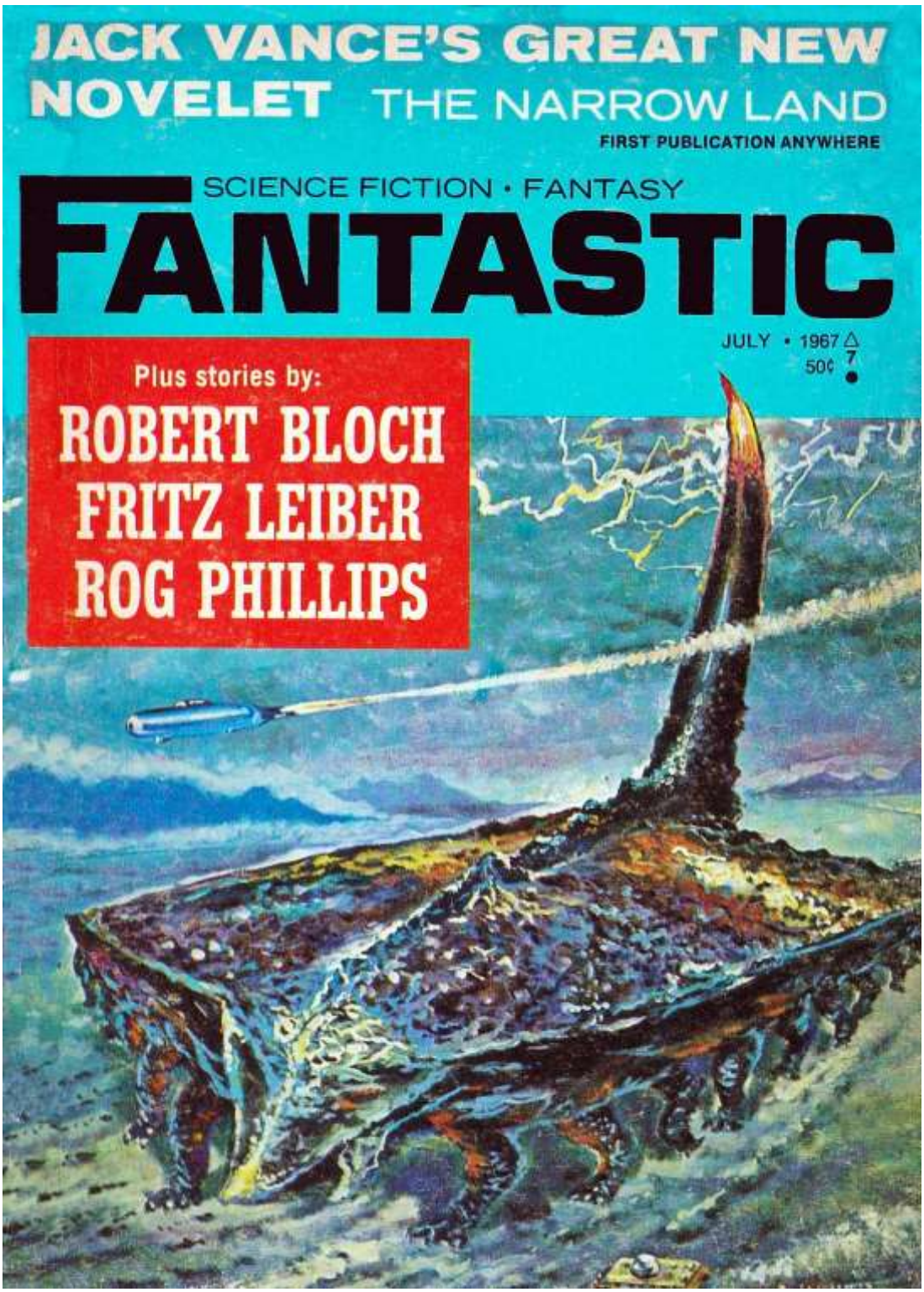

1967-07 The Narrow Land-A-1967-07 ill. Johnny Bruck Fantastic

SCIENCE FICTION•FANTASY

FANTASTIC

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JACK VANCE'S GREAT NEW NOVELET

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1967-07 The Narrow Land-B-1967-07 TOC Fantastic

Those of us lucky enough to be in on his auspicious debut—with "The World Thinker," back almost a quarter century ago—are not at all surprised to see Jack Vance now hailed as one of the top names in the field. A reputation he fully deserves for such brilliant science-fantasies as The Dying Earth, The Dragon Masters, *and now—first in a new series—"The Narrow Land," which is set on the dusk rim of a planet that keeps one side turned always to its sun. A luminary Ern of the shallows may never see as he wakes to life in a watery realm where—for him—death seems to be the norm!*

The Narrow Land

JACK VANCE

NEBULA AWARD WINNER FOR 1966

Illustrated by GRAY MORROW

A pair of nerves joined across the top of Ern's brain; he became conscious, aware of darkness and constriction. The sensation was uncomfrotable. He tensed his members, thrust at the shell, meeting resistance in all directions except one. He kicked, butted and presently created a rupture. The constriction eased somewhat. Ern squirmed around, clawed at the membrane, tore it back and was met by a sudden unpleasant exudation: the juices of a being not himself. It wrenched around, reached forth. Ern recoiled, struck back the probing members, which seemed ominously strong and massive.

There was a period of passivity. Each found the other hateful: they were of the same sort, yet different. Presently the two small creatures fought, with little near-inaudible squeaks and chitters.

Ern eventually strangled his opponent. When he tried to detach himself, he found that an adhesion of tissue had occurred, that the two were now one. Ern expanded himself, surrounded and fused with the defeated individual.

For a further period Ern rested,

exploring his consciousness. The constriction once again became oppressive. Ern thrust and kicked, creating a new rupture, and the shell split wide.

Ern struggled forth into soft slime, then up into a glare of light, an acrid dry void. From above came a harsh cry. An enormous shape hurtled down. Ern dodged, evaded a pair of clicking black prongs. He flapped, paddled, slid down into cool water, where he submerged himself.

Others inhabited the water; Ern saw their dim shapes to all sides. Some were like himself: pale popeyed sprats, narrow-skulled with wisps of film for crests. Others were larger, with the legs and arms definitely articulated, the crests stiffer, the skin tough and silver-gray. Ern bestirred himself, tested his arms and legs. He swam, carefully at first, then with competence. Hunger came; he ate: larvae, nodules on the roots of reeds, trifles of this and that.

So Ern entered his childhood, and gradually became wise in the ways of the waterworld. Duration could not be measured; there was no basis for time: no alteration of light and darkness, no change except for Ern's own growth. The only notable events of the seashallows were the tragedies. A water-baby frolicking too far, recklessly, offshore might be caught in a current and swept out under the storm-curtain. The armored birds from time to time

1967-07 The Narrow Land-C-1967-07 ill. Gray Morrow Fantastic 1

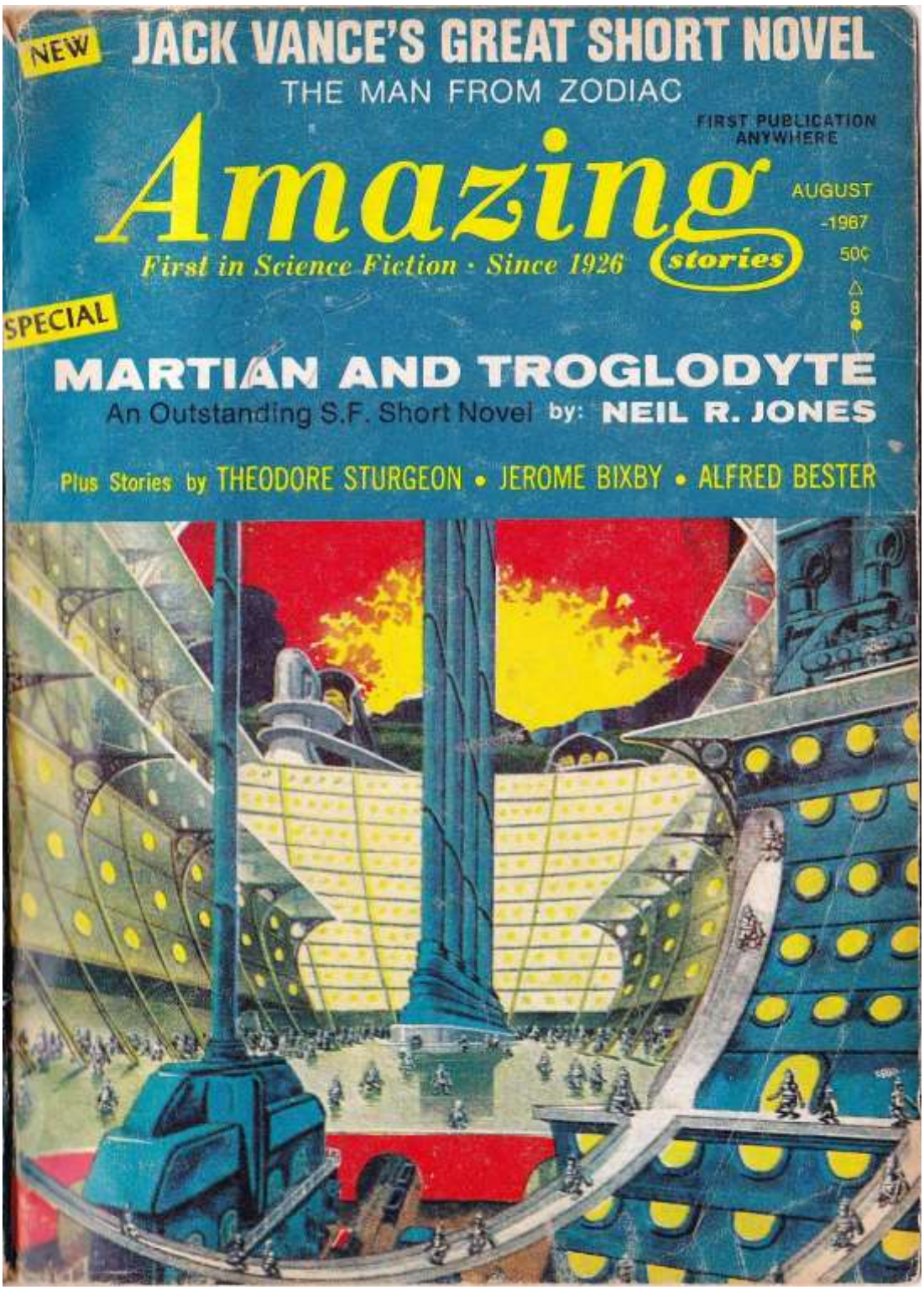
exists behind the wall of storm?"

"There is no 'behind.' STORM-CHAOS *is,* and dazzles the dark with his lightnings. This is the masculine principle. DARK-CHILL, the female principle, *is.* She accepts the rage and fire and quells it. We Twos partake of each, we are at equilibrium, and hence excellent."

Ern broached a perplexing topic: "The Two-women do not produce eggs?"

"There are neither Two-women nor Two-men! We are brought into being by dual-divine intervention, when a pair of eggs in a One-woman's clutch are put down in juxtaposition. Through alternation, these are always male and female and so yield a double individual, neutral and dispassionate, symbolized by the paired cranial ridges. One-men and One-women are incomplete, forever driven by the urge to couple; only fusion yields the true Two."

It was evident to Ern that questioning disturbed the Pedagogues, so he desisted from further interrogation, not wishing to call attention to his unusual attributes. During instruction he had sensibly increased in size. The combs of maturity were growing up over his scalp; his sexual organs had developed noticeably. Both, luckily, were concealed, by cap and shawl. In some fashion he was different from other Twos, and the Pedagogues, should they discover this fact, would feel dis-



1967-08 The Man From Zodiac-A-1967-08 ill. Frank R Paul Amazing Stories

First In Science Fiction ● Since 1926

Amazing stories

AUGUST, 1967 Vol. 41, No. 3

JACK VANCE'S GREAT NEW SHORT NOVEL

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1967-08 The Man From Zodiac-B-1967-08 TOC Amazing Stories

Although it's a little early for predictions—we're writing this on the first day of spring—it's beginning to look very much as if 1967 will be Jack Vance year. What with his "Last Castle" recently taking a Nebula — as Best Novella for 1966—and his beginning not one but two new series: the "Narrow Land" stories currently running in Fantastic *(see the July issue) and now the subtly ironic "Man from Zodiac" episodes, in the first of which the soft spoken but quick-witted agent from Earth must somehow make peace between two hostile peoples who'd like nothing better than to cut each other's throat!*

THE MAN FROM ZODIAC
BY JACK VANCE

Illustrated by GRAY MORROW

Chapter I

UPON the death of Rudolf Zarius, his nephew Edgar Zarius and his granddaughter Lusiane Ludlow each inherited forty-six percent of Zodiac Control, Incorporated.

Milton Hack, Zodiac's field representative, owned the remaining eight percent of the company.

A week after the funeral, Edgar and Lusiane met in the Zodiac offices at Farallon, fifteen miles out in the Pacific from San Francisco. Neither held the other in large esteem. Lusiane was a young woman of striking appearance and extravagant tastes. Edgar a tall pale man with a long nose and narrowly spaced eyes. Lusiane was self-willed, pampered and vain; Edgar's luxuries were small, fastidious and private. He thought her frivolous; she thought him a bore.

The conference was cautious and constrained. In a careful voice Edgar announced that he was willing to consider the purchase of Lusiane's shares. Lusiane gave a casual assent and named a price which aroused Edgar's amazement. "You must be crazy," he said coldly. "The business hasn't made that much money during its entire existence."

Lusiane glanced around the office, disdainful of the shabby furniture, outmoded irsys*, dusty mementos and testimonials. "Small wonder. The place is a stable. Obviously changes must be made. I suggest first of all that you fire Hack."

"*I* fire him?" Edgar raised his eyebrows. "*You* fire him. You own as much stock as I do."

Lusiane showed her beautiful teeth in a mocking laugh. Milton Hack, with his eight percent interest, represented the balance of power, and neither wished to antagonize him.

"Naturally you used to buy him out?" said Lusiane.

Edgar gave a curt nod, a sour grin. "No doubt you did the same?"

"I did. What a perverse man!" Lusiane spoke with unusual heat. She had used all her suasions and urgencies upon Hack without visible effect. "Do we need a 'field representative'? His duties are so indefinite. Why don't we put him to selling or supervising or something of the sort?"

Edgar shrugged. "Why not?"

*Information retrieval system.

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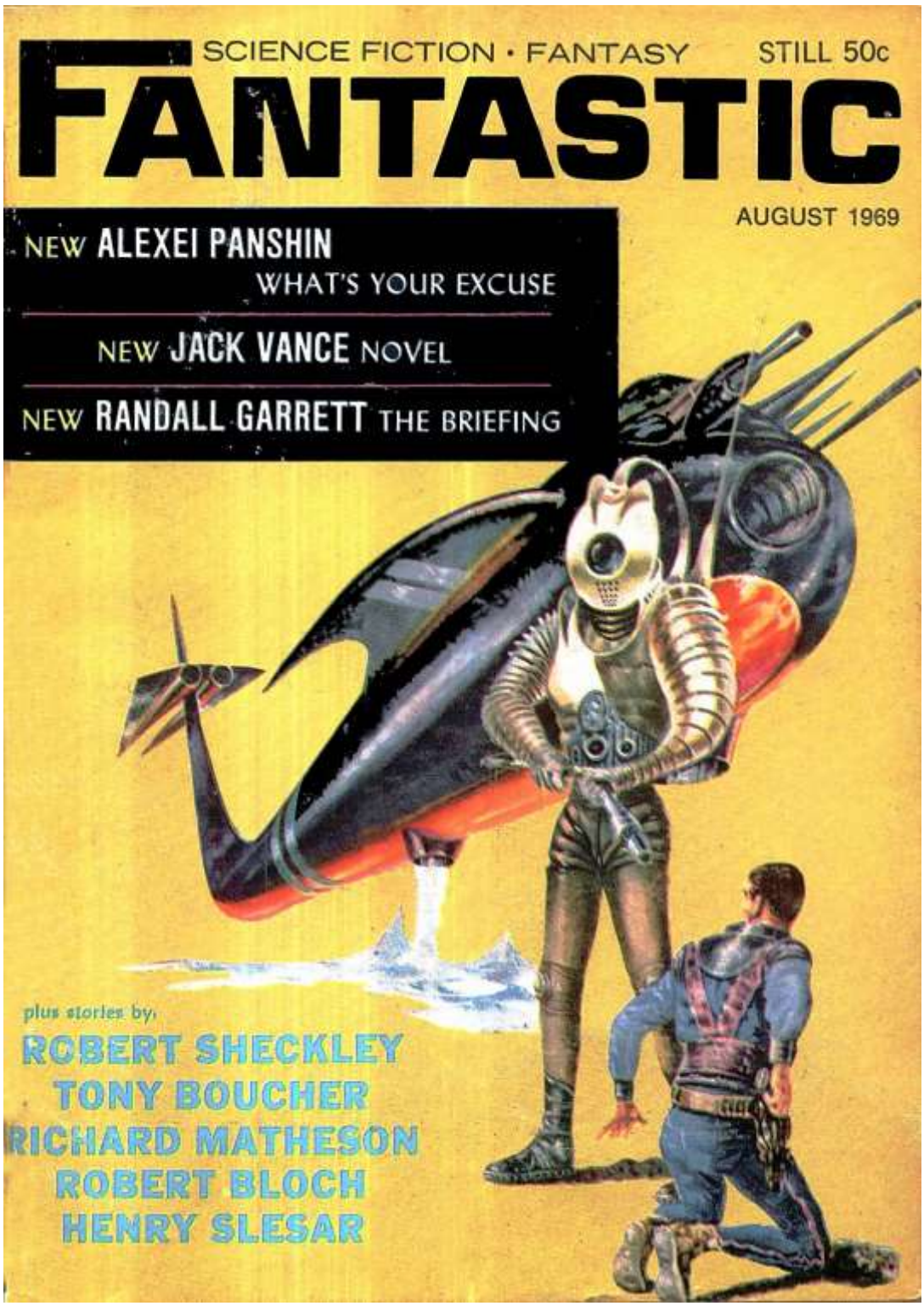

1969-07-08 Emphyrio-A1-1969-05 ill. Johnny Bruck 2

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FANTASTIC

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Root of Evil, copyright 1953, What If, Time Bum, The Opal Necklace, and The Sin of Hyacinth Peuch, copyright 1952 by Ziff-Davis Pub. Co.

brain rested a straited yellow gel. Above hung a black capsule, a curiously ugly object, if only a contrivance of glass and metal. Its surface was marked by a dozen wart-like protuberances: each projected a quivering thread of radiation into the gel.

The prisoner was a fair-skinned young man, with features of no great distinction. Such hair as could be seen was tawny. The forehead and cheekbones were broad, the nose blunt, the mouth easy and generous, the jaws slanting down to a small firm chin: a face of innocent impracticality. The lords, or 'Remedials'—the latter term was somewhat obsolete and seldom heard—were of another sort. Two were tall and thin, with arsenical skins, thin long noses, saturnine mouths, black hair varnished close to their heads. The third was older, heavier, with vulpine features, a glaring heated gaze, a skin darkly florid, with an unwholesome magenta undertone. Lord Fray and Lord Fanton were fastidious, supercilious; Grand Lord Dugald the Boimarc seemed oppressed by worry and chronic anger. All three, members of a race notorious for its elegant revels, appeared humorless and dour, with no capability for ease or merriment.

The two Garrion at the back of the room were andromorphs: blackish purple-brown, solid and massive. Their eyes, black lusterless bulbs, showed internal star-refractions; from the sides of their faces extended tufts of black hair.

The lords wore black garments of refined cut, caps of jeweled metal

1969-07-08 Emphyrio-A3-1969-05 ill. Bruce jones Fantastic

sistant Saltator visited the hall and saw Ghyl's hops and sprawling jumps with astonishment; to such an extent that presently he threw his hands into the air and strode from the hall in disgust.

When Ghyl returned home he found that Amiante had started a new screen. Instead of the usual arzack, he had brought forth a panel of costly ing as high as his eyes, wider than his outstretched arms. All afternoon he worked transferring his cartoon to the panel. It was a striking design, but Ghyl could not help but feel a glum amusement at Amiante's inconsistency: that he could counsel Ghyl to gayety, and then himself embark upon a work pervaded with melancholy. The cartoon indicated a lattice festooned with foliage, from which peered a hundred small grave faces, each different, yet somehow alike in the disturbing intensity of their gazes. Across the top were two words: REMEMBER ME in a loose and graceful calligraphy.

Amiante left off work on his new panel late in the afternoon. He yawned, stretched, rose to his feet, went to the door, looked out across the square, now busy with folk returning to their homes from work about the city: stevedores, boatbuilders, mechanics; workers in wood, metal and stone; merchants and servicers; scriveners and clerks; food processors, slaughterers, fishermen; statisticians and welfare workers; house-girls, nurses, doctors and dentists—these latter all female.

As if struck by a sudden thought, Amiante examined the blinds. He stood rubbing his chin, then turned

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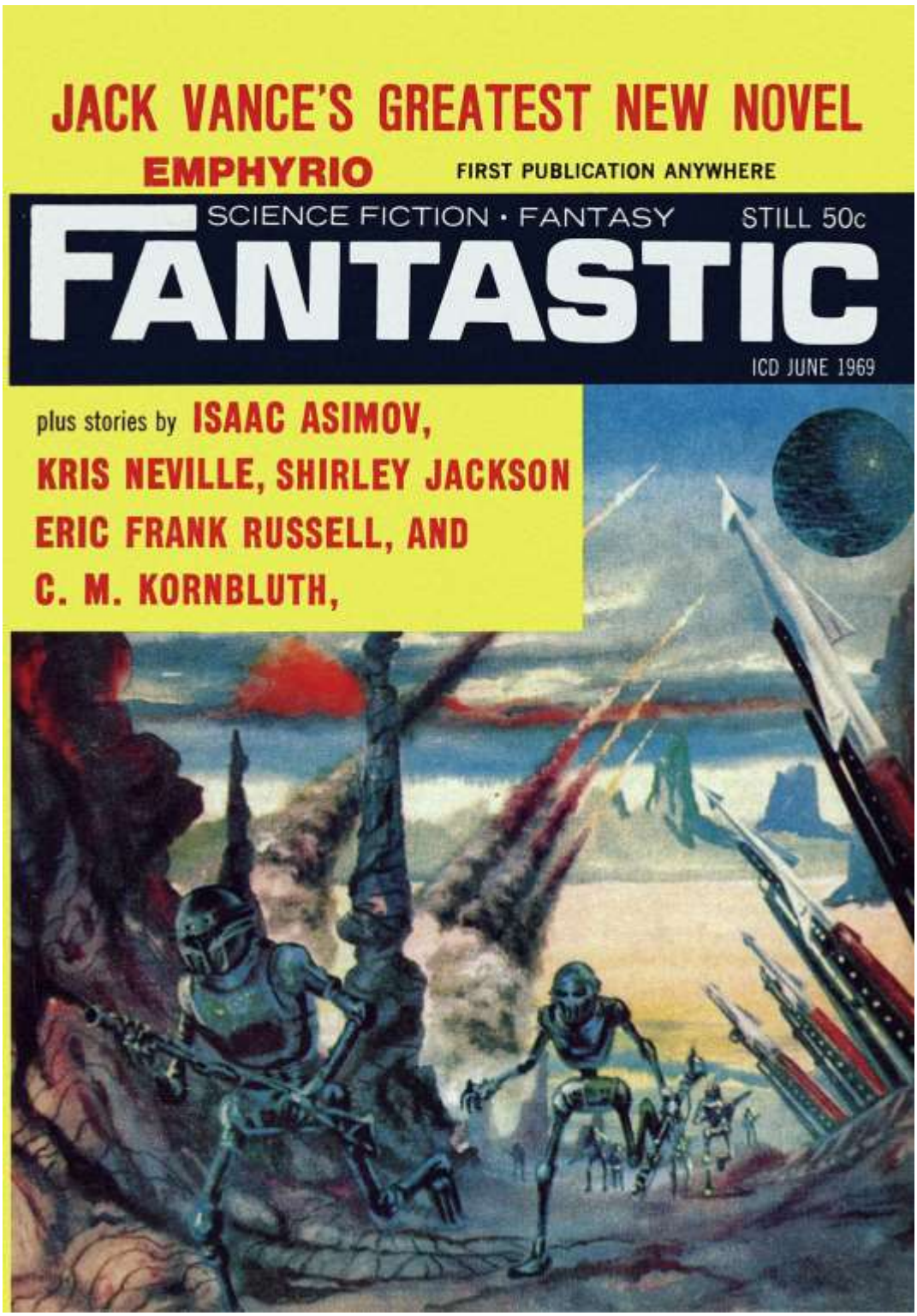

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1969-07-08 Emphyrio-B2-1969-08 ill. Bruce Jones 1

ports closed; the propulsors hummed; the yacht raised into the air, gathered speed and disappeared.

Chapter 16

The gold and black Deme was gone. Solitude was complete. The group stood on a vast savannah, confined somewhat to east and west by low sugarloaf humps of bald granite or limestone. The sky was a rich soft blue, completely unlike the dusty mauve sky of Halma. An ankle-deep carpet of coarse yellow stalks tipped with scarlet berries spread as far as the eye could reach, the color muting to mustard-ocher in the distance. Here and there stood clumps of dark shrubs, an occasional heavy black tree, all shags and tatters. It soon became apparent that the time was morning. The sun, Capella, hung halfway up the sky, surrounded by a zone of white glimmer: something like the light over an ocean, and the landscape to the east was shrouded in a bright haze.

Well, then, thought Ghyl: here was the far world he had yearned to visit all of his life. He gave a sardonic chuckle. Never in his wildest imaginings had he anticipated being marooned with two lords and three ladies. He appraised them, where they stood in the shade of a sponge bush, the lords still wearing their splendid garments and proud wide-brimmed hats. Again Ghyl was impelled to a snort of amusement. If he felt discomfited it was clearly nothing compared to the incongruous, almost farcical, spectacle presented by the lords. They spoke quickly among themselves, making nervous gesticulations, looking this way and that, but seeming to bend their most

1969-07-08 Emphyrio-B3-1969-08 ill. Bruce Jones 2

tened his lips. When he spoke the sound seemed distant: "Emphyrio."

It was not the name they had expected. Fray asked again, "What, then, is your birth-name?"

"Ghyl Tarvoke."

Fray turned the fourth key. Ghyl Tarvoke winced and strained. "He is now capable of perceiving relationships, making comparisons. He is, in a sense, lucid."

Frey continued to restore to the prisoner the captive areas of his brain. Phase five: Tarvoke's time-scale was restored, and with it his memory. Phase six: Tarvoke made savage animal sounds, gnashed his teeth, strained at his bonds. Fray hurriedly made adjustments. Tarvoke was restored to consciousness.

"He is not yet a total person," Fray said. "He lacks the use of his free connections; he is incapable of spontaneity. He cannot dissemble, because he cannot create. He cannot hope, he cannot plan, and therefore he has no will. We will hear the truth."

Dugald came forward, planted himself flat-footed in front of the prisoner: "Ghyl Tarvoke: we wish to learn the background to your crimes."

"I don't know what you want to hear."

"The circumstances contributing to your abominable crimes!"

"I remember a lifetime of events. I will tell you everything."

GHYL TARVOKE was born into the poverty-stricken welfare-state of Ambroy, in Fortinone, on Halma. An ancient and half-ruined city, Ambroy is ruled by the Lords, who hold fiefdom over the utilities they restored to the city after the last great war, some two thousand years earlier. These utili-

EMPHYRIO

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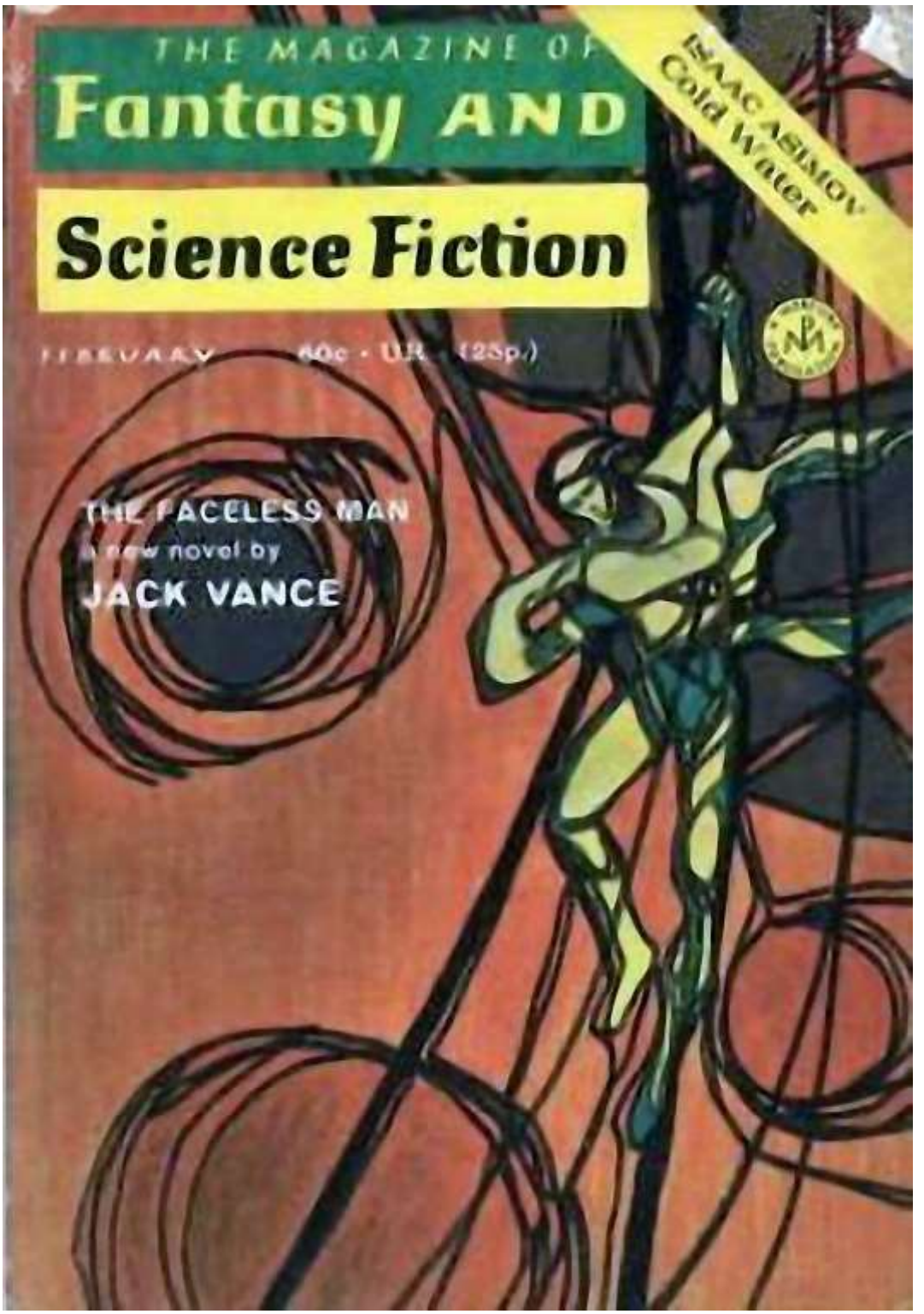

1971-02-03 The Faceless Man-A1-1971-02 ill. Jack Gaughan Fantasy and Sf mag

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Jack Vance's talent is a very special one, as readers of his Cugel the clever series (published here in 1966) or of THE DYING EARTH *or, more recently,* EMPHYRIO, *will know. Joanna Russ has described it in part as a "combination of strange things seeming familiar and familiar things suddenly becoming strange, which is the finest in the world." (Books, Jan. 1970) His new novel, one of Mr. Vance's best, is about a land called Shant, which is under the rule of the mysterious Faceless Man, whose justice adheres to one simple principle: He who breaks the law, dies.*

THE FACELESS MAN

by Jack Vance

(1st of 2 parts)

1

AT THE AGE OF NINE MUR heard a man in his mother's rest cottage call out a curse in the name of the Faceless Man. Later, after the man had gone his way, Mur put a question to his mother. "Is the Faceless Man real?"

"He is real, indeed," replied Eathre.

Mur considered the matter for a period, then asked, "How does he eat or smell or talk?"

Eathre, in her calm voice, replied, "I suppose one way or another he manages."

"It would be interesting to watch," said Mur.

"No doubt."

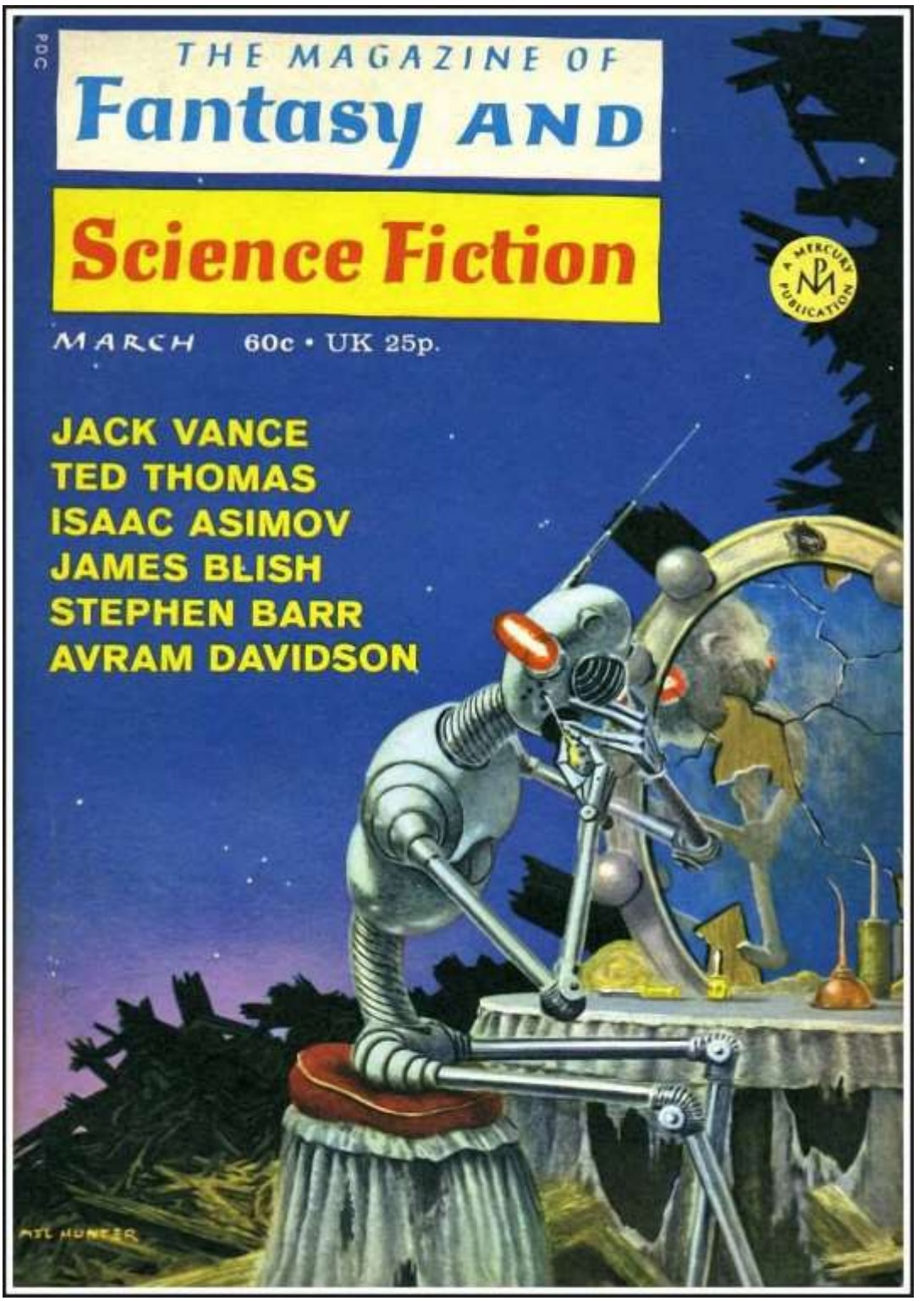
"Have you ever seen him?"

Eathre shook her head. "The Faceless Man never troubles the Chilites, so you need not concern yourself for the Faceless Man." She added as a musing afterthought: "For better or worse, such is the case."

Mur, a child thin and somber, knit the black brows which had come as a legacy from his unknown blood-father. "Why should such a case be better? Or worse?"

Eathre's lips twitched. "If a person breaks Chilite law, the Ecclesiarchs punish him. If he runs away, the Faceless Man takes his head." Eathre's hand went to her torc, a mannerism common to all the folk of Shant. "If you obey Chilite law, you need never fear the loss of your head. This is the 'better'. In such a case, however, you are a Chilite, and this is the 'worse'."

Mur said no more. The remarks



1971-02-03 The Faceless Man-B1-1971-03 ill. Mel Hunter Fantasy and SF mag

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Here is the conclusion to Jack Vance's two part novel about the region called Shant on the planet Durdane, a region under the rule of the mysterious Anome, also known as the Faceless Man. (If you missed part one, the author's synopsis will bring you up to date.) Mr. Vance has finished a second and is currently working on a third novel set on Durdane.

THE FACELESS MAN

by Jack Vance

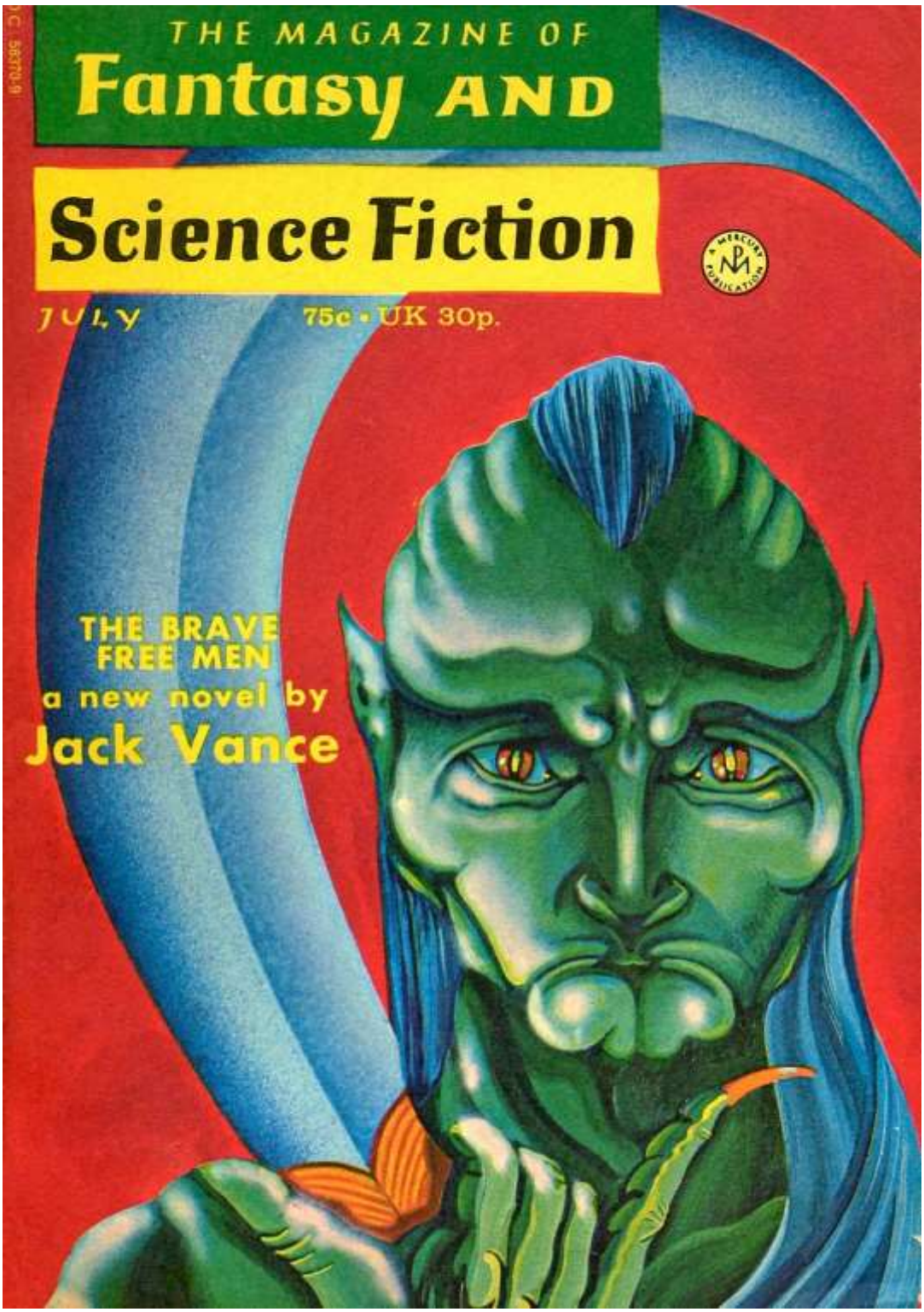
(2nd of 2 parts)

SYNOPSIS: The planet Durdane lies far to the back of the Skiaffarilla Cluster and after nine thousand years has drifted below the horizon of terrestrial memory; for the folk of Durdane, Earth is only a myth.

Three suns, pale-blue, pink, pearl-white, illuminate Durdane, casting a lavender-tinted light. The single large continent is Caraz, a world-mass inhabited by barbarians. A second smaller continent to the east includes Shant and Palasedra, separated by the Great Salt Bog. The most populous region of Durdane is Shant, an agglomeration of sixty-two cantons with little in common save language, music, color symbology, and submission to the rule of the Anome (sometimes known as the Faceless Man). The Anome's identity is a mystery even to his assistants, the 'Benevolences': a system conducing to maximum scope and efficiency.

The Anome's authority derives from his ability to explode by radio signal the coded torc worn by every adult of Shant. This penalty is rare; in any event the Anome merely enforces cantonal law. Across the placid centuries there has been little need to project a strong or personal decisiveness.

At Bashon in Canton Bastern is the temple community of the Chilites. Under the influence of the drug galga, the Chilite men worship the sublime female principle Galexis. Ordinary women are excluded from the rite and are held to be unclean. The young women of the community inhabit cottages along Rhododendron Way, consorting with wayfarers; older women work in the tannery. To Eathre is born a child, Gastel Etzwane, sired by Dystar, a wandering musician of great power. Etzwane, a serious, sensitive child, learning the identity of his



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Here, we begin the second novel of Jack Vance's "Durdane" trilogy. It is not necessary to have read the first book (THE FACELESS MAN, F&SF, Feb.-March 1971) to enjoy and understand this one, however Mr. Vance has provided a synopsis which will give you the necessary background. About Mr. Vance himself, we can say nothing; he has told us, "I'm absolutely convinced that a writer—especially a writer of fantasy—does himself and his story a disservice by intruding his face upon the reader's attention . . . If I ever use a pseudonym, it'll be 'Joe Smith' or 'William Jones' or maybe just XXXX." About his work we can say only the obvious: that he is one of the field's master storytellers. We are pleased and proud to be able to offer this major work.

The Brave Free Men

by JACK VANCE

Synopsis Book I: THE FACELESS MAN. The planet Durdane lies far to the back of the Schiafarilla Cluster and after nine thousand years has drifted below the horizon of terrestrial memory; for the folk of Durdane, Earth is only a myth.

Three suns, pale-blue, pink, pearl-white, illuminate Durdane, casting a lavender-tinted light. The single large continent is Caraz, a world-mass inhabited by barbarians. A second smaller continent to the east includes Shant and Palasedra, separated by the Great Salt Bog. The most populous region of Durdane is Shant, an agglomeration of sixty-two cantons with little in common save language, music, color symbology, and submission to the rule of the Anome (sometimes known as the Faceless Man). The Anome's identity is a mystery even to his assistants, the 'Benevolences': a system conducing to maximum scope and efficiency. The Anome's authority derives from his ability to explode by radio signal the coded tore worn by every adult of Shant. This penalty is rare; in any event the Anome merely enforces cantonal law. Across the placid centuries there has been little need to project a strong or personal decisiveness.

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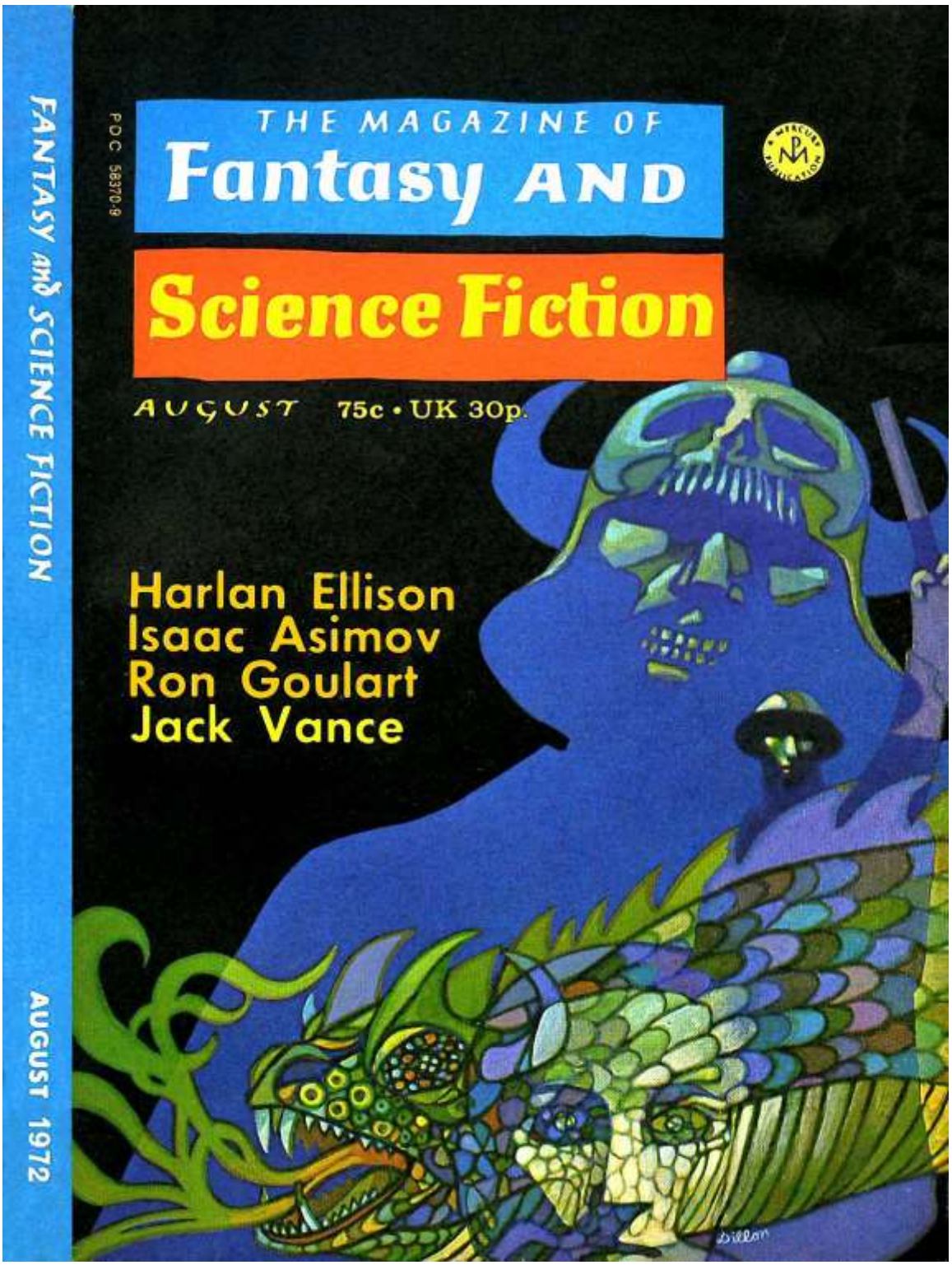

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Here is the conclusion to Jack Vance's new novel. If you missed part one, the author's synopsis will bring you quickly up to date. THE ASUTRA, the final novel of Mr. Vance's Durdane trilogy, will be published here early next year.

The Brave Free Men

(2nd of 2 parts)

by JACK VANCE

SYNOPSIS FOR PART ONE: The world Durdane lies beyond that shimmering wall of stars known as the Schiafarilla Cluster. The inhabitants of Durdane have long lost contact with the Earth worlds and are only dimly aware that other human places exist.

Durdane is a large planet. The great world-mass Caraz is populated only by a few barbarians. To the east of Caraz is a second smaller continent, with Shant to the north, Palasedra to the south and the Great Salt Bog between.

Shant, the most civilized region of Durdane, is a confederacy of 62 cantons governed by a single man, the Anome (or the Faceless Man), whose identity is known only to himself. Every citizen of Shant wears a torc containing a strand of dexax, which the Anome, should he so choose, can explode by means of a coded radio pulse. This capability, together with his anonymity, provides the Anome his unquestioned authority.

At the center of Shant are the Hwan Mountains, the lair of a mysterious half-human race known as Roguskhoi. Periodically they drive forth to ravage, to kill and to capture. Their lust is insatiable; they impregnate women of every age with infinitesimal homunculi, who quickly grow into Roguskhoi imps, a dozen or more, which are given birth to augment the Roguskhoi horde.

The Roguskhoi are a source of both terror and agonized perplexity. Where is their origin? Who introduced them into Shant and for what purpose? A large number of folk suspect Palasedra, but no significant evidence supports this view. Other questions, as mysterious as the rest: why does the Anome ignore the horrid creatures? Why does he temporize? Why has he failed to take decisive action against the Roguskhoi?

Gastel Etzwane, a musician, and Ifness, a Fellow of the Historical Institute of Earth, attempt to answer these questions. Through a series of fateful events Etzwane becomes, in effect, Anome, and imprisons his

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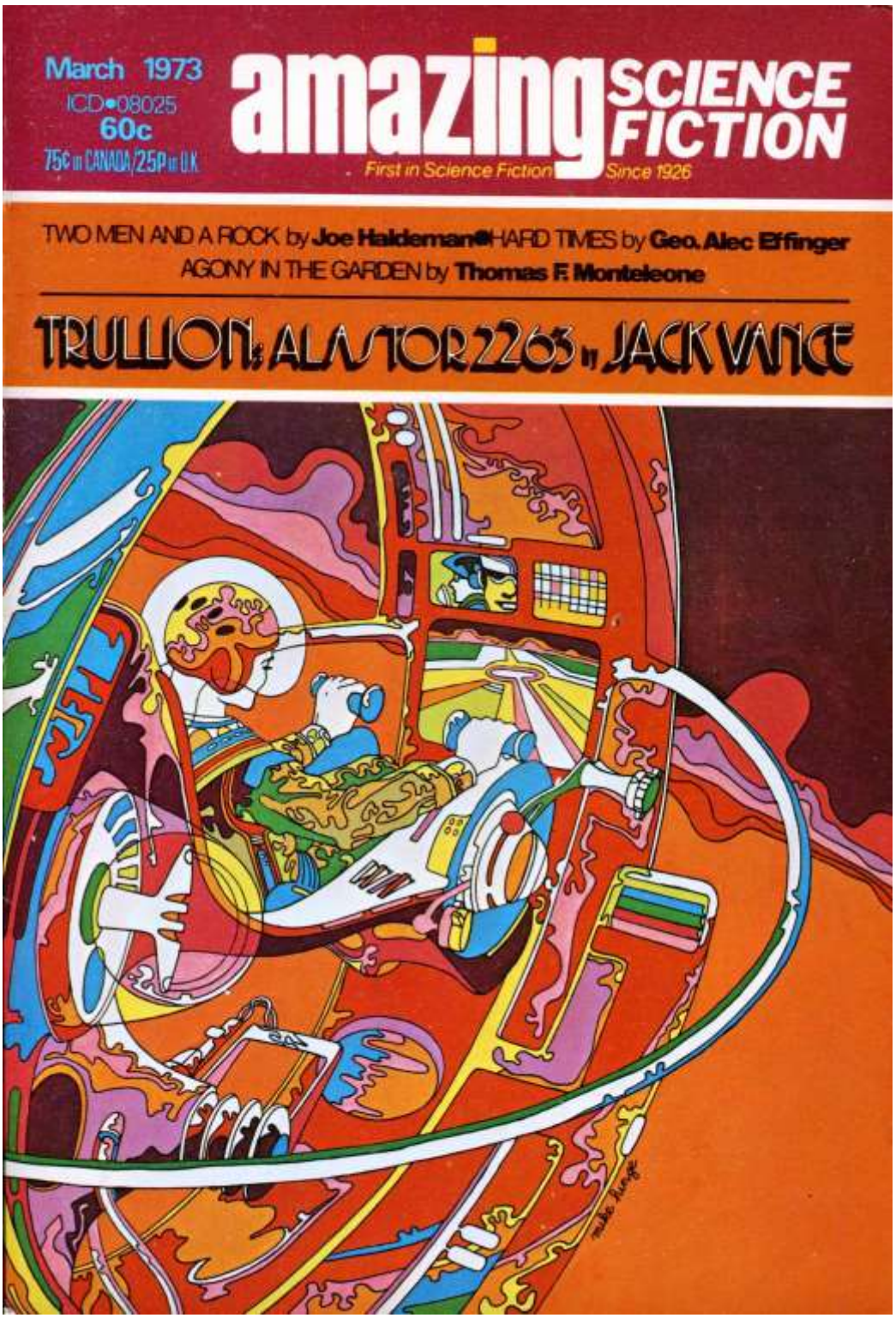

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A new Jack Vance novel is always a special treat, for Vance has a unique vision, one in which no detail of Alien culture is too minute for examination, and none too insignificant to spark unsuspected ramifications. Not since his much-praised Emphyrio (FANTASTIC STORIES, *June & August, 1969; Doubleday*) *has he brought his skill to bear upon a novel like this: life among the five trillion of the Alastor Cluster . . . with an immediate focus upon—*

TRULLION ALASTOR:2262

JACK VANCE

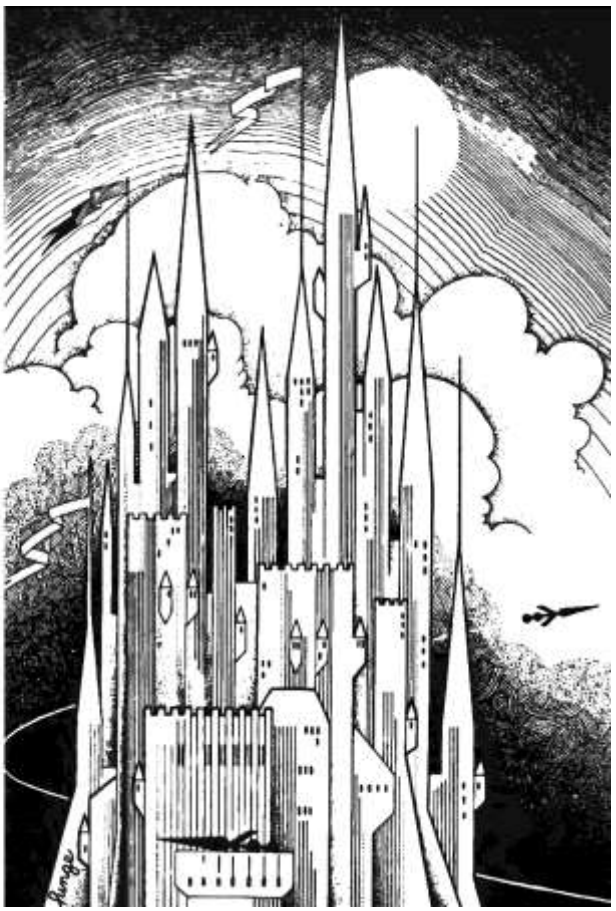
(PART ONE)

Illustrated by MIKE HINGE

OUT TOWARD the rim of the galaxy hangs Alastor Cluster, a whorl of thirty thousand live stars in an irregular volume twenty to thirty thousand light-years in diameter. The surrounding region is dark and unoccupied except for a few hermit stars; Alastor presents a flamboyant display of star-streams, luminous webs, sparkling nodes. Dust clouds hang across the brightness; the engulfed stars glow russet, rose, or smoky amber. Dead stars keep their own orbits: black hulks, paved with clinker; chunks of nuclear matter which have gathered to themselves crusts of carbide slag, iron dust, frozen gas, oddments of rock: the so-called 'starments.'

Scattered about the cluster are three thousand inhabited planets with a human population of approximately five trillion persons. The worlds are diverse, the populations equally so; nevertheless they share a common language and all submit to the authority of the Connatic at Lusz, on the world Numenes.

The current Connatic is Oman Ursht, sixteenth in the Idite succession: a pensive man who often ponders the quirk of fate which brought him to his awesome position. He is quite aware



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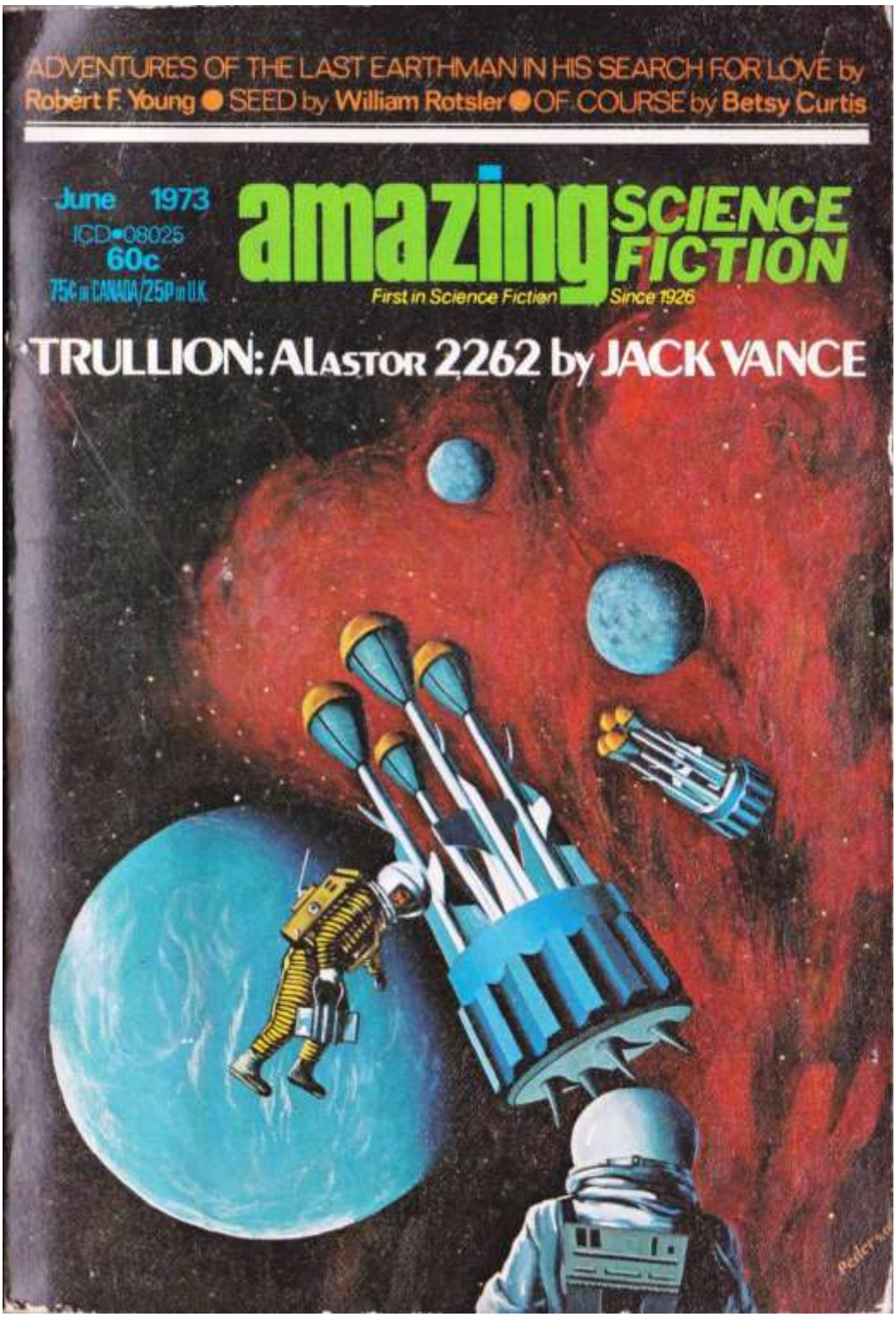

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TRULLION ALASTOR: 2262

JACK VANCE

(Second of two parts)

Illustrated by MIKE HINGE

All Glinnes wanted was to earn the money necessary to regain his family's property, Ambal Isle. All the Starmenters wanted was ransom for the five hundred richest men on Trullion. All the Connatic wanted was justice. . . but what was justice, and who was the Connatic. . .?

SYNOPSIS

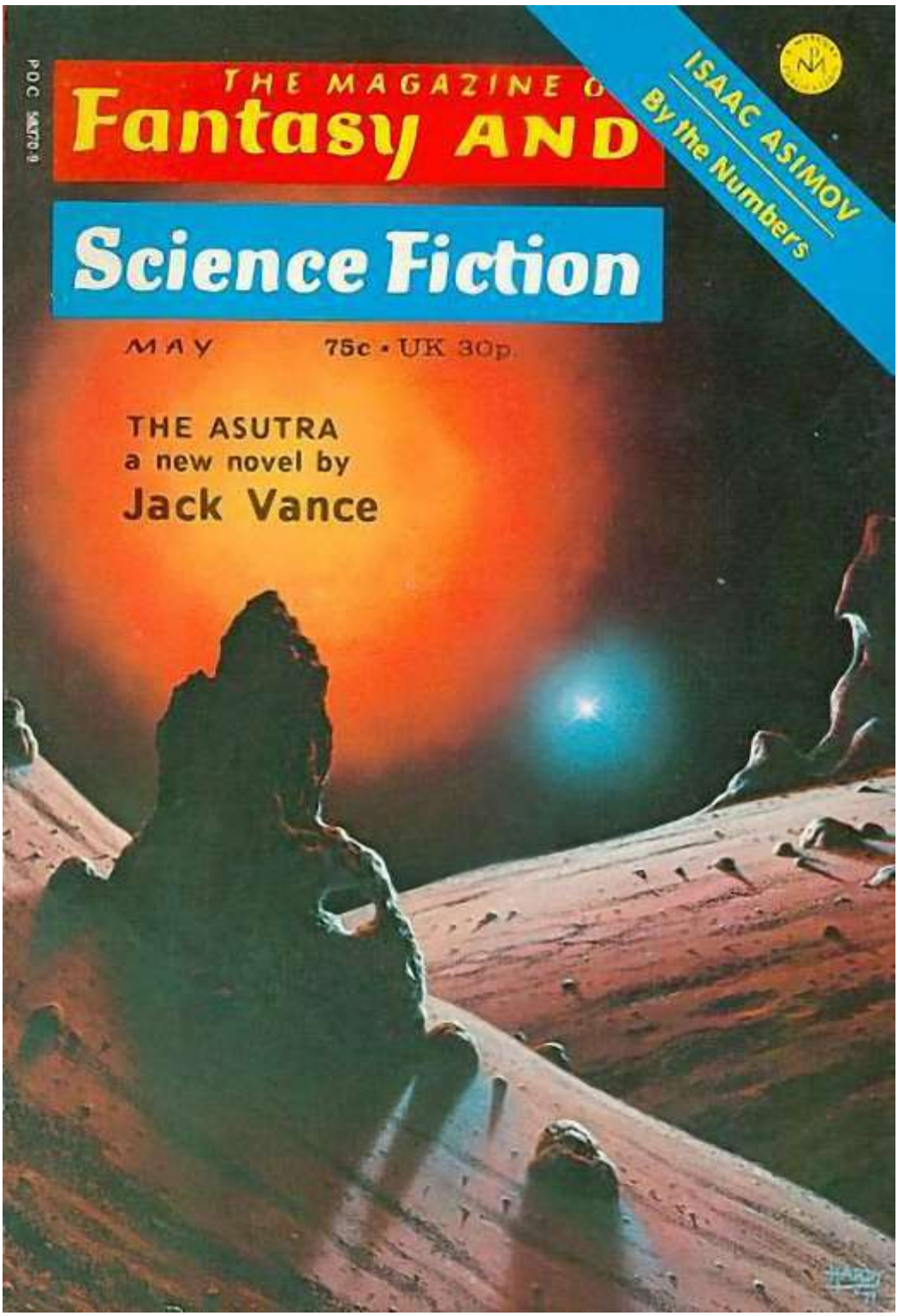
OUT TOWARD THE RIM of the galaxy hangs ALASTOR CLUSTER, a whorl of thirty thousand live stars in a irregular volume twenty to thirty thousand light-years in diameter. The surrounding region is dark and unoccupied except for a few hermit stars; Alastor presents a flamboyant display of star-streams, luminous webs, sparkling nodes. Dust clouds hang across the brightness; the engulfed stars glow russet, rose, or smoky amber. Dead stars keep their own orbits: black hulks, paved with clinker; chunks of nuclear matter which have gathered to themselves crusts of carbide slag, iron dust, frozen gas, oddments of rock: the so-called 'starments, upon which those pirates and marauders who call themselves STARMENTERS are wont to take refuge.

Scattered about the cluster are three thousand inhabited planets with a human population of approximately five trillion persons. The worlds are diverse, the populations equally so; nevertheless they share a common language and all submit to the authority of the CONNATIC at LUIZ, on the world Numenes.

The current Connatic is OMAN URSHT, sixteenth in the Idite succession: a pensive man who often ponders the quirk of fate which brought him to his awesome position. He is quite aware that, from the objective purview, such marveling introspection is sheer ingenuousness: no matter who occupied the position, that person must necessarily wonder at his own astonishing singularity. Still, being human, the Connatic must reckon with his subjectivity and he is able to enjoy irrationality for its own sake without guilt.

Oman Ursht, in private, is a person of no great distinction, being of average stature and ordinary appearance. His features are regular, his skin is fair, his hair is dark russet brown, inclined to curl into ringlets. On public occasions he wears a severe black uniform with a black casque, and thereby seems to become inflexible and exacting: the impression he wishes to convey. Essentially Oman Ursht is a calm and reasonable man,

1973-03-06 Trullion Alastor 2262-B3-1973-06 ill. Mike Hinge 2-2



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In this, the final novel of Jack Vance's Durdane trilogy, the remaining mysteries surrounding the planet Durdane and the parasitic creatures known as the asutra are solved. If you've read the first two books (*The Faceless Man*, Feb.-March 1971; *The Brave Free Men*, July-Aug. 1972), you need no further introduction to the magic of Jack Vance's storytelling. For those of you who are new to this series, we emphasize that it is not necessary to have read the earlier books to enjoy and understand this one; *The Asutra* is a complete novel on its own.

The Asutra

by JACK VANCE

Synopsis of Books I and II: The world Durdane lies beyond that shimmering wall of stars known as the Schiafarilla Cluster. The inhabitants of Durdane have long lost contact with the Earth worlds and are only dimly aware that other human places exist.

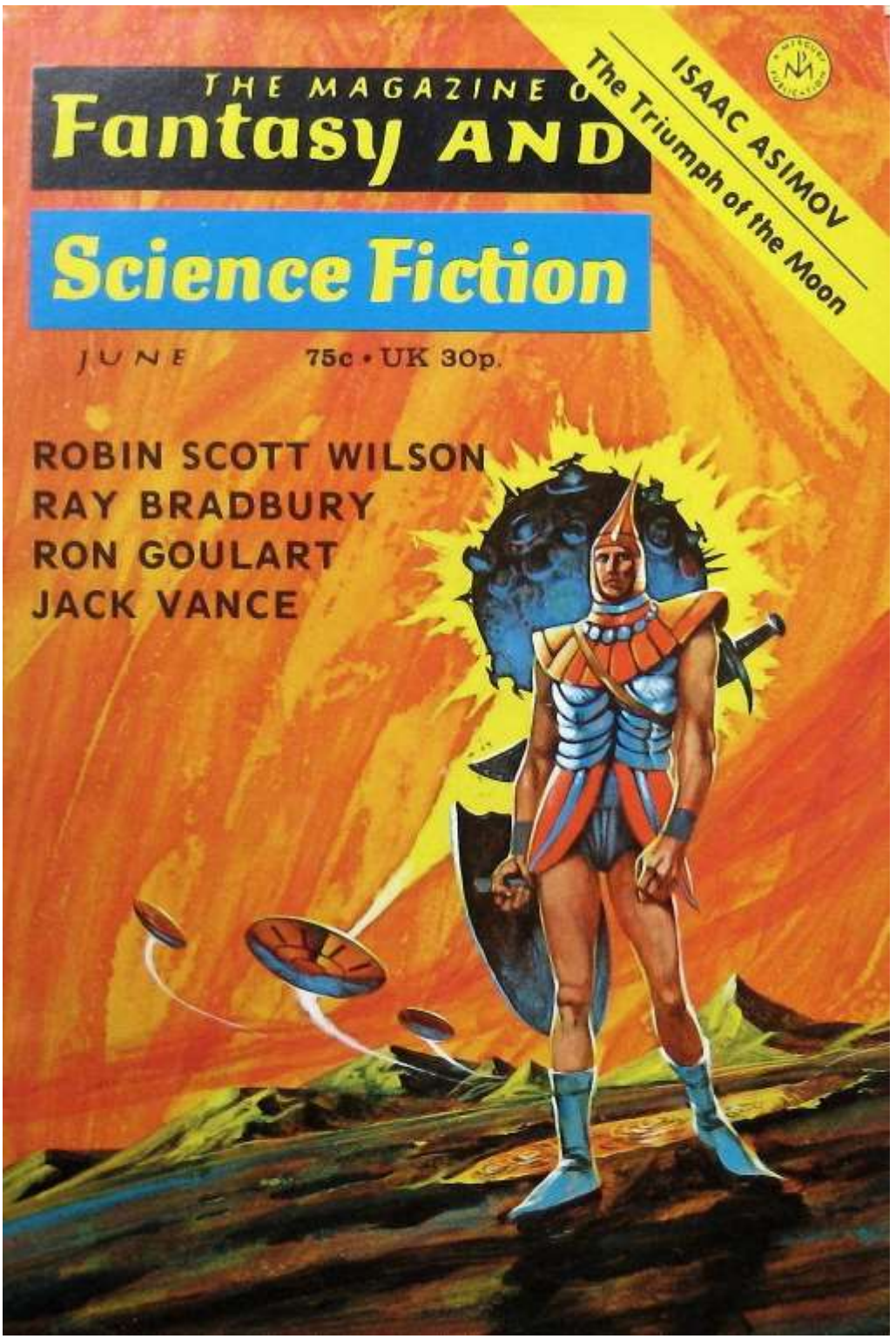
Durdane is a large planet. The great world-mass Caraz is populated only by a few barbarians. To the east of Caraz is a second smaller continent, with Shant to the north, Palasedra to the south and the Great Salt Bog between.

Shant, the most civilized region of Durdane, is a confederacy of 62 cantons governed by a single man, the Anome (or the Faceless Man), whose identity is known only to himself. Every citizen of Shant wears a torc containing a strand of dexax, which the Anome, should he so choose, can explode by means of a coded radio pulse. This capability, together with his anonymity, provides the Anome his unquestioned authority.

At the center of Shant are the Hwan Mountains, the lair of a mysterious half-human race known as Roguskhoi. Periodically they drive forth to ravage, to kill and to capture. Their lust is insatiable: they impregnate women of every age with infinitesimal hômunculi, who quickly grow into Roguskhoi imps, a dozen or more, which are given birth to augment the Roguskhoi horde.

The Roguskhoi are a source of both terror and agonized perplexity. Where is their origin? Who introduced them into Shant and for what purpose? A large number of folk suspect Palasedra, but no significant evidence supports this view. Other questions, as mysterious as the rest: why does the Anome ignore the horrid creatures? Why does he temporize? Why has he failed to take decisive action against the Roguskhoi?

Gastel Etzwane, a musician, and Ifness, a Fellow of the Historical Institute of Earth, attempt to answer these questions. Through a series of fateful events Etzwane becomes, in



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Here is the second and concluding part of Jack Vance's final Durdane novel. If you missed part one, the author's synopsis will bring you quickly up to date. (We do have copies of the May issue, containing part one, on hand. Send us $1.00 and we'll rush a copy out to you.)

The Asutra

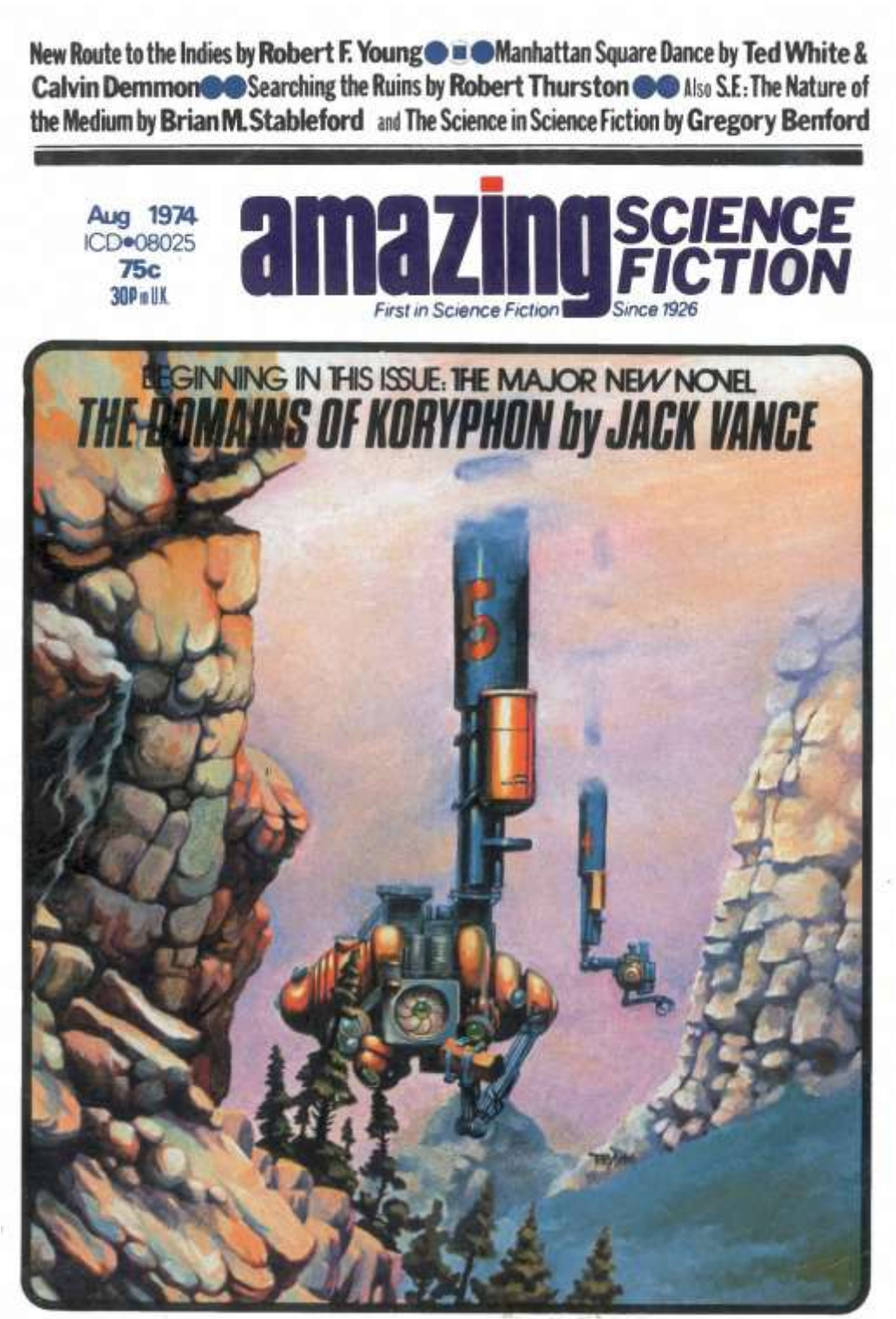
by JACK VANCE

Synopsis, Part 1: To the land of Shant on the far world Durdane have come the Roguskhoi: a race of grotesque savages, dedicated to destruction and calamity. Their mentors are the asutra, with whom they maintain a symbiotic bond. The Roguskhoi are enormous rust-colored andromorphs; the asutra are small and relatively feeble, reminiscent of furry crabs. Their home-world is unknown, no less a mystery is their motive for invading Shant. Another perplexing question: why have they employed the Roguskhoi and their essentially crude weapons to this end? The asutra have mastered space-travel; certainly they must command the technology to destroy Shant a thousand times over. Are they performing a macabre experiment? Is the invasion ofShant a rehearsal for similar attacks upon the Earth-worlds? These are questions to which no one can supply satisfactory answers.

After a series of racking defeats come glorious triumphs; the people of Shant repel the invasion. Gastel Etzwane, a musician, takes an important part in the great war, sometimes in association with the austere and exasperating Ifness, an Earthman and Fellow of the Historical Institute.

Placidity finally returns to Shant, but Etzwane learns that Roguskhoi and alien space ships have been observed deep inside Caraz, a vast and barbarous continent to the west. Etzwane and Ifness go forth to investigate the report, flying an air-car camouflaged as a small fishing boat. They follow the great Keba river two thousand miles into the interior, then ride pacers across the Plain of Blue Flowers, over the Kuzi Kaza Mountains and finally arrive at the village of Shagfe at the edge of the Wild Waste.

At Shagfe the principal occupation is slave-taking, and a certain Hozman



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ALL STORIES NEW-NO REPRINTS

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Jack Vance last appeared in these pages with the novel, "Trullion: Alastor 2262" (March & June, 1973); the novel which follows is set in the same universe, but in another sector–the world of Koryphon, populated by divers humans and two native races of quasi-intelligence. Once again Vance evokes the rich smells and sights of an alien world and transmuted customs, while covert battles rage over–

THE DOMAINS OF KORYPHON

JACK VANCE

(First of Two Parts)

Illustrated by MICHAEL NALLY

Introduction

THE SPACE AGE is thirty thousand years old. Men have moved from star to star in search of wealth and glory; the Gaean Reach encompasses a perceptible fraction of the galaxy. Trade routes thread space like capillaries in living tissue; thousands of worlds have been colonized, each different from every other, each working its specific change upon those men who live there. Never has the human race been less homogenous.

The outward surge has been anything but regular or even. Men have come and gone in waves and fluctuations, responding to wars, to religious impetus, to compulsions totally mysterious.

The world Koryphon is typical only in the diversity of its inhabitants. On the continent Uaia, the Uldras inhabit that wide band along the southern littoral known as the Alouan, while to the north the Wind-runners sail their two- and three-masted wagons across the Palqa plateau. Both are restless nomadic peoples; in almost every other respect they differ. South across the Persimmon Sea the equatorial continent Szintarre is inhabited by a cosmopolitan population of Outkers*, distinguished from both Uldras and Wind-runners by several orders of sociological magnitude.

*Outker: The general term for tourists, visitors, recent immigrants: essentially all persons other than Uldra or Wind-runner.

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OCTOBER, 1974

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The erjins were fierce beasts much larger in size than men, and the enemies of all humans upon Koryphon. How, then, were the Wind-runners able to tame them and sell them to the rich as servants? And what was the "wonderful joke" Uther Madduc has discovered when he explored the Wind-runners' secret domains?

THE DOMAINS OF KORYPHON

JACK VANCE

(CONCLUSION)

Illustrated by MICHAEL NALLY

SYNOPSIS

The space age is thirty thousand years old. Men have moved from star to star in search of wealth and glory; the Gaean Reach encompasses a perceptible fraction of the galaxy. Trade routes thread space like capillaries in living tissue; thousands of worlds have been colonized, each different from every other, each working its specific change upon those men who live there. Never has the human race been less homogeneous.

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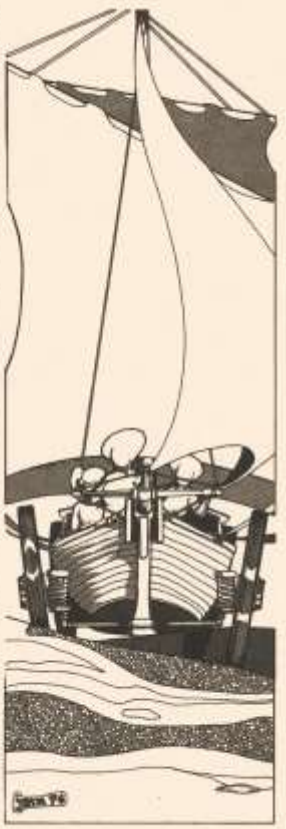
Considered indigenous to Koryphon are a pair of quasi-intelligent races: the erjins and the morphotes. The Wind-runners domesticate and offer for sale erjins of a particularly massive and docile variety, or perhaps they breed and train ordinary erjins to such characteristics. The Wind-runners are secretive in this regard, inasmuch as the trade provides them wheels, bearings and rigging for their wind-wagons. Certain Uldras of the Alouan capture, mount and ride wild erjins, controlling their ferocity with electric curbs. Both domesticated and wild erjins have telepathic capacity, by which they communicate with each other and with a few Wind-runner adepts. Unrelated to the erjins are the morphotes, a malicious, perverse and unpredictable race, esteemed only for their weird beauty. At Olanje on Szintarre the Outkers have gone so far as to form morphote-viewing clubs, a recreation all the more titillating for the macabre habits of the morphotes.

Two hundred years ago a group of off-planet free-booters dropped down upon Uaia, surprised and captured a conclave of Uldra chieftains and compelled cession of title to certain tribal lands: the notorious Submission Treaties. In such a fashion each member of the company acquired a vast tract ranging from twenty thousand to sixty thousand square miles. In due course these tracts became the great 'domains' of the Alouan, upon which the 'land-barons' and their descendants lived large and expansive lives in mansions built on a scale to match the holdings.

The tribes signatory to the Submission Treaties found their lives affected to no great extent; if anything, improved. The new dams, ponds and canals provided dependable sources of water; inter-tribal warfare was proscribed and the domain clinics provided at least a modicum of medical care. A few Uldras attended domain schools and trained to become clerks, storekeepers and domestic servants; others took jobs as ranch-hands.

In spite of such improvement, many Uldras resented the simple fact of inferior status. On a subconscious



*Outker: The general term for tourists, visitors, recent immigrants; essentially all persons other than Uldra or Wind-runner.

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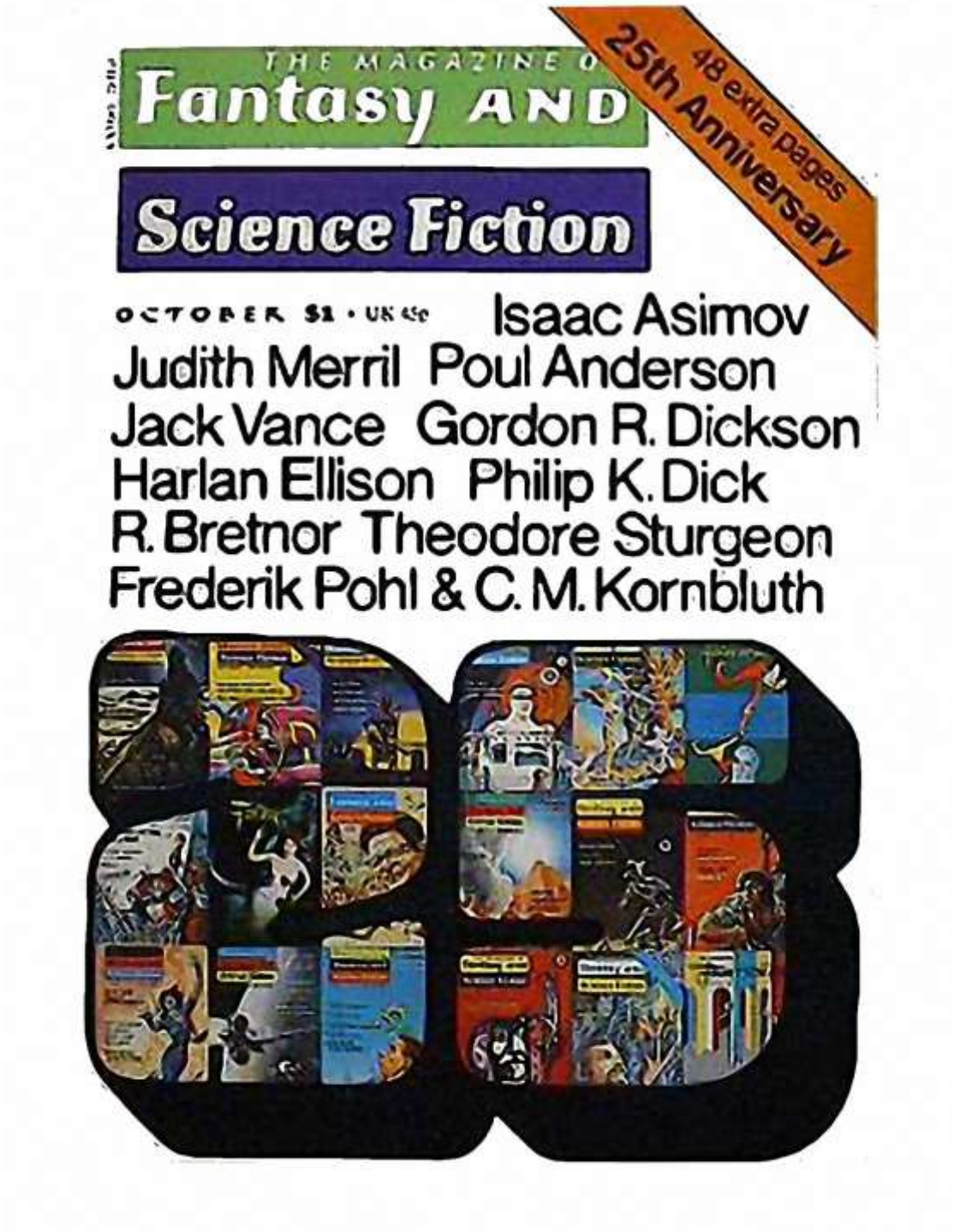

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OCTOBER • 25th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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Cugel the Clever, the hero of several Jack Vance stories that appeared here in the mid-sixties, makes a welcome return in a rare new short story by the master of the exotic adventure tale.

The Seventeen Virgins

by JACK VANCE

Cugel, having made a hasty departure from Julle, found himself on foot in that dismal tract of rolling bone-colored hills known as the Pale Rugates. As he trudged south, up ridge, down swale, Cugel, never a stolid individual, was affected by a variety of emotions. To his elation, he had baffled his pursuers, but only by plunging recklessly into the wilderness, which was cause for a corresponding anxiety. Baleful creatures such as sindics, shambs, erbs and grues shunned the Pale Rugates, for which Cugel gave heartfelt thanks, but the reason for such avoidance was the stark inhospitability of the region. The breadth of the sky exalted his soul; the emptiness of the far distances caused him fatigue and despondency; and so it went.

For want of better entertainment Cugel gave expression to his emotions, alternating cries of anger for the indignities he had suffered at Julle with laughter for the confusion of his enemies. His immediate discomfort provoked him to curses; the prospect of even harsher conditions clamped at his throat and stifled his voice completely. During the first day or two, in spasms of self-assertion, he would throw his fists over his head and shout to the sky: "Hear me, all who detect sound, in every realm of the living world! I am Cugel, Cugel the Clever! My courage and resource, my cunning and craft are notorious! I am not to be trifled with!"

Such diversion presently lost its edge, and Cugel marched south in silence: up slope, out on the ridge, there to overlook a far succession of barren swells, pallid as parchment

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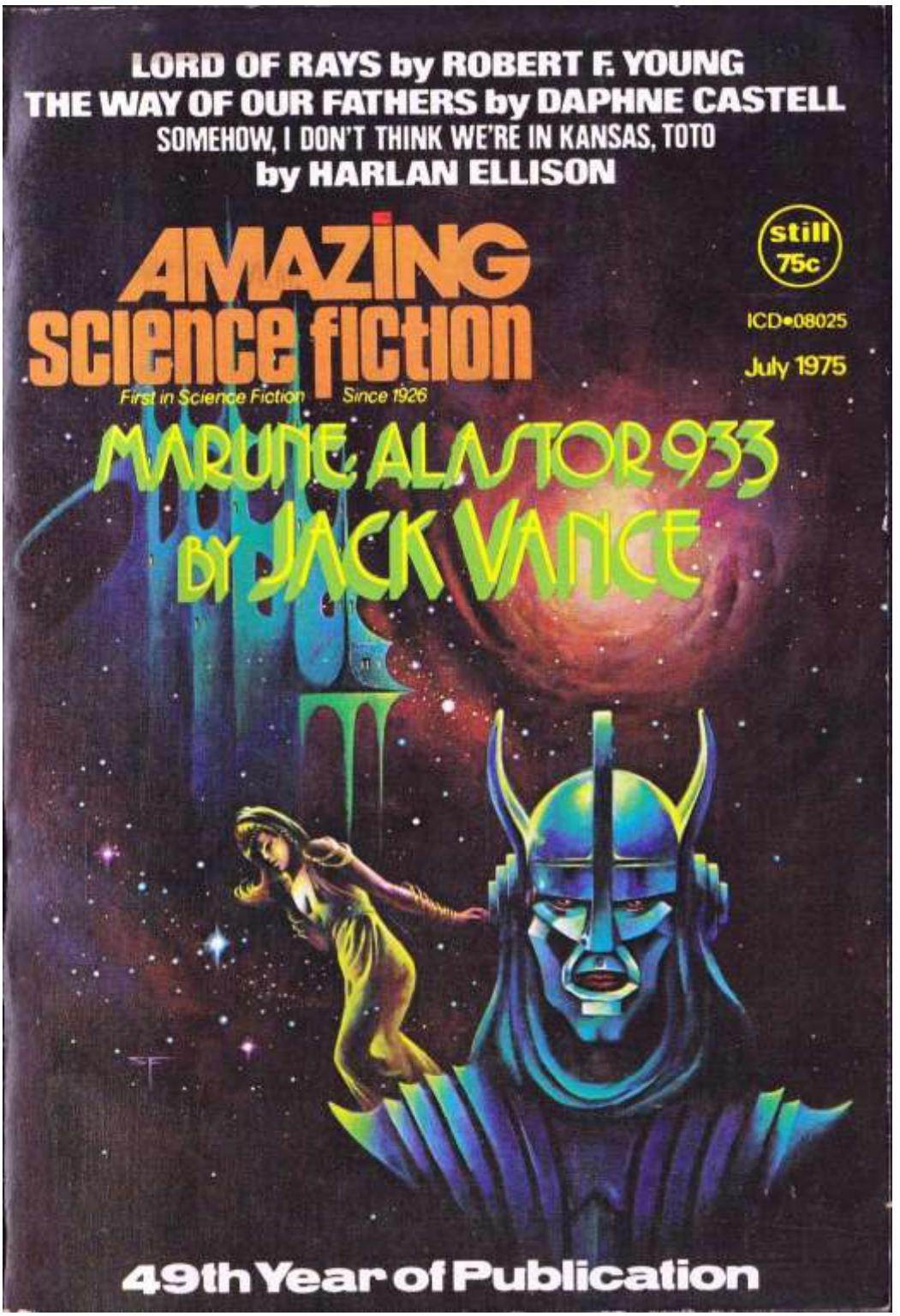

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ALL STORIES NEW

JULY, 1975 **Vol. 49 No. 1**

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MARUNE: ALASTOR 933

JACK VANCE

Jack Vance introduced the Alastor Cluster and its five trillion people in his "Trullion: Alastor 2262" (March & June, 1973); he explored another part of that same universe in "The Domains of Koryphon" (August & October, 1974). Now he returns to the Alastor Cluster, to the world of Marune (Alastor 933), where live those most particularly peculiar people, the Rhune. Once again, Vance brings to life a world of diversity of people and customs–

(Part One)

Introduction

ALASTOR CLUSTER, a node of thirty thousand live stars, uncounted dead hulks, and vast quantities of interstellar detritus, clung to the inner rim of the galaxy with the Unfortunate Waste before, the Nonestic Gulf beyond and the Gaean Reach a sparkling haze to the side. For the space-traveler, no matter which his angle of approach, a remarkable spectacle was presented: constellations blazing white, blue and red; curtains of luminous stuff, broken here, obscured there, by black storms of dust; star-streams wandering in and out; whorls and spatters of phosphorescent gas.

Should Alastor Cluster be considered a segment of the Gaean Reach? The folk of the Cluster, some four or five trillion of them on more than three thousand worlds, seldom reflected upon the matter, and indeed considered themselves neither Gaean nor Alastrid. The typical inhabitant, when asked asked as to his origin, might perhaps cite his native world or, more usually, his local district, as if this place were so extraordinary, so special and widely famed that its reputation hung on every tongue of the galaxy.

Parochialism dissolved before the glory of the Connatic, who ruled Alastor Cluster from his palace on the world Numenes. The current Connatic, Jaram Ursht, sixteenth of the Idite dynasty, often pondered the quirk of fate which had appointed him to his singular condition, only to smile at his own irrationality: no matter who occupied the position, that person would frame for himself the same marveling question.

The inhabited planets of the Cluster had little in common except their lack of uniformity. They

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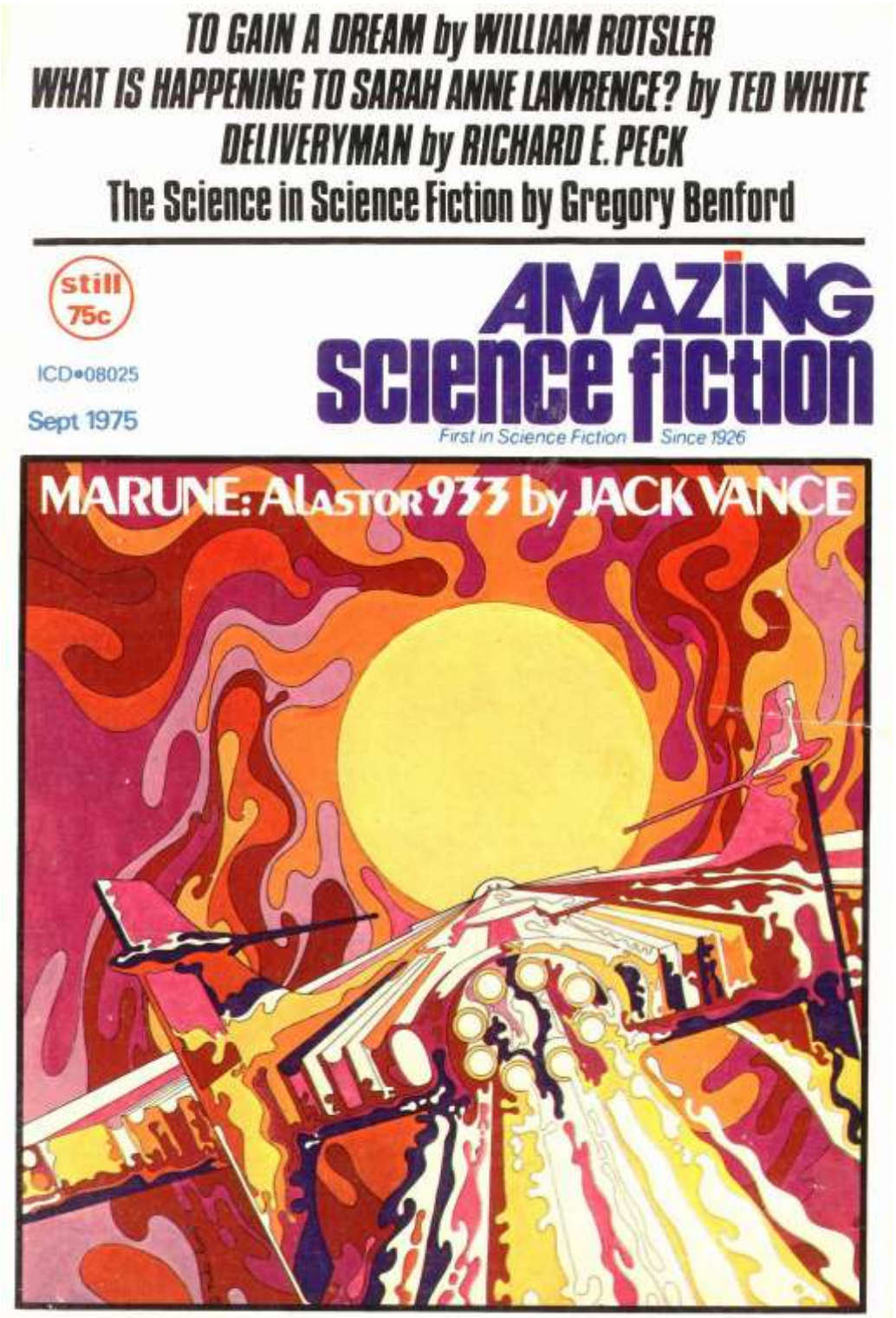

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Someone had drugged him, stolen his memory, and shipped him halfway across the Alastor Cluster. Why? To what purpose had he been stripped of his identity as a proud Rhune?

MARUNE: ALASTOR 933

JACK VANCE

Conclusion

Illustrated by Steve Fabian

SYNOPSIS

EFRAIM, House of Benbuphar, Kang of the Realm, now—with the death of his father, JOCHAIM, the seventy-ninth Kaiark—Eightieth Kaiark, has a problem. Someone did something to him which cost him his memory, then shipped him out with an open ticket to become a lost wanderer on one of the many worlds of the Alastor Cluster. He was found where his ticket ran out, on Bruse-Tansel, Alastor 1102. He made his way to the Connatic's Hospital no Numenes, where all efforts to restore his memory to him failed, but characteristics of his body combined with logistical searches of the probable route which took him to Bruse-Tansel do establish his planet of origin. He is a Rhune from the Rhune Realms, east of Port Mar on the North Continent of Marune, Alastor 933.

Marune is a planet which exists in a four-star group, orbiting close around the orange dwarf star, Furad. Also in the group are a green star, Cirse; a blue dwarf, Osmo; and a red dwarf, Maddar. Maddar and Cirse swing close around each other; Furad, with Marune keeping its monthly orbit, curvets around Osmo. On Marune day and night do not alternate; instead there are varying conditions of light, depending upon which sun or suns rule the sky, and these periods are specifically designated. Aud, isp, red rowan, green rowan and umber are the normal gradations. Night occurs at intervals regulated by a complex pattern, averaging about once every thirty days.

Most of the planet is poorly adapted to human habitation and the population is small, divided about equally between agriculturists on the lowland slopes and residents of the several cities, of which Port Mar is by far the most important. East of Port Mar are the Mountain Realms, inhabited by aloof and eccentric warrior-scholars known as Rhunes, whose numbers are not accurately known. The native fauna includes a quasi-intelligent biped of placid disposition: the Fwai-chi. These creatures inhabit highland forests and are protected from molestation both by statute and by local custom.

The planet was originally settled by the Majars and the Rhunes, and was known as Majar-Rhune, but the Rhunes decimated the Majars, and were expelled by the Whelm into the eastern mountains, where they are

still allowed no weapons of energy or attack.

Efraim learns what he can about Rhune society:

"In the Old Town at Port Mar live a handful of exiles: young Rhunes who have rebelled against their society, or who have been ejected for lapses of conduct. They are a demoralized, miserable and bitter group; all criticize their parents, who, so they claim, have withheld counsel and guidance. To a certain extent this is true; Rhunes feel that their precepts are self-evident even to the understanding of a child—which of course they are not; nowhere in the Cluster are conventions more arbitrary. For instance, the process of ingesting food is considered as deplorable as the final outcome of digestion, and eating is done as privately as possible. The child is supposed to achieve this viewpoint automatically, as well as other Rhune conventions. He is expected to excel in arcane and impractical skills; he must quell his sebalism."

"You have used this word before; I do not understand it."

"It is the special Rhune concept for 'sexuality', which the Rhunes find disgusting. How then do they procreate? It is cause for wonder. But they have solved the problem with elegance and ingenuity. During mirk, in the dark of the suns, they undergo a remarkable transformation. Do you wish to hear about it? If so, you must allow me a measure of discursiveness, as the subject is most wonderful!

"About once a month, the land grows dark, and the Rhunes become restless. Some lock themselves into their homes; others array themselves in odd costumes and go forth into the night where they perform the most astonishing deeds. The baron whose rectitude is unquestioned robs and

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